Collier's
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APRIL 6, 1946

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Beginning the Story of a uspicious Wife

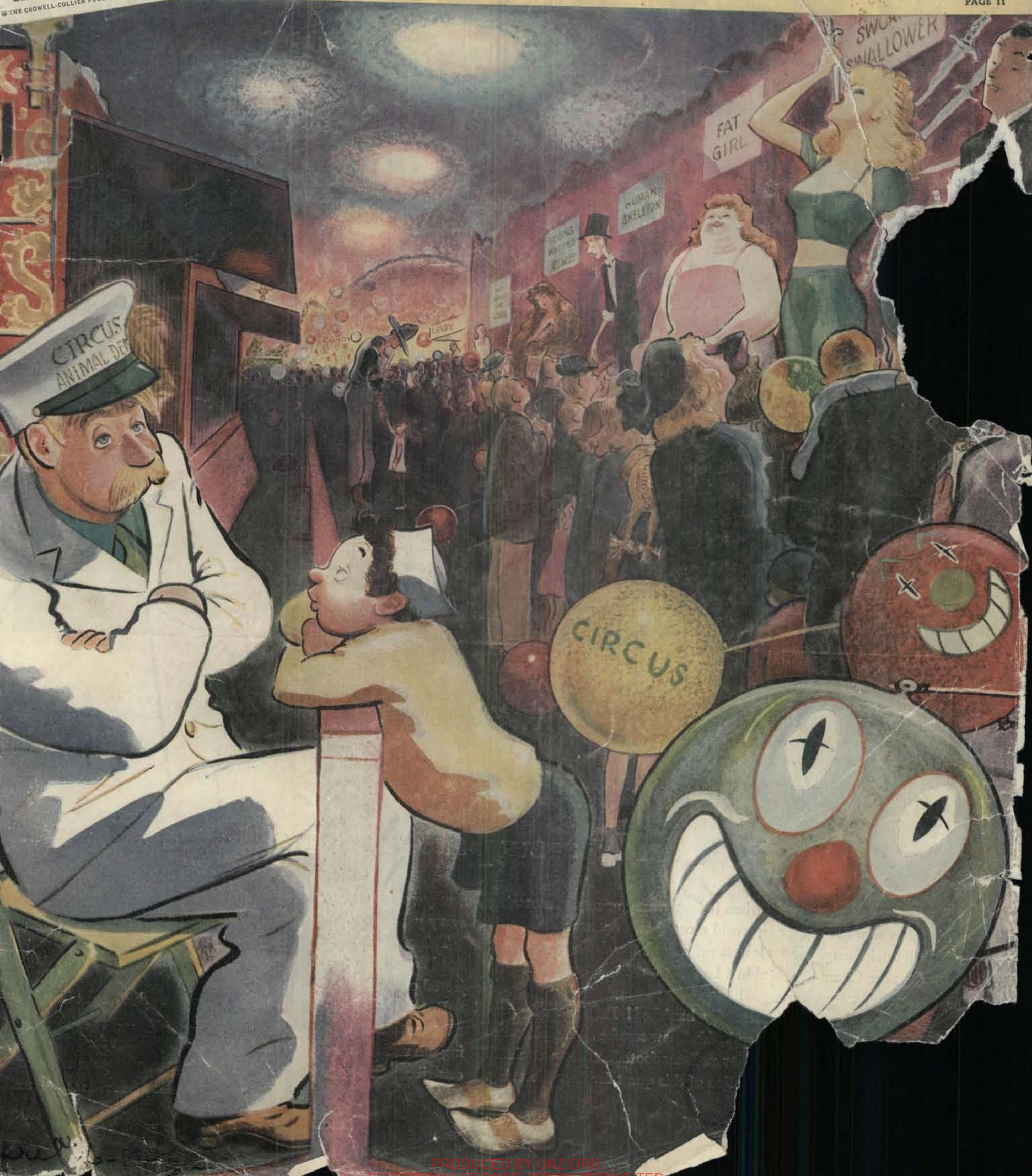
JEALOUSY · By ZENITH BROWN

IOLA
Iola, Kansas

PAGE 14

TRUMAN'S TROUBLED YEAR · BY FRANK GERVASI

PAGE 11


CIRCUS ANIMAL DEPT
SWORD SWALLOWER
FAT GIRL
HUMAN SKELETON
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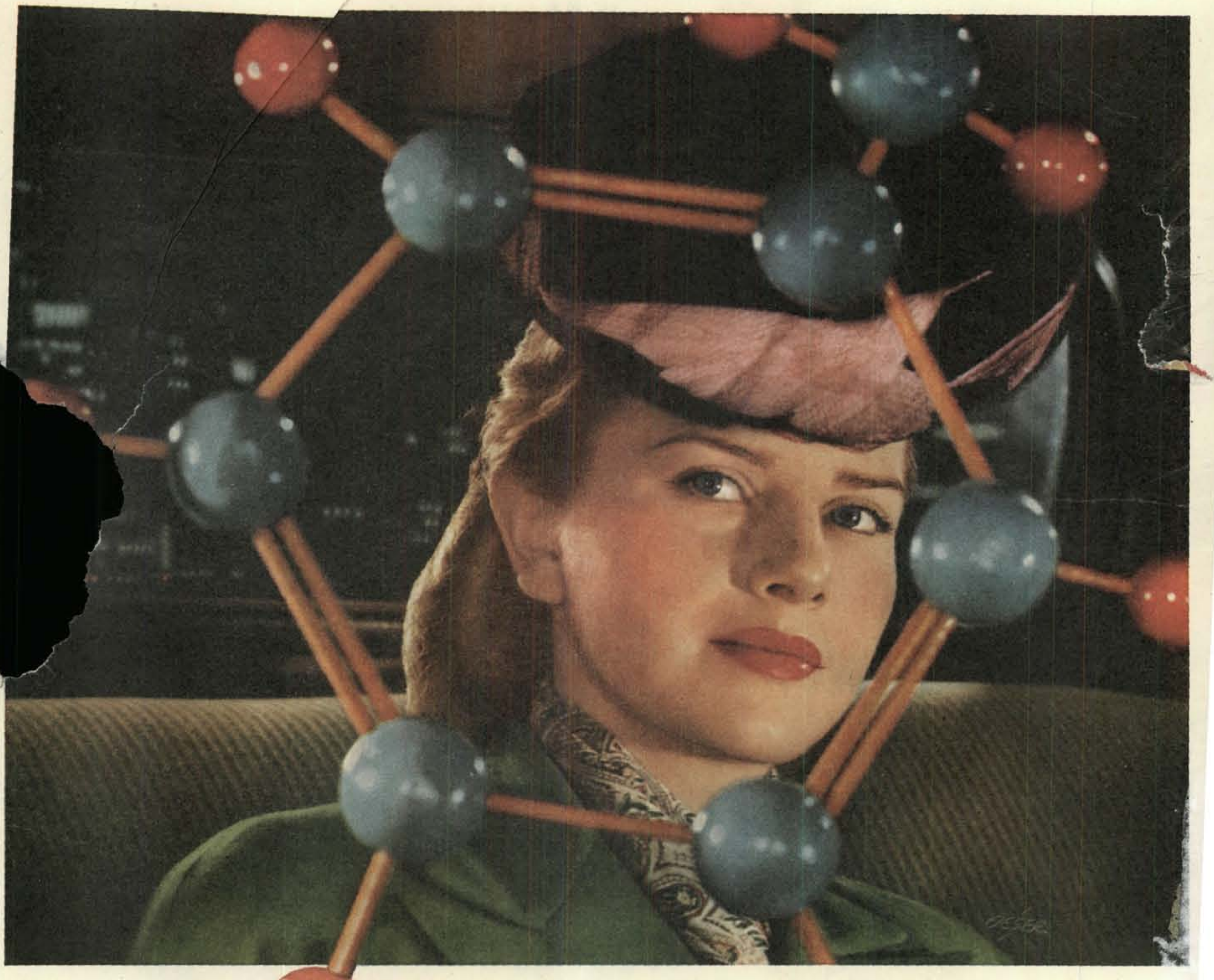
CIRCUS



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Picture OF THE MONTH

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A. J. CRONIN'S

"THE GREEN YEARS"

CHARLES COBURN

TOM DRAKE • BEVERLY TYLER • HUME CRONYN

GLADYS COOPER • DEAN STOCKWELL

RICHARD HAYDN

Screen play by Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien

Directed by..................VICTOR SAVILLE

Produced by..................LEON GORDON

The Green Years
A. J. CRONIN

Sometimes we wish we were a novelist—just for the sheer thrill we would get from seeing our words brought magically to life on the screen. As, for instance, M-G-M has just done with A. J. Cronin's modern romantic masterpiece, "The Green Years".

If we had written "The Green Years", we would remember creating the character of young Robert Shannon—handsome, sensitive, fighting a hostile world. And then, in a hushed and darkened theatre, Robert Shannon would stand before us, the living image of what we had envisioned. And Alison, Robert's sweetheart, loveliest of all our heroines. And Grandfather Gow, as rollicking a rogue as ever caroused across the screen. And with them, a whole galaxy of fascinating characters.

What enchantment there would be for us in seeing how M-G-M transformed our best-remembered scenes into pictures! The lovers' first kiss...young Robert's struggle against a friendless town...Grandpa Gow returning after a four-day carousal to learn that he was a "suicide", and that his ghoulish in-laws were already planning the division of the life-insurance spoils.

And, if we were that famous novelist seeing our story live on the screen, we'd hand a few laurels to those who made it possible: to Charles Coburn for a memorable performance as "Dandie" Gow; to Tom Drake for his splendid portrayal of Robert; to Beverly Tyler (in her first, and very impressive, featured role), as the lovely Alison. And certainly to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon, and to a fine supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Selena Royle, Jessica Tandy, and Richard Haydn.

Yes, if we were A. J. Cronin, we'd be very happy to see "The Green Years" transformed by M-G-M into a truly fine motion picture that retains all the beauty, warmth and romance of the best-selling book.

Collier's

FOR APRIL 6, 1946

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IFOR THOMAS *Studio*
ELIZABETH BOUTELLE *Fiction*
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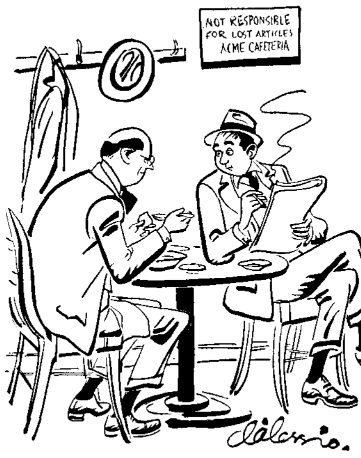
any week

AMONG the several things we don't need is a safe. However we've just received an advertisement which offers us one for a very modest price. It is fireproof, insulated and beautiful. Moreover, it has "a nationally known combination." And a letter, eight pages closely written on both sides. There's a short postscript: "PS. Actually I know nothing about this which may account for any bewilderment you may experience while reading." And a brief one from Mr. Frank G. McInnis of Chicago, Illinois: "I wish you would do something about those people who have nothing to do but sit around in cafeterias smoking cigarettes and gaze or stare at other people who are minding their own business."


NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR LOST ARTICLES
ACME CAFETERIA

TALKING to radio and newspaper prophets we learn that two days is about as long as the American people remember anything political—for which the prophets should thank God. We've just learned that a relatively new United States senator sent his secretary to the Congressional Library to find out what he could about John Nance Garner and in particular "when and what capacity he served in Washington."

UNTIL recently Mr. Lorne Kinsey of Piqua, Ohio, thought it was quite funny to tell about his grandfather and his grandfather's neighbor farmer who "let their farms run down while they fought and refought the Second Battle of Bull Run." But Mr. Kinsey admits now that his grandfather and the old man's neighbor were pikers. He predicts that the United States Senate will still be fighting the battle of Pearl Harbor in 1976 and that the sons of admirals and generals who are now calling one another liars will be in their turn calling one another liars and that their sons will in turn take up the fight. Kinsey says that he understands that the Honorable Laughing George Allen has volunteered to confess that he and he alone was responsible for all the war's military errors, including Pearl Harbor, the only condition being that the investigators quit investigating and go to work on something useful.

AND Mr. James Calvert Smith of Daytona Beach, Florida, was interested to meet a native of the Everglades to whom the atomic bomb was news. Had never heard of it. Mr. Smith tried to explain. But the Everglades gentleman interrupted him. "Hell," said he, "the thing to do is to offer a reward to any fellow who turns in the name of the maker of the damn' thing and then take the man who made it out and hang him. That would put an end to it, I reckon."

A TIDY little old gentleman was dictating a letter to the public stenographer in Washington's *(Continued on page 77)*

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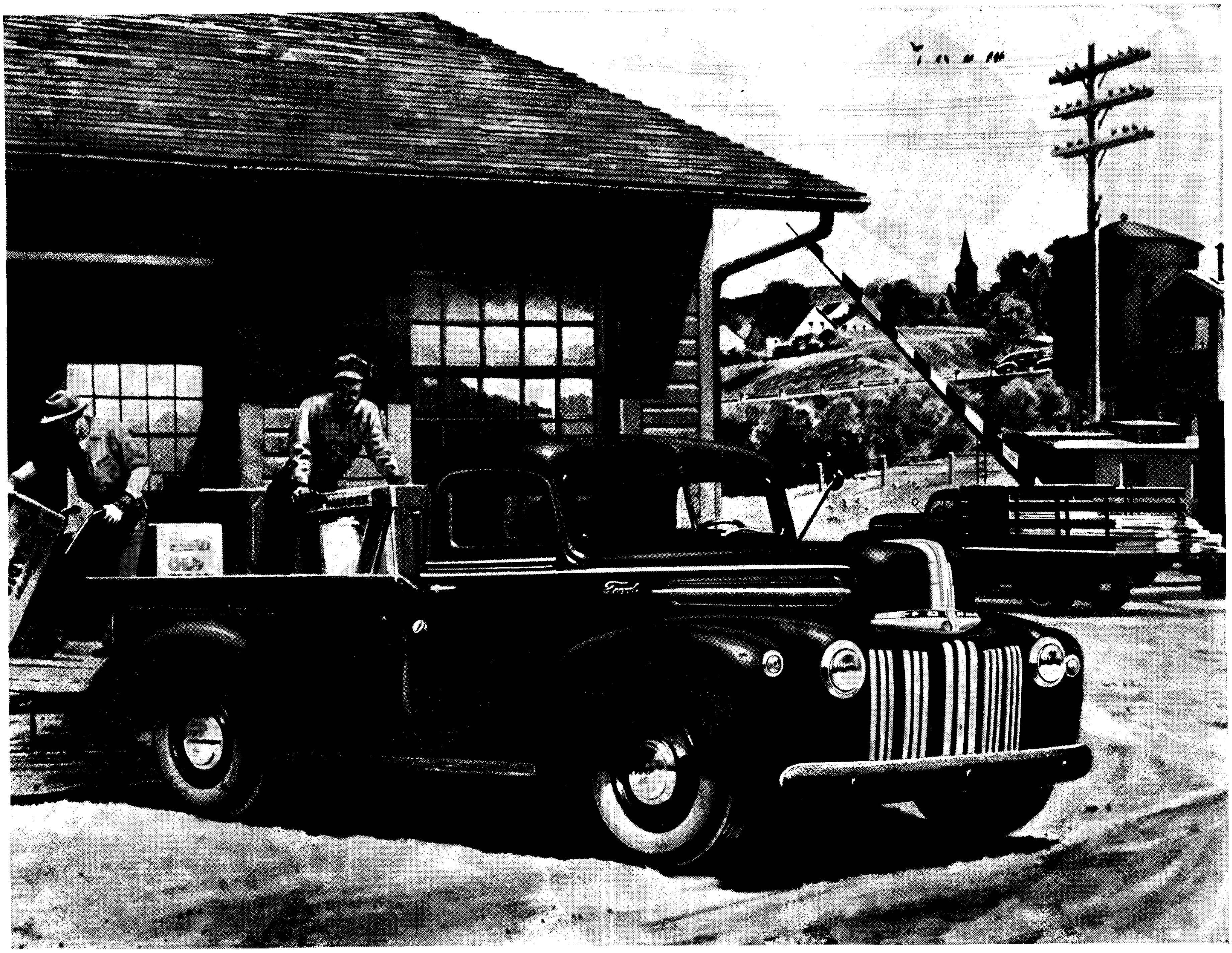

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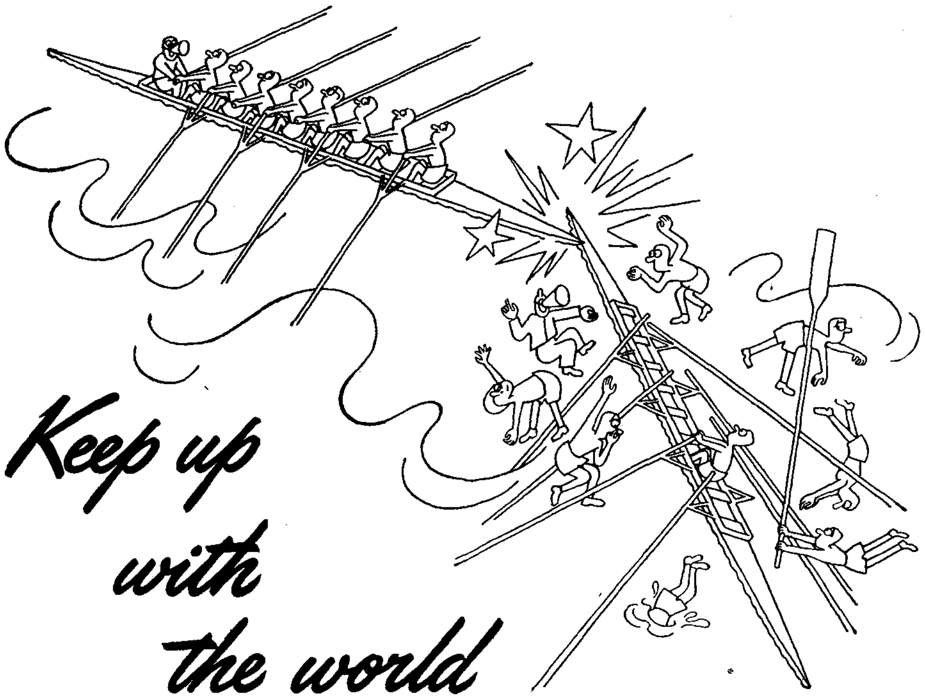

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Differing from all other boat races are those held in England for a week each June by the crews of the 17 colleges at Cambridge and the 22 at Oxford. Instead of all shells racing abreast toward a goal, they are grouped in three divisions which race by themselves with their boats stretched out in a single line 150 feet apart, the position in line being determined by previous races. The object of the contest, therefore, is to overcome and bump the boat ahead which entitles the bumping crew to move up one place until it eventually reaches the head of its division and is promoted into the next. *By P. E. Fenn, Montreal, Canada.*

All Christian churches did not adopt the 40-day period of Lent until the 9th century, or 200 years after they had agreed on a uniform date for Easter. Before that time, the fast varied widely in duration and the manner in which it was observed, originally lasting only 40 hours between Good Friday afternoon and Easter morning with complete abstinence from food.

Nicolò Paganini (1782-1840), the Italian violinist whose virtuosity has never been rivaled, achieved much of his fame by playing on the fourth or G string alone. His rendition of the Napoleon Sonata, one of the numerous single-string pieces which he composed himself, was followed by some of the greatest ovations in his career.

Ninety-five per cent of the families in the United States have not employed even one permanent household servant during the past 25 years, owing chiefly to their desire to own cars, radios and electric refrigerators.

Tobacco mosaic virus is the oldest and most infectious of the some 100 viruses which cause disease in man, animals and plants, and has been studied continuously since it was first described in 1857. Yet many important facts about it have only been discovered in the last decade, one being that its molecules are among the largest known. Therefore, its molecular weight, the sum of the weights of its constituent atoms, has recently been estimated at 50,000,000, which, for comparison, has nearly 2,778,000 times the molecular weight of water.—*By Pfc. Eugene Spangler, Camp Beale, Calif.*

India's gavial *(Gavialis gangeticus)*, a giant reptile akin to the crocodile, which sometimes attains a length of 33 feet and a weight of 800 pounds, is believed to be the oldest of all living species of air-breathing vertebrates because its fossil remains have been found in the 2,000,000-year-old Pliocene deposits of that country.

During 1945, Argentina spent $426,300,000 for military equipment and supplies, which was nearly six per cent more than the entire income of its government for the year.

The puppet show of Java is still presented as it originally appeared in the 11th century —played by flat life-sized puppets silhouetted against a screen and manipulated by a show master who speaks their lines. A derivation of it, however, has undergone changes. For a time, the flat puppets were shown in front of the screen and later they were given a rounded form and dressed. Since the 18th century, they have been superseded by living actors, wearing puppetlike masks, whose lines are also spoken off stage by a show master.

After World War I, about 500 veterans' organizations sprang up in this country and vied for members among our 4,000,000 demobilized servicemen, but only two of these groups survived and became important. During the past four years, around 125 new organizations have been competing for members among the 15,000,000 service men and women of World War II. However, tremendous membership gains have been made recently by the big three—the American Legion, the Disabled American Veterans and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

No strike on record ever approached in size or paralyzing effect the one that occurred in Russia in 1905 when most of the nation united in a mass demonstration against the Czar because of his refusal to give the people representative government. During the short time the strike lasted, the economic life of the country was at a standstill as even domestic servants ceased work.

The job of returning all of the 8,000 binoculars which the Navy borrowed from the public is unlikely to be finished before the summer of 1947, as each instrument is reconditioned, suitably engraved and a certificate of its war service prepared for its owner before it is sent back to him.

The fact that a silver coin will ring when dropped on a hard surface is not conclusive proof that it is genuine. Counterfeit coins have been so made that they ring perfectly, a notable example being a U.S. 50-cent piece, thousands of which were put in circulation in the East before their counterfeiters were finally apprehended in 1942.

Of the eight countries that have sponsored polar explorations, the United States and Great Britain combined have financed 21 of the 33 Arctic expeditions and 12 of the 13 Antarctic expeditions.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

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The extraordinary collection of wild life pictures in this volume vies with the text for interest. The 327 pictures show an amazing variety of wild creatures in their natural haunts, their everyday attitudes and ways of living. Here is the art of the photographer in its rarest form; to it has been added the art of modern photo-engraving, which renders every detail of the originals with marvelous fidelity. The crowning feature of the collection is a series of *six* full-page plates in NATURAL COLOR, which you may well be tempted to remove from the book for framing.

Not the least valuable feature of "AMERICAN WILD LIFE" is its complete index for ready reference, which enables you to find instantly in this book any animal subject in which you are especially interested.

Do You Know--?

A PRAIRIE-DOG CITY, its avenues stretching for many miles, constitutes nothing less than a subterranean housing development on a large scale!

TO RID ITSELF OF FLEAS, the fox, taking a stick in its mouth, slowly submerges in a pool of water. As it sinks, the fleas move upward to drier regions. When only the wood remains above the surface, the fleas desert the sinking fox to take refuge on the raft. Thereupon the fox releases the stick, leaving the fleas to their fate.

THE CLASSIC BELIEF is that the bat becomes entangled in a woman's hair and cannot be removed until every one of the fair victim's locks is clipped to the scalp. Yet there is no actual record of this ever having happened!

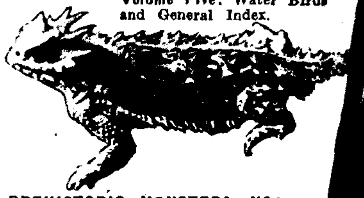
THE YOUNG OF THE OPOSSUM are so small at birth that a litter of sixteen easily fits into a tablespoon!

HITCHHIKER OF THE HIGH SEAS is the sharksucker, a fish that attaches itself to the body of a larger fish or sea turtle and rides unmolested on the abdomen of its powerful companion.

These are just a few of the thousands of interesting phenomena of wild life described in this book.

Five Books Bound in One

Originally "AMERICAN WILD LIFE" was planned as a five-volume set of books. However, to keep the cost down within everyone's reach without sacrificing the quality of the illustrations or the printing, it was decided to put all five books within one set of covers. In its final form, the 778 pages are divided into sections resembling five books, each with its own frontispiece, which are represented this way: **Volume One:** Mammals; **Volume Two:** Fishes; **Volume Three:** Reptiles and Amphibians; **Volume Four:** Land Birds; **Volume Five:** Water Birds and General Index.



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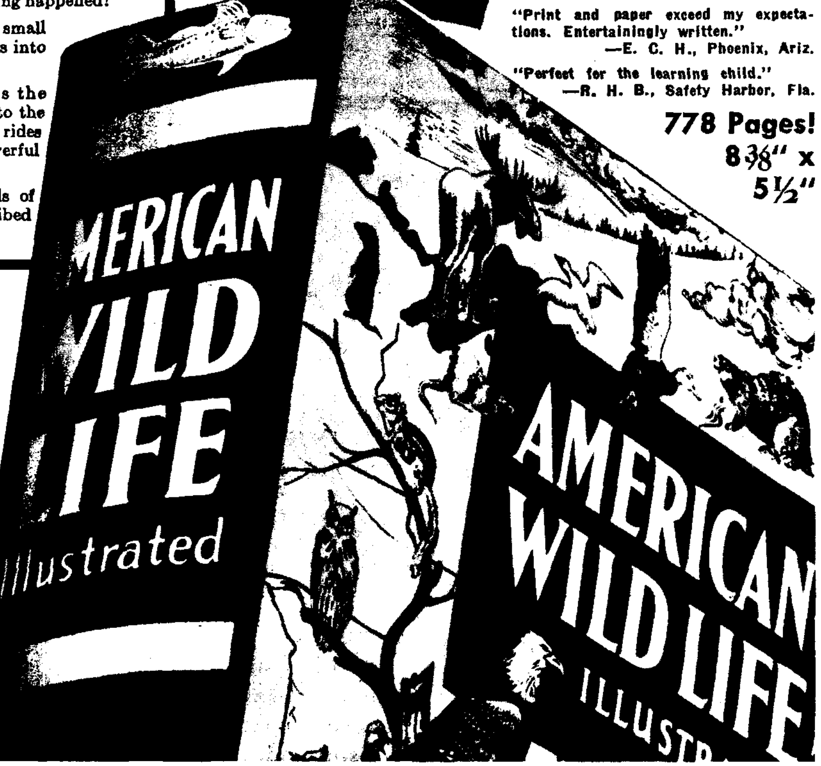

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Here is a Partial List of the Wild Life Subjects Covered in This Superb Volume

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Armadillo
Mountain Sheep
Mountain Goat
Bison
Pronghorn Antelope
Caribou
Moose
Deer
Peccary
Hares, Rabbits
Porcupine
Jumping Mouse
Mountain Beaver
Muskrat
Beaver
Pocket Gopher
Woodchuck
Prairie-Dog
Chipmunk
Squirrels
Sea-Lions
Lynx
Ocelot
Jaguar
Cougar
Fox
Coyote
Wolf
Badger
Skunk
Otters
Weasels
Raccoon
Bears
Bats
Moles
Opossum

BIRDS
Thrushes
Kinglet
Wren Tit
Nuthatches
Wren
Warblers
Shrike
Swallows
Tanager
Starling
Crows
Jays
Magpie
Lark
Fly-catchers
Hummingbird
Swift
Goatsuckers
Woodpeckers
Kingfisher
Roadrunner
Parrot
Owls
Falcons
Eagles, Hawks
Doves
Turkey
Grouse
Quails and Bob-Whites
Cranes
Herons
Spoonbills
Geese
Swans
Pelicans
Cormorants
Albatross
Gulls
Skimmer
Auks
Puffins
Loons

REPTILES
Alligator
Crocodile
Lizards
Racerunners
Skinks
Dwarf Boas
Turtles
Terrapins
Tortoises
Sun Turtles
Soft-Shelled Turtles

AMPHIBIANS
Narrow-Mouthed Toads
Frogs
Spadefoot Toads
Bell Toad
Siren
Mud-Puppy
Lungless Salamanders
Congo Eel
Newts
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Hellbender

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Porcupinefish
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Filefish and Triggerfish
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Goby
Demoiselle
Surgeonfish
Angelfish
Pilotfish Snapper
Sea Bass
Black Bass
Perch, Darter
Dolphin
Snailfish, Marlin and Swordfish
Mackerel, Tuna and Albacore
Barracuda
Mullet
Seahorse
Codfish
Flyingfish
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Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

LEO ROSENTHAL—PIX

Mrs. Mary Tusch and a few of the many trophies in The Hangar at Berkeley, Calif.

OVERLOOKING the rolling campus of the University of California a little 70-year-old woman sits at the front window of an old high-silled white house and dreams. Ghosts of the past look down on her from the walls and high ceilings—mementos of famous fliers who have called her Mother.

Suddenly a big bus stops in front of the house. Sight-seeing passengers file out, puzzled at finding a link with aviation on a quiet residential street far from an airport. While they cast curious glances at the exterior, decorated with flag, propeller and modernistic sign announcing The Hangar, the woman springs into action. A spry person looking several years younger than her age, she quickly throws open the door on one of the quaintest and most valuable aviation collections in the country.

The old lady is Mrs. Mary Tusch, better known as Mother Tusch. Her house—General Billy Mitchell was the first to call it a shrine—is a sacred spot to aviators all over the world: the great and the lowly, in the second World War and in the first, and the barnstormers and headliners of the peace that intervened. On the walls of the living room, fliers wrote their names in 1917, pledging a reunion there after the war. Those who survived kept the pact. Others took the places of those who had been killed.

They scrawled their names on the border between ceiling and picture molding, among them men who have made flying history—Rickenbacker, Mitchell, Doolittle, Byrd, Arnold, Hubert-Wilkins, Pangborn, Bennett, Goebel, Smith, Balchen; and a single woman, Amelia Earhart. Lindbergh's name is not there, but his picture occupies a place of honor. "He'll come some day," says Mother Tusch.

In her dreams, Mother Tusch declares, the names assume human form and talk to her. They and the aviation souvenirs and mementos which crowd her home are her life; they've kept her eagerly looking forward to the time when her heroes will "get the air races going again." And Mother Tusch firmly believes that they'll all come back, especially the 500 or so who carried her good-luck pieces during the war.

Being superstitious like most fliers, as well as deeply religious, Mother Tusch worried a long time before she hit upon the peace dollar as a good-luck token. In the first World War, her boys wore gay-colored wool dolls on their caps as luck charms. Some of the early fliers fancied the dashing effect of scarves flying back stiffly from their throats in the propeller wash of the open-cockpit planes. The pilots of World War II liked neither the scarves nor the woolen dolls, but they loved the peace dollars, which were minted in 1922 to commemorate the signing of the treaty between Germany and the United States. Mother Tusch gave each dollar a high polish before presenting it; many have her name engraved on them.

Mother Tusch's home at 2211 Union Street, faces the campus of the University of California, where the Army, before the first World War, started one of the first aviation ground schools in the country. The barracks bugle served as a neighborhood alarm clock. One morning the call was badly off key. The sour notes offended Mother Tusch's musical ear, so she went over to the barracks, saluted a buck private with both hands, and asked why. She learned that the regular bugler was down with influenza, and that his place had been taken by a nonmusical volunteer. Many other soldiers were also sick.

Here was a situation made to order for Mother Tusch. As president of the University Mothers' Club, she had already begun what she calls her "busybody career" by mothering lonesome and impoverished students. Now she took over the Army as well.

WHEN the boys recovered, they naturally gravitated to her house. Soon it was overflowing with boys, of all shapes, sizes and nationalities. They raided her icebox, napped on her couches, played her phonograph, wolfed the ever-present doughnuts and coffee, brought in beer, and in general made themselves at home.

Thus the house became an unofficial World War I version of the USO, and its owner became hostess, mother confessor, cupid and guardian. As hostess, Mother Tusch strained her engineer-husband's $10,000-a-year salary for mountains of doughnuts. As confidante, she passed out motherly advice "whether they wanted it or not," prevented one boy from killing himself, another from deserting, and, while she disapproved of liquor, saved countless lads trouble with wives and superior officers by hiding them till sober. Helping her, Mother Tusch had two comely daughters who didn't dislike the work at all and who were no little attraction themselves, and a Negro cook.

Came time for the first ground class to graduate, and there was a party at the house. Intended to be gay, it developed a somber undertone. Some of the boys suddenly realized the hazards of flying their "coffin kites" against Germany's aces. Charley Anderson, a U. C. track star and flier, now a Nebraska sheriff, climbed up on a divan and wrote his name on the wall.

"Look what you've done," Mother Tusch said, aghast. "It'll have to be repapered."

(Continued on page 33)

Mr. Yourit
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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR APRIL 6, 1946

TRUMAN'S TROUBLED YEAR

BY FRANK GERVASI

On April 12, 1945, when Franklin Roosevelt died in office, Harry S. Truman became the 32d President of the United States. Here is a frank and honest summing up of the man, his character and accomplishments to date

WASHINGTON

UNTIL he stood there in the austere Cabinet Room of the White House with those grim faces all around him and a Bible in his left hand, it hadn't occurred to Harry Truman that this might happen to him. It had passed through others' minds, or so they say now, that Franklin Delano Roosevelt might die in office, but the unpretentious ex-farmer from Independence, Missouri, had never thought of it.

Yet there he was, in the great mansion on Pennsylvania Avenue, raising his right hand and blinking his astigmatic eyes behind the bifocals and saying the words that made him the 32d President of the United States. The hands of the mellow mahogany clock on the white mantel under the portrait of Woodrow Wilson pointed at 7:09 P.M., and it was April 12th, in the decisive year of 1945.

The nation was nearing the end of a $400,000,000,000 war. It was also emerging as the mightiest country on earth, with all the opportunities for greatness and all the responsibilities that this implied. Whoever led it now would influence the destinies of some 140,000,000 Americans and, inevitably, the lives of about 2,400,000,000 other persons all over the world. It was, somebody said, a time for greatness.

Of all this Harry Truman was humbly aware as he swore before Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Harlan Stone to uphold the Constitution. But he wished the burden had fallen on someone else. He had never aspired beyond the semiobscurity of the U. S. Senate. Consequently, he wasn't ready for the job. But he was better prepared than was generally believed. He knew Roman, French, English, Spanish and American history and he knew the troubles of every President from Washington through Hoover.

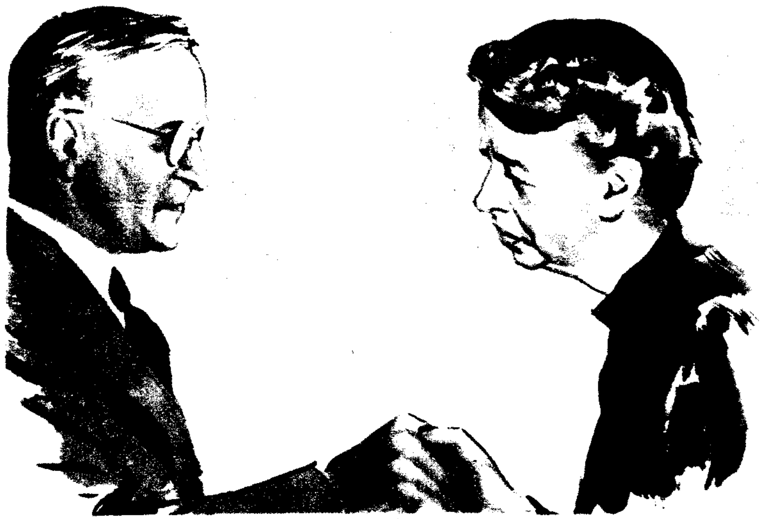
All he knew of war was what he had learned as an artilleryman in 1918. But he had studied the campaigns of Rameses, Alexander, Napoleon, Marlborough and Robert E. Lee. He had never been invited to the meetings of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He didn't know we had an atom bomb, for nobody had confided the secret to the Vice-President or anyone else.

He was untraveled and his knowledge of America's relations with foreign nations was limited. He had, however, contrary to current journalistic notions, been filled in on what had happened at Yalta, and by Roosevelt himself. Fascism and Communism were to him mere labels on political bottles from which Europeans periodically swigged and subsequently swaggered and stumbled into war. But he knew totalitarianism when he saw it

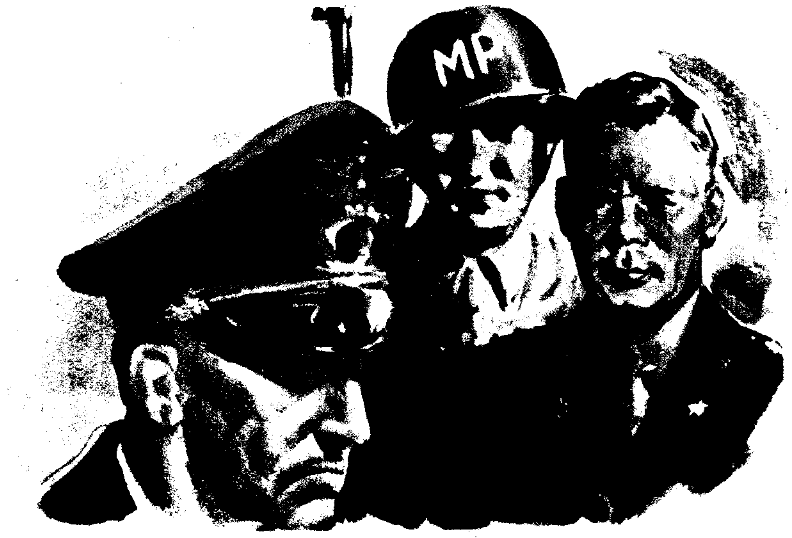
Harry Truman was a lonely man when the members of F D R 's Cabinet crowded around him after the ceremonies. The county judgeship and the years in the Senate, the poker parties with the boys and the song fests when he played the piano, the evenings at home with his wife, Bess, and his daughter, Margaret, in their modest apartment on Connecticut Avenue—all this—seemed paradise lost He reached out for Margaret's hand and patted it He smiled at Bess

Like Andrew Johnson, the tailor who succeeded Abra-

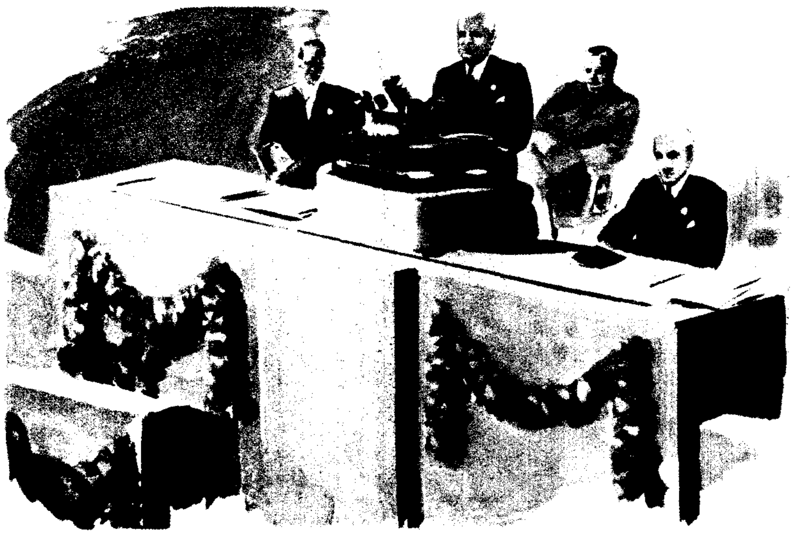
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX



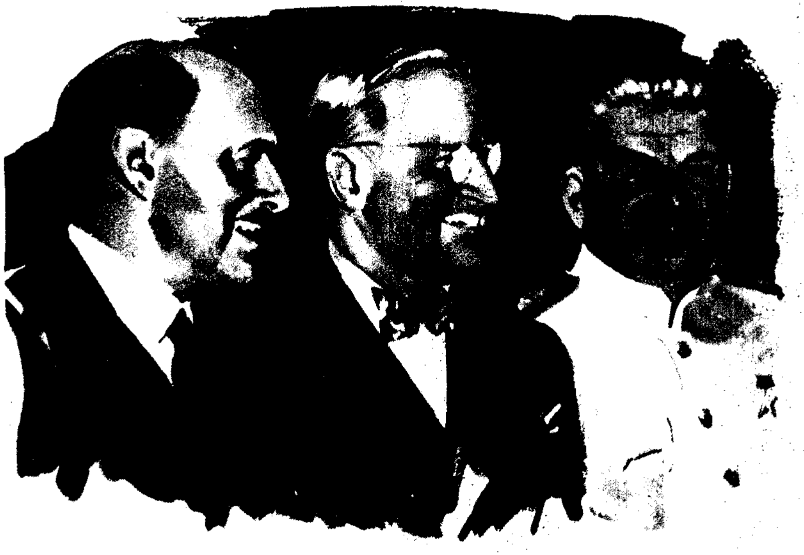
April 12, 1945: Roosevelt dies; Truman assumes office. "Tragic fate has thrust upon us grave responsibilities. We must carry on"



May 8, 1945: Germany surrenders. "If I could give you a single watchword for the coming months, that word is—work, work"



June 26, 1945: United Nations Conference. "You have created a great instrument for peace. . . . The world must now use it"



August 2, 1945: The Potsdam Declaration. "It is not the intention of the Allies to destroy or enslave the German people"

ham Lincoln in another April back in 1865, the man who came after Roosevelt inherited problems unique in the nation's history. But where Johnson was charged with the reconstruction of a nation, Truman assumed the task of rebuilding a world. Johnson had dealt in millions. Truman was to deal in billions. Like Johnson, the new President realized that whatever he did would be judged by what his predecessor might have done.

The people in the streets waved to Truman encouragingly on the morning of April 13th as he rode to the White House to go to work as President for the first time. They sympathized with him for having been so suddenly confronted with the towering problems of an unfinished war and an unsecured peace. Truman's presence tempered the grief of his predecessor's mourners and assuaged the venom of those who hated F.D.R.

Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives, workers and industrialists cheered him. The political left was warmed by Truman's across-the-board New Deal voting record in the Senate, and the right was encouraged by his known conservatism in economic matters. Labor confidently expected higher wages; and management, higher profits. Truman pleased everyone.

An Auspicious Start for a New Regime

It looked like a politically fortuitous love match between Harry Truman and the American people. The honeymoon endured through the eventful spring and summer. Triumphant headlines recorded the victory over the Nazis, the diplomatic successes at Potsdam, the cataclysmic potentialities of the atom bomb and the fall of the Jap Empire.

But the war ended and with it the honeymoon. Crisis piled on crisis in an unhappy pyramid of Presidential grief. Industry demanded higher prices; and labor, higher wages. Veterans clamored for jobs and houses. Mothers and wives wanted their men home from the war right away. The British asked for a loan. The Zionists pleaded for Palestine. Civil wars erupted in China and Indonesia. Relations among the Big Three deteriorated. Europe cried for food.

"Every week," the President said, "you think that maybe the next won't be quite so hectic. But the coming week is just a little more so. There's always a crisis around the corner and I have to do something about it. . . ."

The world, Harry Truman suddenly realized, spun around him, for he was the President of the greatest republic on earth. Much depended on whether he could grow up to his responsibilities.

The wars in Europe and Asia ended without a hitch. The neophyte in the White House might easily have made costly mistakes and prolonged the war. But he didn't. Nevertheless, the cheers and the prayers had barely subsided on V-J Day when Truman's troubles began.

The man who could do no wrong, whose popularity at times exceeded even Roosevelt's, suddenly could do no right. His increasing maturity, his patience and kindliness, his integrity—even his actual skill in handling problems so complex that they would have taxed the abilities of far more experienced men—did not emerge in the newspaper accounts of the activities of the Presidency after V-J Day.

Instead, the character of the new President as drawn by a suddenly critical press was that of a leader who chafed under the responsibilities of a job he hadn't wanted, who had a "program but no policy," couldn't make a good speech, appointed inept cronies to important government posts, had lost control of Congress and was overfond of bourbon whisky.

The President's achievements were ignored, and his inexperience and real or imagined inadequacies were stressed. When he made mistakes, his more vicious critics punned that "to err is only Truman." He was unflatteringly compared to Warren G. Harding, and his opponents predicted scandals and disasters for the Truman Administration.

Yet, up to a year after his inauguration, Truman's popularity with the masses of voters remained high. If an election had been held in February, the Administration would have been overwhelmingly returned to power. The President could point to a record of positive achievement.

In the domestic field the economic high command was shaken up and a campaign was laid down to fight the nation's worst enemy, inflation. Unlimited production, the President knew, could forestall disaster. The danger would be past only when the supply of goods met the demand generated by 154,000,000,000 war-accumulated dollars burning in people's pockets. To stimulate production he removed all possible restrictions on raw materials for washing machines, automobiles, radios and countless other consumer items.

As a further incentive to industry he reduced corporate taxes and abolished the excess profits tax. He cut individual income taxes. Then, to help both industry and labor, he worked out a new wage-price formula. Price increases were granted to manufacturers where these were required to maintain prewar profits. Labor received higher wages to help make up for the loss of overtime pay and to absorb a rise in the cost of living.

The government was committed to a policy of full employment and to the retention of price controls wherever required. A two-year plan to fill the immediate shortage of houses for returning veterans was drawn up, and needed—like other Administration measures—only a green light from Congress.

In the international field, America took its place in the United Nations and agreed to participate in the Bretton Woods plan for restoring the productive and purchasing powers of war-ravaged nations. To the same end the government expanded the lending facilities of the Export-Import Bank from $700,000,000 to $3,500,000,000, and the reciprocal-trade agreements with Latin America were extended.

The United States agreed to the internationalization of atomic weapons just as soon as a world organization worthy of the trust came into being.

The life of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration was lengthened. It was given funds with which to help war sufferers onto their feet. The demilitarization of Japan was accomplished. Turbulent China, maggoty with dangers to future relations between the Soviet Union and the United States, was at least temporarily pacified.

There were other plusses, but those were the main ones on Truman's work sheet. There were minuses, too. Most of them were put there by Congress.

The President failed to obtain from Congress immediate authorization of a loan of about $4,000,000,000 for Great Britain with which to prime the pumps of Anglo-American trade. The Senate filibustered the administration's Fair Employment Practices Act to death.

But the real sport on the Hill was with Truman's appointments. Senators mauled them unmercifully. They gave Truman's choice for Undersecretary of the Navy, California oilman Edwin W. Pauley, even rougher treatment than Roosevelt's Edward J. Flynn had received. They manhandled Commodore James K. Vardaman, Jr., St. Louis banker and candidate for membership on the board of governors of the Federal Reserve Bank. They gave jolly George Allen, one of the President's closest cronies, an inquisitorial hotfoot before confirming him as an RFC director.

The pay-off over appointments came when Honest Harold Ickes, then Secretary of the Interior, resigned after accusing Pauley of having offered to raise $300,000 for the Democratic Party's war chest during the last elections if the government would call off its suit to transfer title to underwater oil fields from the states to the federal government. Ickes' bombshell failed, however, to shake Truman's support of Pauley. Stubbornness is one of the President's more obvious qualities.

Earlier he had sent a comprehensive 21-point program to Congress urging legislation to provide, among other things, employment and production and to stimulate small business and expand our foreign trade. The program was an extension of the New Deal in fulfillment of the Democratic Party's pledges of 1944. It contained some things—such as advocacy of legislation for health insurance—which not even his late boss had tackled.

The New Deal Democrats should have cheered, but didn't. The Republicans were expected to sneer, and did. And the Southern Democrats took their long-delayed revenge on F.D.R. and the New Deal by helping the Republicans to torpedo Truman's legislative recommendations. Out of the score of bills proposed, at least fourteen were still stalled in Congressional committees and on the floor as this was written.

The Wage-Hungry vs. the Profit-Hungry

The President's worst defeat, however, came when he tried to settle the strikes that blossomed in the fall and winter. Production, as essential to victory over inflation as it had been to victory over the Axis, practically ceased. Some way had to be found to reconcile the differences between wage-hungry labor and profit-hungry industry.

The President suggested the creation of impartial three-man fact-finding boards empowered to determine whether the industry in question could afford to pay labor more. The plan was intended to break a deadlock in the most serious strike of the moment, involving the United Automobile Workers (C.I.O.) Union and the General Motors Company.

The UAW's Walter Reuther wanted a 30 per cent increase for his constituents. GM insisted it couldn't afford to pay such an increase without a proportionate rise in prices for its cars.

"Okay," countered Reuther, "show me the arithmetic to prove that to give us 30 per cent more than we're getting, you've got to have higher prices."

DRAWINGS BY WENDELL KLING

"Nuts," replied the company, "we're not going to lay the figures out on the table where our competitors can see them. We don't want them to know our business secrets."

What the President proposed was a compromise. Fact-finding boards should have the authority to examine employers' books to determine their ability to pay but the information thus obtained should not be made public. This didn't quite satisfy the C.I.O.'s UAW and it was considerably more than GM was willing to take. The fact-finding board appointed to settle the GM-UAW dispute failed to accomplish its immediate purpose, and direct negotiations between the company and the union were resumed.

As we go to press, the UAW strikers have been out about three months and their families are in distress. There are ads in the newspapers and magazines about the beauty and comfort and power of new automobiles, but the cars are curiosities in the streets. Strikes continue to be among the worst of Truman's troubles.

The First Rumblings of Dissension

To the objective and liberal Thomas L. Stokes, Scripps-Howard columnist, this was how it all looked in mid-February:

"What is going on is beginning to resemble the Republican crack-up in the Hoover Administration. President Truman's own proposal for fact-finding boards was tossed aside impolitely. In the Senate, the Southern Democrats have been thumbing their noses. More and more, there is talk around Washington of the political finesse of President Roosevelt. The knack is missing now."

But why? Was Truman personally to blame for the chaotic state of the Union? Or were there reasons for the chaos beyond the actual or imagined shortcomings of the President? Walter Lippmann, writing in the New York Herald-Tribune, came closer to the underlying causes of Truman's difficulties than anyone, when he wrote:

"After this war, as indeed after every other war, the standard of public morals must for a time inevitably fall. It has been happening in Washington, and once the deterioration of standards sets in, things will go from not good enough to bad and from bad to worse as they did under Grant and under Harding."

Some of Truman's troubles were of his own making. His remarks, perhaps innocent in themselves and indicative of his own humility, had the cumulative effect of shaking confidence in him. To men accustomed to omniscience in the President he'd say, bluntly, "I don't know anything about this," when confronted with a new problem.

His loyalty to his friends, too, got him into trouble. Most of Truman's troubles, however, grew out of what Walter Lippmann called the disintegration in public morals. Industry, labor and the politicians wanted business-as-usual and politics-as-usual without realizing, perhaps, that peace was merely a continuation of the war without the actual fighting.

The Axis had been defeated, but Fascism and Nazism survived. Democracy's quarrel with totalitarianism had ended in victory, but the conflict between democracy and old and new imperialism continued. The Axis trade bloc was smashed, but new commercial combines were in the making.

An Axis victory was unthinkable to the vast majority of Americans, so while the war lasted they freely contributed their wealth and their blood. Production remained at full throttle. Industry profited and labor had jobs and high wages. Everybody paid his taxes, tolerated wartime restrictions and bought War Bonds. Americans knew that their survival as a free people depended upon winning the war.

War, therefore, was a compulsion to subject individual desires and interests to the common end. But when the compulsion was removed the natural individualism of Americans expressed itself. They'd done without new radios and nylons. Now they wanted them right away. If they had had doubts about the necessity for participating in the war, they vented their true feelings.

Their representatives in Congress reflected the people's doubts and confusions. It was possible that what was merely a natural revulsion toward war became something like outright isolationism when translated into Congressional action. In any event, a Congress which had appropriated money at the rate of $250,000,000 a day for war became stingy about lending money to our Allies to repair the damage the war had done. A natural desire to have the boys back from Europe and Asia became a Congressional clamor to bring the G.I.s home so rapidly that our power overseas dwindled to insignificance at a critical moment in the game of power politics.

President Truman foresaw that victory would uncap the long-smoldering animosities between labor and industry. He therefore summoned leaders of both factions. The bells were still ringing in the churches when he talked with them. Victory had come so suddenly that there had not been time to plan for reconversion and to provide jobs and houses for returning G.I.s.

Aware of the internal economic and political forces which were about to be let loose within America, Truman bargained for time to ease the shock of the sudden transition from war to peace.

He asked industry to continue producing and labor to keep on working. Industry, he knew, had a substantial backlog of profits. Its average earnings, even *after* taxes, totaled in 1944 at least twice what they'd been for the period from 1935 to 1939, when business was generally on the upgrade. Industry's net earnings for 1945 were estimated at $9,000,000,000, or more than twice the 1939 peak of $4,300,000,000.

Industry, Truman reasoned, could afford to be magnanimous. He asked its representatives to keep employment as high as possible during the lull between military and civilian production. He knew that layoffs and unnecessary shutdowns would provoke labor troubles.

He knew that labor, on the other hand, had taken an automatic cut in take-home pay with the return to the 40-hour week. The cost of living, meanwhile, had gone up. There were inflationary pressures in all scarce foods and commodities, and although the price line had been well held, the dollar, nevertheless, bought less. If prices went up indiscriminately, the country could easily slip into an inflationary tailspin and, eventually, into an economic crash.

He asked labor leaders, therefore, to keep their eventual wage demands within the existing price structure. For the time being, he implored them, let's not have any unnecessary strikes. What he told them all went somewhat as follows:

"Boys, there are a lot of things about this job that I don't know. You'll have to help me learn them. For the good of the country you'll have to give me all the co-operation you can spare, so long, of course, as I deserve it.

"One thing I *do* know. We've got to have production, production and more production. Unless we have it we won't be able to beat inflation and if we don't, we'll all have a crash. If we have a depression, so will the rest of the world, and we'll be back where we started from, on the road to another war."

Men who'd lived by the New Deal book and others who'd eschewed it as Red heresy solemnly and warmly promised their support. "We're with you, Mr. President," they said.

Harry Truman has an abounding faith in the essential honesty of people. He felt comforted.

"I thought from what everyone said," the President says now in retrospect, "that I'd have from three to six months to start things going in the right direction.

"But I was mistaken. I didn't get six months. Or three. . . . I was naïve."

A Sympathetic Attitude Toward Workers

Almost immediately the unions started to quarrel about take-home pay. Truman, like his predecessor, inclines toward labor. He is acutely conscious of the encroachments made on workers by technological advances. With every new machine, so many jobs disappear. The President believes that labor should have its fair share of the "income produced by the gadgets." He had indicated his sympathy with the workers about pay cuts and the rise in living costs.

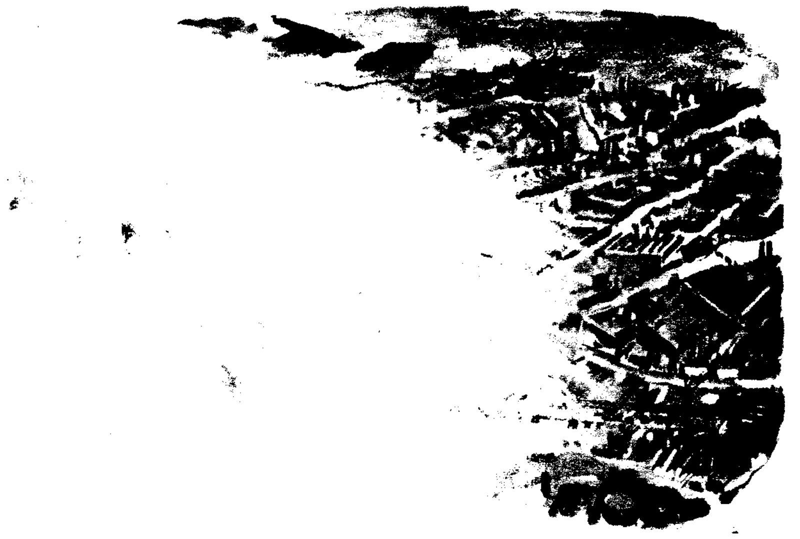
William L. Green and his American Federation of Labor kept their pledge to the President. But the C.I.O.'s Phil Murray authorized strikes and denounced the President for trying to resolve them by fact-finding. Prices, they argued, weren't their worry. They had to deliver pay increases to their constituents.

The manufacturers refused to yield. Moreover, they weren't interested in making goods in 1945 under 1944 taxes. They preferred to wait until 1946 to take advantage of the tax reductions, which would increase their margins of profit. They had the resources for a long war of attrition against labor, and, for a time, it looked as though factory owners meant to wait labor out. The struggle would inevitably end in violence.

The President became alarmed. He summoned management and labor to conferences. When it seemed that a solution might be worked out in the steel strike, the most serious of all, industry walked out. The industry had a good case. Not all steel items are produced at a profit, especially in peacetime when steel must be expensively processed into special thicknesses and shapes. The big orders for cheaply produced and profitably priced bulk steel were gone. The industry needed an over-all increase in its basic price to meet wage demands and to continue to make a profit.

But if the producers of steel were granted a price increase, every manufacturer who used it in his product could logically claim an increase for his merchandise. If granted, the general level of prices of consumer goods would go up. Workers would need more money to buy toasters and flatirons

(Continued on page 33)



August 5, 1945: Atom bomb hits Hiroshima. "We have spent $2,000,000,000 on the greatest scientific gamble in history—and won"

September 2, 1945: Japan surrenders to the Allies. "It is a day which we Americans shall always remember as a day of retribution"

January 21, 1946: "Industrial peace . . . will have to be achieved . . . with government assistance but not government compulsion"

February 15, 1946: Ickes resigns over Pauley's nomina
Secretary of the Interior could very well have been

Jealousy

BY ZENITH BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Beautiful, reckless, and selfish—that was Sybil Hale. Driven by a secret fear, unable to understand or be understood, her worst enemy was herself. . . . Beginning the story of a wild and twisted love

THE door of the Hales' compartment was open because it was too stuffy with the smell of cinders and dust and stale tobacco smoke. Sybil Hale looked out at the long line of people backed up from the dining car ahead. They stood there waiting with dreary, dogged patience, and after three days on the train crossing the country, Sybil was tired of them. She was tired of the noise and the confusion, the creaking, the monotonous jolting grind of the wheels over the roadbed. But one more stop now, and then forty miles, Charlie said, and they'd be there. They'd be in Landover.

Charlie's home in Landover. Sybil said it again in her mind. She and Charlie had been saying it for the eight months of their marriage, waiting for the war to end, for Charlie to be out of the Army, so they could go back to Landover. It had become an enchanted word, like Tara or Samarkand . . . roses, pomegranates and cinnabar. She didn't know what cinnabar was, but it was a lovely word, and she didn't know what Landover was either, except that it was Charlie's home and it was going to be hers . . . and except, furthermore, that now they were almost there, something had happened. It didn't really sound like Samarkand at all as she said it now, looking at the dreary countryside through the grimy rivulets of rain whipping down the dirty windows of the compartment.

She looked away from the door, at her husband in the seat across from her. The enchantment was on him still. It glowed like a coat of shining plumes as he sat there, his nose flattened against the pane as if peace and the world depended on his not missing one swayback barn, stark and gaunt against the mealy-gray sky, but enchanted, too, because it was close to Landover. It was natural, of course. He was coming home after thirty-seven months away; Landover was Samarkand and cinnabar and attar of roses all rolled into one for him. Sybil Hale could understand that very well. The thing she couldn't understand was herself. The glow of excitement with which she'd started out from Texas, three days ago, had got lost on the way.

"What's the matter, honey?"

He took his nose away from the window long enough to be aware of her again.

"Nothing, angel," she said quickly, her voice suddenly warm and caressing because she didn't want to spoil anything for him. And she couldn't have told him anyway. She didn't know herself.

Charlie Hale leaned across the space between them and took her hands in his.

"You're not scared, are you, baby?" He looked at her, forgetting the swayback barns in another enchantment that her eyes, blue as flax flowers in paper-white skin under the glossy black rolls of hair, always had for him. "Everybody's going to be crazy about you in Landover—Mother and Dad, and everybody. You're beautiful."

"Thank you, darling."

THE door was open and people were passing back and forth looking in, so she smiled and loosened his hands. She felt better, even if being scared wasn't what was the matter with her. It was silly to think of her being scared of her husband's family and friends.

She shook her head. "No, darling, I'm not scared. Should I be?"

"Lord, no."

It seemed absurd to Charlie, too, and he laughed. It was a crazy idea, but she had looked so forlorn there for a moment. Still, to think of Sybil being afraid of *his* family . . . They'd be the ones who'd be scared, not Sybil. Sometimes he'd wondered how they were going to take her. She was such a complete modern—that was the word, probably—that the surprising thing to him was that she could have the standards she had and still have married him. He certainly wasn't a Greek god, and his clothes didn't make a hell of a lot of difference, and the Hales had never made too much money, any of them.

It was funny, Charlie thought, how you could be so completely nuts about anybody. Looking at her now, he could hardly feel it was real, any of it—that she belonged to him, and that he was taking her home to Landover. If anybody had suggested it, the night he was up from Camp Bowie, he'd have said they were crazy. He remembered the real shock he'd got when he went to dinner at her home. The house reeked of opulence, and so did his host, a big bluff hearty guy with a cellar full of actual Scotch. When he saw Sybil, "exotic" was the only word he could think of . . . something exotic carved out of alabaster. But she was real enough, and before the evening was over they had a knockdown drag-out row. He was still burned up when he left, and he didn't see her or think of her again till he came back from the central Pacific and met her at a dance one night. That was when he began to fall in love with her.

The only part of it that had been a struggle was having to bring himself to say, knowing what her standards were, "Look, baby, I don't have any doubt, but—" And now, he was bringing her home.

The train was slowing down for the town forty miles from Landover.

"Come on, sweetie. Let's get out and see if anyone I know is getting on here."

Sybil Hale shook her head. Some kind of inner reluctance held her back.

"You go, darling. You go and get all wet. I'll stay here." She smiled up at him. "Please—do go. I've got a sort of headache."

"Okay, then."

THE train had stopped outside the town, waiting for the tracks to clear. She watched Charlie make his way through the car and smiled at him as he looked back. She didn't have a headache, but it was the only excuse she could think of. Just because something had happened to her she didn't want to spoil everything. And she was still trying to figure out what had happened . . . the kind of sinking feeling she had that was not fear.

Then, as her eyes were fixed out of the window, not focused or seeing at first and then suddenly sharply focused and seeing intensely, she knew from the whole picture there in front of her that she *was* afraid, knew it in the naked instant that her eyes came to rest on the house across the littered sidewalk along the tracks, bringing back all the buried and forgotten things that could make her stiff and cold with fear.

The child standing on the porch, its arms around the rotted post, was herself. The shoddy too-small blue coat held together with a safety pin across the narrow chest was hers, and the muddy shoes. The red-chapped little hands, the runny nose, the bewildered eyes fastened on the men lifting a kitchen table onto the pile of broken-down sticks of furniture in the open truck, all were hers. All the years and the bitter experiences of her childhood were standing there by the tracks in front of her . . . the cold, the rain, the desolation and emptiness of the houses where she had waited on the porch, keeping out of the way until her mother had collected the odds and ends the movers didn't bother to pick up to take along. She remembered the numbness, and the fear that her mother might go off and forget her, and that the truck would take their things away and they wouldn't be able to find them.

Sybil Hale's eyes moved from the child that was herself to a woman, the child's mother and her own, coming out of the kitchen door into the side yard, an apron over her head. She picked her way through the mud to a tin washtub hanging on the side of a lean-to shed and took it down. As she made her way back to the house again Sybil closed her eyes, sick with fear and shame, seeing her own mother, frail and worn, bending over a tin tub set on a pair of sawhorses outside in the yard near the pump. She could smell the steam from the boiler on the stove coming out the kitchen door, smell it now, and it brought back her mother scolding, nagging at her father when he came home once in a while bringing them a little money.

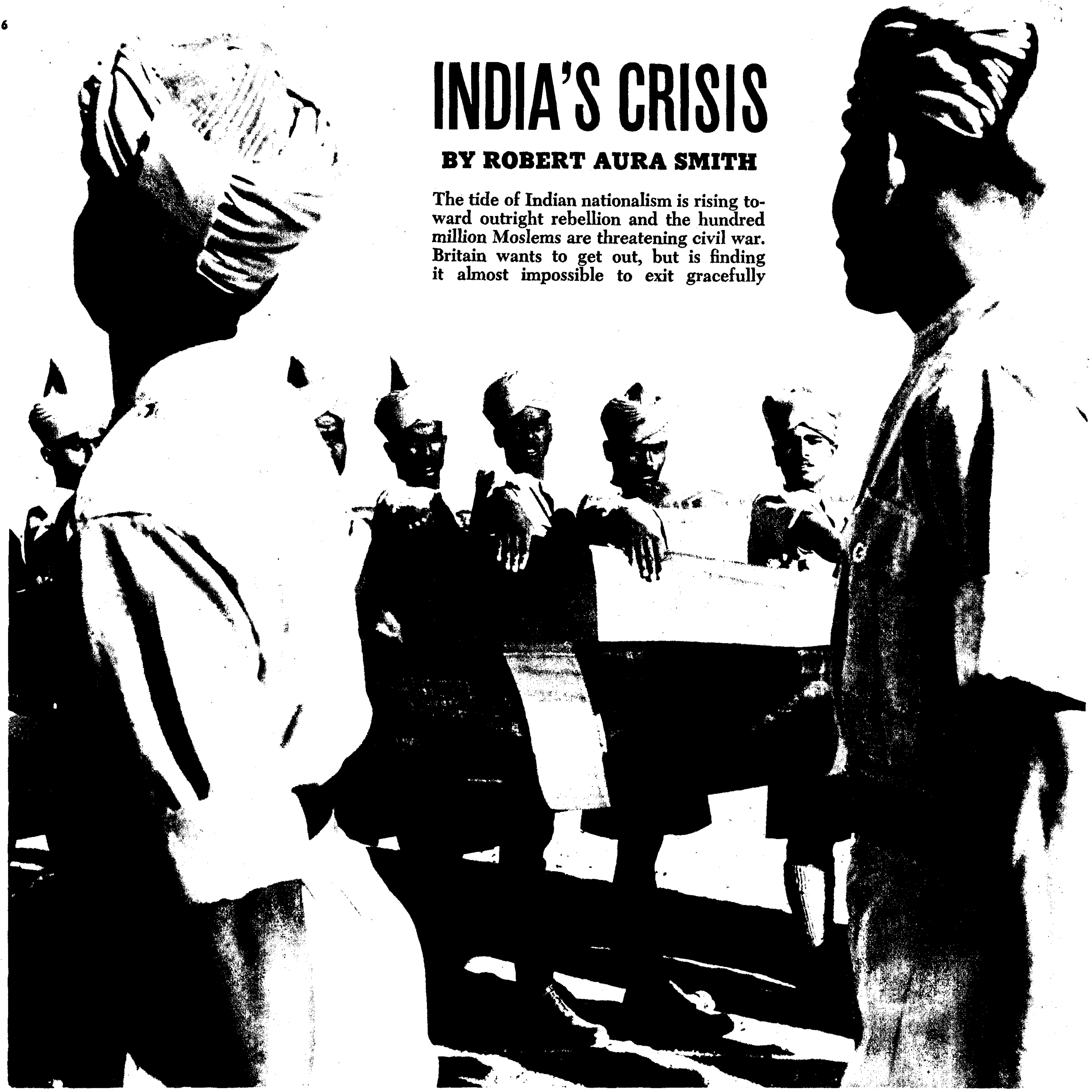
It was a part of her life that, when it came back to her, could leave her sick with shame, *(Continued on page 65)*

In the fraction of time Lisa had watched Charlie and his new wife a whole new concept formed in her mind. The truth came as a shock, left her empty, ashamed

INDIA'S CRISIS

BY ROBERT AURA SMITH

The tide of Indian nationalism is rising toward outright rebellion and the hundred million Moslems are threatening civil war. Britain wants to get out, but is finding it almost impossible to exit gracefully



CROSWELL BOWEN

Sepoy recruits in the British army swear allegiance to the crown by placing their hands on a flag and repeating oath. Ceremony sounds like a religious chant

BRITAIN is sending the "first team" to India to *try* to work out the long-standing and vastly irritating problem of independence. The choice of a delegation of top Cabinet rank is in itself an indication of the gravity of the situation. Never before has Britain dispatched to India, or indeed to any other country, a mission comprised of such officers as the Secretary of State for India, the President of the Board of Trade and the First Lord of the Admiralty.

The conditions that this mission must face are appalling and there is every indication that they will grow worse as the year wears on.

First, there is famine in India. The Food Minister in January placed the prospective food deficit at 2,000,000 tons of cereals. By the end of the month the Viceroy had raised that estimate to 3,000,000 tons and by the middle of February to 7,000,000 tons. An Indian delegation has undertaken to persuade the British government and the Combined Food Board in Washington to speed grain shipments to India. It is extremely unlikely, however, that shipments on the needed scale can be provided.

Famine will make the task of any political mission vastly more difficult. The Food Minister has given, as the reasons for the famine, the continued failure of imports from Burma (Burma normally supplied nearly two million tons of rice annually to India; shipments since the liberation of Burma have not reached 100,000 tons), destructive cyclones in the south of India destroying a substantial part of the rice crop, and monsoon failure and continued drought in northern India, putting the normally surplus provinces in the deficit category.

But this explanation will not be accepted by the Indian masses. To them, starvation will be evidence of the ineptitude of British rule on the one hand, and the indifference of the Western world, especially the United States, on the other. So we can expect Indian food riots with a strong political flavor. Already Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the ablest Congress party leader, has called on the Indians in the United Provinces to revolt rather than to starve. In Ahmedabad, on Feb. 14th, sit-down demonstrators prevented the movement of grain from a government warehouse. In Bombay, in the naval mutiny riots, on Feb. 21st, nineteen government grain storehouses were burned.

Public disorder, naturally, will increase suffering rather than mitigate it, but public disorder is virtually inevitable. For its causes lie in many things besides famine.

There has been a steadily rising tide of anti-British and anti-Western sentiment in India for some years. The stringencies of war served to keep it partially in check. But this is the year of the removal of controls, and its first months have already shown what is to be expected.

Most serious, from the British point of view, is disaffection in the armed forces. The mutiny of the Royal Indian Navy was a body blow of the first order. But there is another issue that is potentially even more serious There are still in detention at least six thousand members of the "Indian Nationa Army," and some of them, presumably, wil face trial. This is the group which was re

INTERNATIONAL

At a Congress Party meeting M. K. Gandhi listens to whispered suggestion of Mahadev Desai. Pandit Nehru sits in foreground

નવ-યુગ લેધર વર્ક્સ
NAV-YUG LEATHER WORKS
J ROSS & CO
ROSS SURGICAL STORES
15

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Armed with bamboo sticks, stones, bottles, Indians attack police who tried to halt parade honoring Jap-puppet Chandra Bose

cruited largely from Indian army prisoners of war from Singapore to fight with the Japanese under the leadership of Subhas Chandra Bose. Technically, they are all guilty of the gravest offense that a soldier can commit, going over to the enemy, but it is obvious that they cannot all be prosecuted on that ground. Consequently the Indian Army Command has indicated that only those will be tried who are charged with personal crimes, such as the abuse of prisoners. And officers who have already been tried have had their sentences commuted. But even so, the sentencing of one officer to a seven-year term was enough to precipitate the bloody outbreak in Calcutta in January, and the slogan of the Indian National Army—"Victory to India"—has been heard in every riot since that time.

Obviously order cannot be restored in the armed forces without some disciplinary action, but at this point every disciplinary act will be received as an example of British persecution on political grounds. Herein lies the basis for a possible mutiny, not of 7,000 sailors, but of 700,000 soldiers. The British dilemma is obvious. If they do not punish mutiny, the armed services are completely undermined. If they do punish mutiny, they face more of it and worse. And the connection between military mutiny and civilian political uprising comes closer with each outbreak.

The Cabinet mission, therefore, faces an explosive situation, and one that may change at any time in the course of their deliberation and negotiation.

In that negotiation, however, there are several fixed points around which any constitutional changes for India must be discussed.

The first of these, and the most important, is the Indian determination to be rid of British rule. There is no substantial group in British India that does not share this determination. All the major political parties have put that plank first in their platforms. This is not a purely political aspiration. It is emotional, personal, vigorous, and often extremely bitter. Mahatma Gandhi spoke the language of millions when he said, "We do not expect any good whatsoever to come out of Britain."

This is the frame of mind with which the Cabinet mission must deal. No proposals, however generous, will change it.

A second fixed point is Britain's commitment to withdraw from India. This has grown so gradually that many Britons themselves are surprised at the extent to which the entire British-Indian policy has been changed in the last twenty-five years.

This process began in 1919, when the then Viceroy declared that dominion status was the goal of British policy in India. This was reflected in the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms that provided for an Indian majority in the central legislature, and a great extension of popular suffrage. That declaration was reiterated in 1929, and embodied in the India Act of 1935, which provided for virtually complete autonomy in the eleven provinces of British India. It came to its climax, however, in the War Cabinet proposals of March 11, 1942, commonly called the Cripps Proposals, in which Great Britain was committed to an offer of complete Indian self-government "within or without the framework of the British Commonwealths" as the Indians themselves might choose, as soon as the war was over. But it was an offer for "after the war" and the Indians rejected it. Britain has repeatedly declared that this offer is still open, and the "after-the-war" period has arrived.

Back of this change in policy is, of course, a vast change in the economic relationship of India to Britain. In the days of the East India Company, Britain "drained off" a large volume of Indian wealth by methods that were sometimes little short of pure plunder. From 1857 on, under political and not company rule, the processes were modified. To an England that was going through the industrial revolution, India became vital as a market for British exports, notably cotton textiles and heavy metal.

In 1922, however, Great Britain made a momentous decision. Tariff autonomy was granted to India and from then on, India could and did levy tariffs on British goods. Some Britons assert that this was the point at which Britain determined to withdraw from India, since it no longer became profitable to remain.

Britain's Loss—India's Gain

In any case the result of Indian tariffs was to drive Lancashire cotton out of the Indian market and create an Indian cotton industry that by 1939 had 389 mills, 10,000,000 spindles, 200,000 looms and a capacity of more than six billion yards annually. Under this tariff protection also was built the Indian-owned and American-constructed Tata Steel operation, the largest steel producer under the British flag.

The effect on United Kingdom exports to India was drastic. In the period 1909-1914 the United Kingdom supplied 63 per cent of all India's imports. After tariff autonomy, from 1925-1929, the percentage dropped to 49, and by 1939-40 it had gone down to 25 per cent. Thus, in this relatively short period, the United Kingdom has dropped from supplying approximately two thirds of all India's imports, to supplying approximately one fourth.

This process has been dramatized, of course, by the change in India's position from a debtor to a creditor nation. Over a long period Britain loaned to India the money for railways, canals, dams, public services, and other projects. India owed Britain money, and paid interest on it. The gradual change in trade balances was greatly accelerated by Britain's wartime purchases in India, so that now Britain owes India money. The British point out that we are all familiar with the spectacle of the poor Indian taxed to pay interest to the British, but that we will now have to become accustomed to the spectacle of the poor Briton who is taxed to pay interest to the Indians.

The fact that the Indians so ardently wish to be rid of the British, and the corresponding fact that the British are so definitely committed to being rid of the Indians, would, on the face of it, make it seem absurdly easy to effect the necessary transfer of sovereignty. Actually it has proved to be enormously complex and difficult, because of two further fixed points in the Indian situation.

The British are prepared to withdraw from India, but they are determined to do it in an orderly, constitutional, politically sound

(Continued on page 52)

That Samba Dress

BY FREDERICK LAING

SHE stood before the bedroom mirror in her scanties, a dress in each hand, and for some reason that lurked in the back of her mind, the problem seemed much bigger than just the choice of a dress.

She held up first one and then the other, tucking each under her chin. One was her every-day gray number, the one Grant sort of liked. She glanced anxiously at the serious young man in the leather frame on her bureau. At the bottom of the picture it said, "To Peggy, with sincere regards, Grant Mason." She was meeting Grant after work for what might turn out to be the most important date of her life.

And the other dress . . . well . . . over at Shantz & Riley they said its print was a South American motif. It was tawny-colored, and they called it a samba dress, after that dance. The design of the print, they said, came from the Indians of Peru.

In her mind for a moment there was a picture of that faraway place. Last night she had looked up Peru in Aunt Sara's atlas; it was a lovely shade of purple on the map.

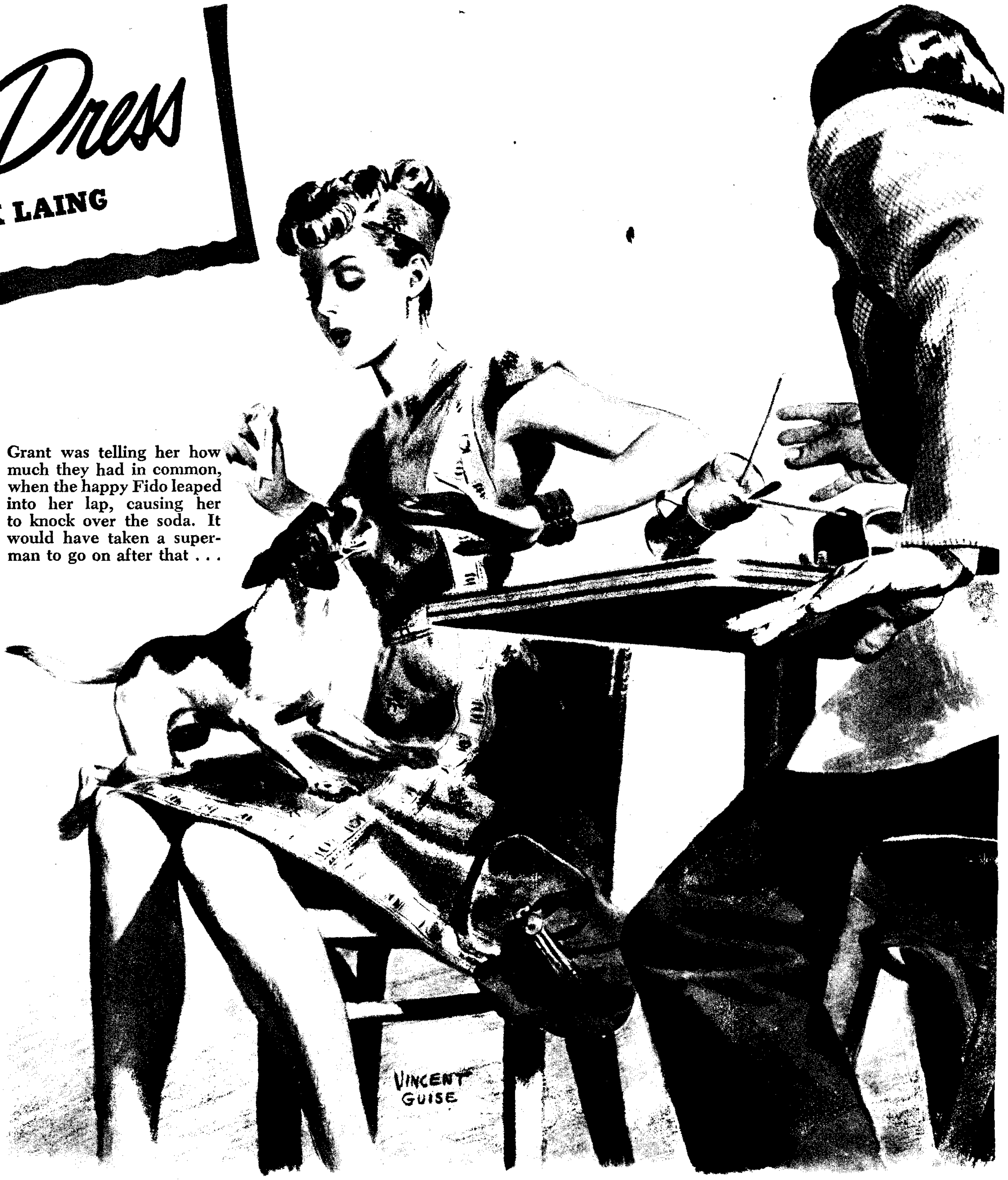
She tossed the gray dress on the bed—it was practically mouse-gray by this time—and wriggled into the Good Neighbor number, just for the pleasure of having it on for a moment. She hadn't yet decided to wear it. It might be a samba model to Shantz & Riley, but to her, Peggy Farrel, it was a jinx dress.

THERE was, for instance, the first night she wore it on a date. She and Grant had been sitting at a table in the soda parlor. He had been talking about how they seemed to have a lot in common—they both liked to go to the movies, and so forth. Don't think she wasn't paying attention. But there was this half-grown dog that had wandered in and wanted to play. And somehow from the dog her thoughts had gone to that conversation she'd heard between Grant and Aunt Sara. . . .

Grant wanted to start out on his own with a law business, and this partly depended on whether he could get a suitable place, where he wouldn't have to pay much rent. Or perhaps where he didn't have to pay any rent at all. And it happened Aunt Sara owned a small building on North Mechanic Street. . . . Peggy had tried to shake the thought out of her mind. Because somehow it had seemed she was involved in the proposition, and when she first heard the discussion between Grant and Aunt Sara, her ears had burned and she'd walked out to the porch.

She hadn't wanted to remember that, sitting there in the drugstore. So while Grant talked about how much they had in common, and the half-grown hound dog beat his tail on the floor, making her think of the rhythm of the samba—she always seemed to go around in a sort of rhythm when she wore that dress—she began tapping on the floor with her shoe in the same way the hound was tapping with his tail. Then suddenly this happy Fido made a leap for her, and trying to stop him from pawing mud on her dress, she knocked over her soda. Grant jumped up to keep it from going in his lap, and it would have taken a superman to go on about what they had in common after that. . . . Well, that was the first time she wore that dress for a date.

Grant was telling her how much they had in common, when the happy Fido leaped into her lap, causing her to knock over the soda. It would have taken a superman to go on after that . . .



Then there had also been the day she bought it. She worked at the glove counter at Shantz & Riley, and that day she'd gone up to the dress department during her lunch hour—and when she'd seen it her heart had sat up and begged.

The salesgirls were all smiling when she tried it on, looking at her as though it were her first grown-up dress.

"You look darling in it," they said. "It was made for you."

"I know," she answered dreamily, as though she hadn't quite heard.

For her thoughts were far away. She was thinking of strange faces and exciting music, and of all the places all over the world which she had never seen.

That was how she happened to be forty-five minutes late getting back from her lunch hour. She got a terrible bawling out. She'd come running down in the samba dress, thinking she could change later, and that if only she could crawl behind the counter before Mr. Ramm . . . But he was standing there looking at his watch. . . .

She stood now before the bedroom mirror, doing a kind of samba, snapping her fingers, and wondering if she dared sneak into Aunt Sara's room and try on that garnet ring, the one she was going to get some day, maybe. Aunt Sara had never even worn it; it had been given to her by a mysterious boy friend named Bill Slocum, and she'd returned it years ago, before she married Uncle Harry. Then Bill Slocum had left it to her in his will; Aunt Sara must have been surprised to learn he'd been keeping it all those years.

Aunt Sara was going to give her the garnet, as she'd said once, ". . . when you find a reliable young man and get married."

She glanced again at Grant's picture. Nobody could say she wasn't trying. She'd been living with Aunt Sara since her father died, and it seemed to be sort of nip and tuck as to whether she could get a husband before she lost her job again. . . .

She heard the clock on the dresser going "tick . . . tick!" At the same time she heard Aunt Sara calling, and a couple of ticks later she was downstairs in the dining room.

She reached for her glass of milk, said, "Good morning," gulped and added, "Aunt Sara."

Intuition couldn't help Peggy choose the right boy—but it did help her wear the right dress at the right time!

"You have a white mustache," Aunt Sara said.

She wiped it with the back of her hand and ran, hearing Aunt Sara's protest and thinking, as she reached the street, of that coffee-cake with the icing and pecans and raisins . . . if she had only thought to grab a hunk of it.

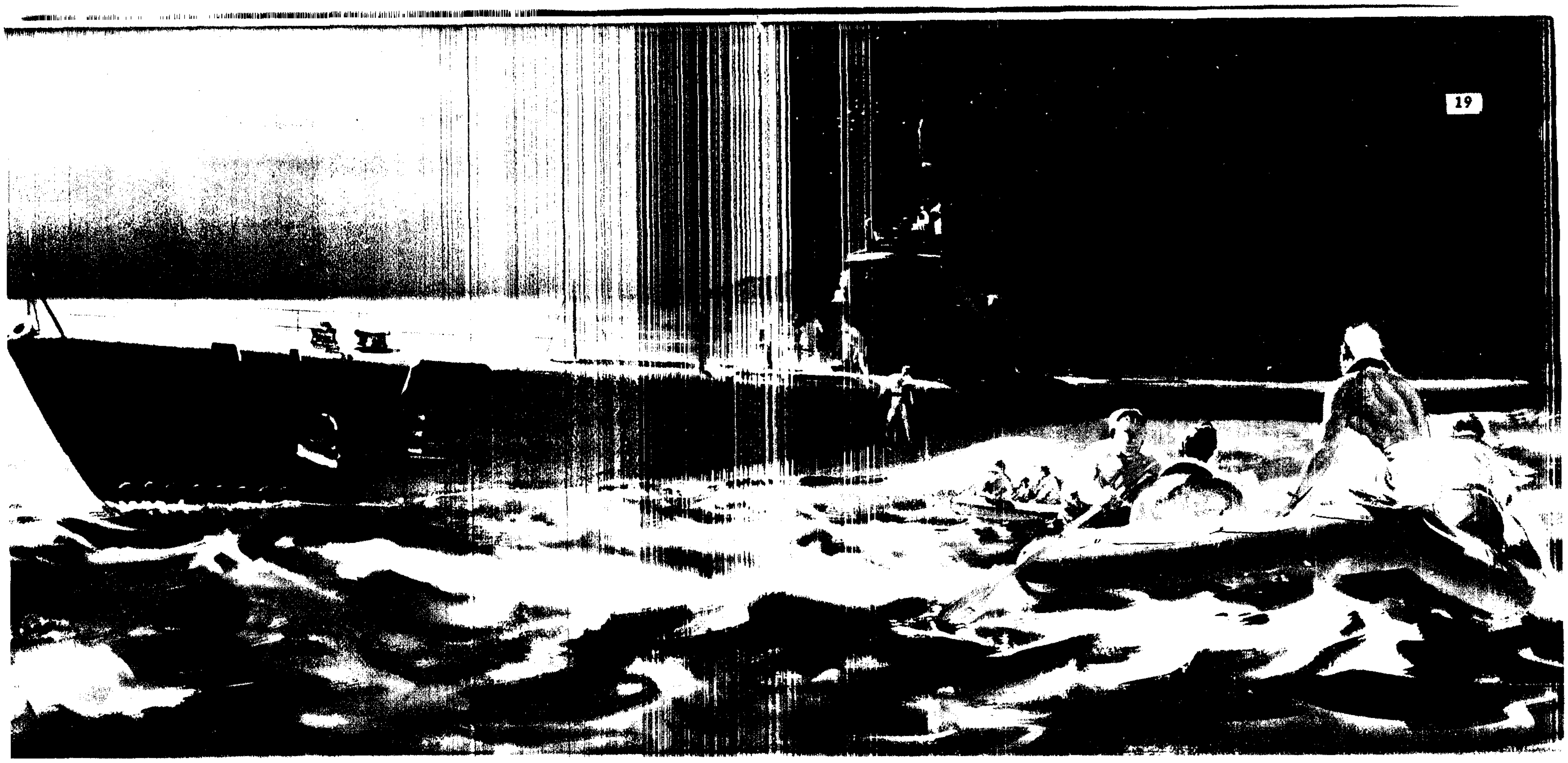
The 8:20 bus was coming as she reached the corner. She started out to the bus, but there was a jalopy speeding alongside of it, and right in her way. She made another little rush for the bus and had to turn back. Then the bus was gone and there wouldn't be another one for . . . she stamped her foot. Tears shook out.

She was standing there on the curb, thinking of Mr. Ramm, when she saw the jalopy swing around and start back toward her. Then the driver pulled up to the curb and opened the door. She gave him a glance that had both anger and hope in it. But it wasn't anyone she knew.

She turned her head away, thinking: The nerve of him. But . . . but she *had* taken a good look and . . . he was sort of dark-haired

(Continued on page 27)

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE



"The sub—a big one—lay long, sleek and sinister against a darkening sky, but I've never seen anything that looked quite so good"

70,000 TO ONE!

BY LIEUTENANT GORDON MANUEL

AS TOLD TO QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Conclusion

ONE morning we heard a faint humming, and I knew that this was the sound of airplane engines. The humming changed into a roar and there directly above me were four P-38s.

"Look at them," I screamed to Robin, and he and the rest of the village tumbled out to join me. Behind the four P-38s came a whole formation. Then, sailing serenely, came the big B-24s, about fifty of them. They went over us toward Vunakanai and Rabaul, and within five minutes the air trembled with the concussion of the bombs.

"That's General Kenney," I yelled to Robin. "I told you he'd come! I told you!"

Robin and Leli and Popeta and M. Denie Mark had huge smiles on their faces. The women and kids looked scared until Robin told them that at last the Americans had come. Then a Zero dropped down directly over us. I could see the golden glow of the tips of the gun barrels of a P-38, and then the Zero burst into smoke—thick black smoke. It swooped down and flames burst from it.

"You see! You see!" I pointed to the falling Zero. Robin and the others saw all right. From now on I wouldn't have to depend on past victories to talk about.

Every night I discussed escape with Robin. For months he'd shrugged his shoulders hopelessly and reminded me of the prevailing winds that would make sailing virtually impossible. But I wanted to try it.

There were two Solomon Island natives living in one of the villages, Robin said cautiously, and they had a seagoing canoe hidden. Perhaps we could get them to give it to us. Robin never made promises he couldn't keep, and soon I was told that the canoe was on its way. Solomon Islanders hew rough planks out of a tree trunk and shave them down. Then, using no nails or bolts, they fashion the canoe by plastering the planks together with *kit*, a puttylike substance which is a sort of gum from a tree.

Finally the great day arrived when the canoe was delivered. The boys hid it in the bushes on the shore of Put Put Bay. It was about 28 feet long. It looked clumsy, but Arukis, who Robin said knew more about canoes than any other native, pronounced it seaworthy. He was to go with me. The rest of my crew would consist of Valau and Leli.

We left at night. We had twenty-five pounds of Jap rice, about fifty coconuts for food (as well as drink), blankets, towels, Japanese soap, and thirty packs of Jap cigarettes. I had my service gun and one of the rifles with 500 rounds of ammunition. That was all. The whole village gathered to see us take off. It was a sorrowful parting. I had lived with these natives now for five and a half months, and I knew they had all risked death to hide me.

Then Arukis, in the stern, pushed off and we drifted away from shore, away from the low voices of the natives. I took a deep breath of relief. A fierce feeling of joy took hold of me; I was on my way home. I'd see Mary again. I'd see my brothers and I'd see the boys in the 43d Group. I'd even see General Kenney again.

No expedition ever had a more auspicious beginning. But by midnight, the sea had freshened somewhat, and I noticed that Leli was bailing with a coconut shell. Our canoe wasn't holding out so well. I could feel the water on my toes and it was cool. Then it came over my toes and covered my whole foot. Valau joined Leli in bailing, but they couldn't get ahead of the water. I had built such high hopes on this venture, and now it seemed doomed before it had really started.

The rain increased and the sea kept seeping through the seams of the canoe. Finally Arukis said we'd have to make shore. We turned toward its dark outline, and I hoped we wouldn't beach the canoe right in the midst of a Nip camp. It was dawn now, a gray hopeless dawn that seemed very much in keeping with my mood. We slithered through the choppy water and landed our canoe on a strip of sandy beach.

Lieutenant Manuel, the modern Robinson Crusoe, finds that life can have its moments even after nearly a year of hiding on a Jap-held island

"Can we fix the canoe?" I asked Arukis.

"No good," he said sorrowfully, shaking his head. "Canoe finish. Too old."

We slept there that night and the rain never stopped. It was still raining when we awoke and I thought it possible that the rain might keep the Nips in their camps. I knew malaria was killing a great many of them, and when it rained like this they usually stayed inside. I thought that if we took everything out of the canoe, we might be able to sail home in it. The wind was favorable. The boys were doubtful, but we tried it. The wind helped, and we were all right as long as two of us kept bailing with the coconuts. Toward dusk, however, the water started to get ahead of us. We pulled into shore and abandoned the canoe.

We trudged on and two days later reached home. I went right to my hut because I could feel another attack of malaria coming on. Robin wrapped me in blankets and gave me a lot of quinine.

One week now followed another with monotonous regularity. Of course, I was living the life of any native. I hunted with them, fished with them, dressed as they did and I was so tanned that I might have been taken for one of them. I not only knew pidgin English as well as they did but I had learned their language.

One day a boy named Arel came from the oddly named village of Wat Wat some fifty miles south of us. The chief of Wat Wat was an old friend of Robin's and he sent a message that there were three Americans or Australians hiding in the jungle not far from his village and that they had some natives with them. My heart leaped at this news. I knew the Australians had what we called "beach parties" stationed on all of the islands. They were landed by submarines and carried wireless equipment with them. They spotted enemy planes.

The shortest and easiest way to reach the Australian camp would be to walk down the coast, but there were quite a few Jap camps along the beaches. We would have to do it the hard way—stick to inland native trails and climb the mountain ranges between ourselves and the Mevelo River. The trip was not without hazard. We not only had the Japs to contend with but also the Maculculs (the head-hunters). I decided to take Robin, Leli, Valau and Arukis, because they could all handle guns. I picked ten other young, vigorous natives and prepared for the trip. I took three dozen packages of Jap cigarettes, about fifty pounds of rice, four rifles and 500 rounds of ammunition, one cooked wild pig and very little else. We would for the most part live off native villages.

We started on November 1st, and the whole village turned out to see us off. Their good-bys were quiet. We didn't want to wake the sleeping Nip camp only 400 yards away. I promised the women I would take good care of their men and, when the Americans came, they would be rewarded with bright-colored cloth and candy and gold, and bead bracelets. We dove right into the jungle following trails that only a native could find in the thick underbrush.

The Instincts of a Marine

The next ten days were no fun. Robin was in complete command. We were in unknown territory, and he sent scouts out ahead of us; he had flanking parties on either side; he had men whose job it was to watch constantly for Jap planes. Robin might have been Marine-trained, the way he handled our force.

My boys were very nervous when we hit the country of the Maculculs and at night we doubled the guard. These head-hunters killed for the sole joy of killing. We hit a couple of villages they had raided and it wasn't pleasant. Wild pigs and chickens strolled around among the headless bodies. Vegetable gardens were intact. The Maculculs weren't looters—just murderers. But we never met any of them.

On the tenth day we hit the beach. We walked along about fifty yards apart. The sun was just about ready to drop beyond the horizon, and we were walking along making good time when suddenly Valau, in front of me, stopped. There were five camouflaged green Jap huts right there across the road—the nearest twenty feet from me. I lunged forward and as I did, resourceful Valau turned and handed me his rifle. This was a procedure we'd rehearsed often. I dropped in a half crouch and raised the gun.

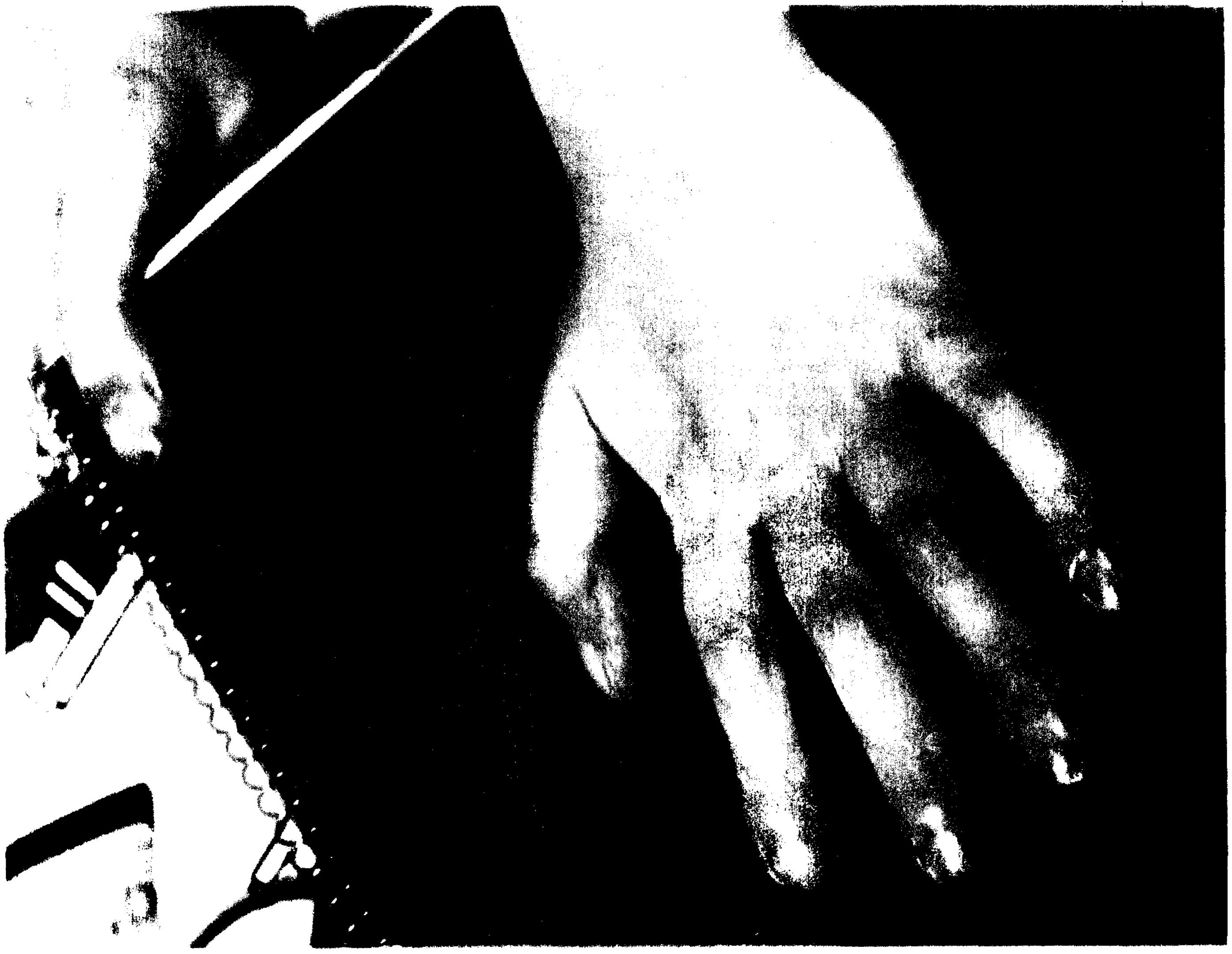
There wasn't a sound. Even the jungle seemed to be holding its breath. Were the Japs waiting for me to move? Were they grinning behind the walls of their huts, looking through slits in the walls and were their fingers on machine-gun triggers? Beyond me, Robin whispered hoarsely:

"Stand up, masta. Go on."

(Continued on page 44)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Yesterday, "blue" babies were doomed to die. Today, they live and thrive. A brilliant new operation has brought radiant hope to these most pathetic of all child sufferers

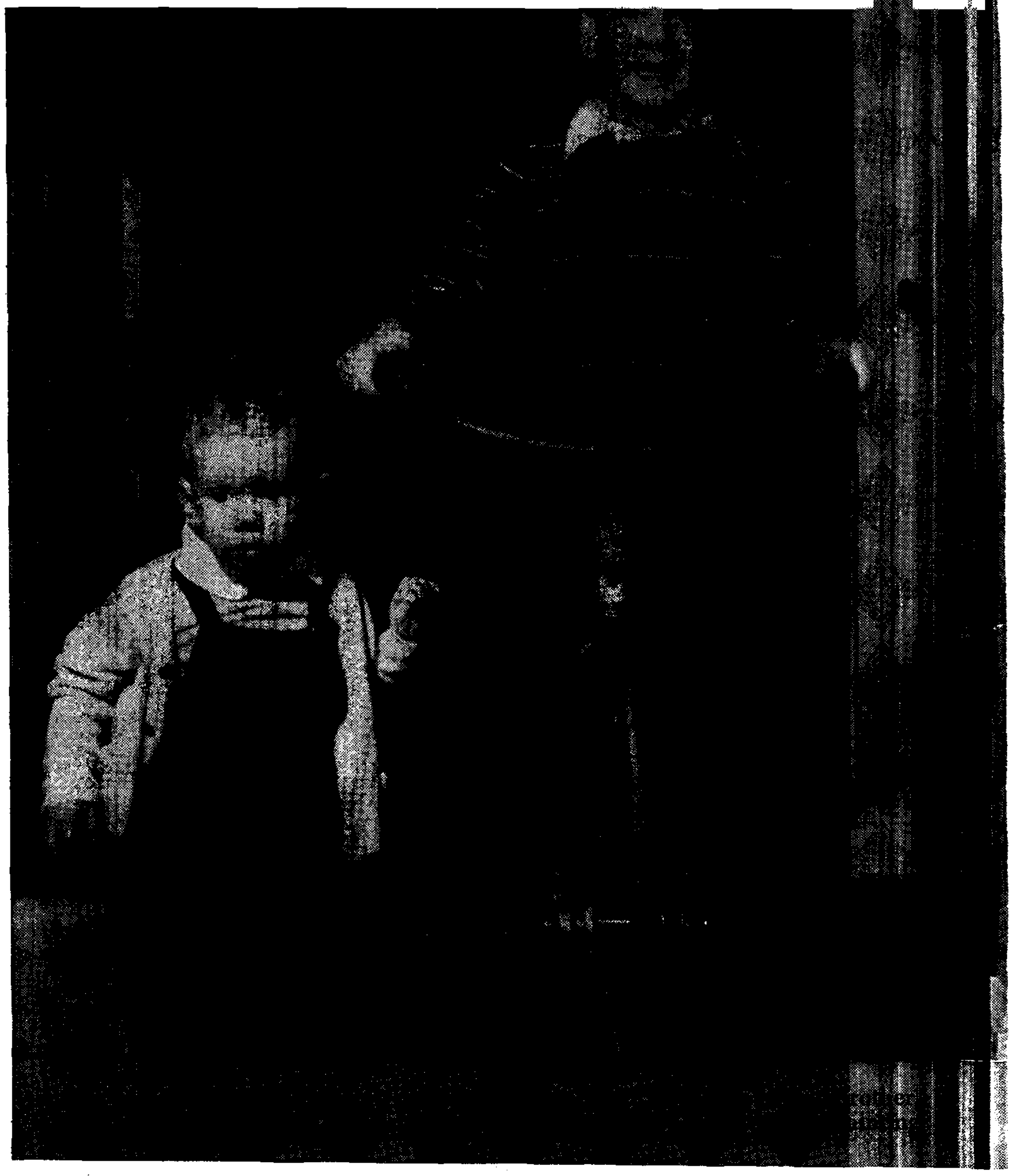


Spade-shaped finger tips and bluish nails are characteristic of the "blue" baby, who is really suffering from a serious heart defect. The typical clubbing of the fingers is believed to result from impeded circulation

Phyllis Lefkov of New York is one of the childre
saved from hopeless invalidism by heart surge

Dr. Alfred Blalock, chief surgeon at Johns Hopkins, performed the first operation on a "blue" baby late in 1944, after a series of animal experiments had indicated the possibilities of cure by surgical intervention

Dr. Helen B. Taussig is chief of the children's clinic at Johns Hopkins. Her studies of circulatory defects in children led her to seek a way of helping them via surgery



THE main corridor in the children's heart clinic at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, is low, narrow and dingy. Children fidget, and mothers and fathers sit in anxious vigil on crowded benches and chairs along the old walls. In the past year this depressing tunnel has become a radiant passageway to new life and hope for the parents of the doomed "blue" children to whom medical science had heretofore offered neither remedy nor hope.

Fifteen months ago Johns Hopkins' chief surgeon, 46-year-old, Georgia-born Dr. Alfred Blalock, performed his first epoch-making operation on a "blue" child. A dream, backed by years of difficult experiments, in which Dr. Blalock was joined by Dr. Helen B. Taussig, chief of the children's heart clinic, had come true. The Blalock-Taussig operation was a fact. And word went out that children born with malformed hearts need not die, nor even remain helpless invalids.

One penniless West Virginia mother, on hearing the news, bundled up her two-year-old invalid son and hitchhiked to Baltimore. The children began to come in a rising tide, from Florida, California and Washington, from Buffalo, Atlanta and Philadelphia, from Texas towns and Blue Ridge villages. They came by plane, by train and by car.

No one knows how many "blue" children are born each year, or how many die at birth. No one knows how many die each year of infectious diseases because of low resistance and low vitality due to their malformed hearts. Before the first operation, Dr. Taussig encountered in her heart clinic an average of half a dozen "blue" children a year. Today, letters from parents and doctors are averaging 30 a day. Dr. Blalock has already performed 81 operations, and the number of children in the clinic awaiting operation is increasing rapidly.

Of the 81 children on whom Dr. Blalock has operated—all top-risk cases with very difficult problems for chest surgery—no less than 64 have survived the major operation with reconstructed and improved circulations. They have overcome invalidism and are facing a new future filled with every prospect for normal and reasonably active lives.

Typical of the more critical cases Dr. Blalock has remedied through surgery is four-year-old Phyllis Lefkov, of New York City. Like so many "blue" children, she was born with a crippled heart that could not deliver enough blood to her lungs to pick up the vital oxygen her little body needed. At four months she was five pounds under normal weight. She was chronically cyanotic (blue). When in the least disturbed she would burst into tears, and her crying spells aggravated her cyanosis.

Her sickness was diagnosed as "congenital heart of the venous-arterial type." This means that venous blood, or blood without oxygen, was getting shunted into the arterial blood.

Since there was no remedy for her disease, beyond the very slim chance that she might outgrow it, her physician tried to build her up physically. Vitamins and a high caloric diet were used consistently and under constant observation. But until less than a year ago, Phyllis remained underdeveloped, sickly and fretful. Her legs were pathetically thin and weak. At three she was unable to walk.

Blue fingernails, clubbed finger tips, purple lips, often swollen, a bluish complexion, bloodshot eyes, and an expression of deep and apathetic misery were the characteristic marks of her malady. The slightest exertion critically depleted her slender store of oxygen, turned her face a livid blue, and left her squatting, huddled up, hectically gasping for air. She appeared doomed to hopeless invalidism, with increasing misery, and early death.

Today, approaching her fourth birthday, Phyllis can walk and run. She is very much on her feet. The telltale marks of her disease have largely disappeared. Her color is good. She is an attractive minx of a brunette, with large hazel eyes, a flair for setting the house topsy-turvy, and an impudent confidence that the world is her oyster.

The change in Phyllis occurred immediately after Dr. Blalock operated on her last June.

"I saw her about six weeks after the operation," said her doctor. "She walked into my office. She was a completely changed child. She was no longer fretful. She was interested in me and in what I was trying to do. Her color was good. Her heart sounded much better. I weighed and measured her. Despite the operation she had gained three pounds and grown one and a half inches. I saw her again about two months later. Her improvement was even more pronounced. The change was remarkable."

Jackie Burke, five-year-old son of Mrs. John M. Burke, of Green Meadows, Md., was among the first half-dozen children on whom Dr. Blalock operated. Born with a congenitally malformed heart, like Phyllis, his condition was not noticed until he began to toddle. Quite suddenly he became cyanotic and short-winded.

The Patient Who Came Too Soon

With that began the usual and futile wanderings from doctor to doctor, while Jackie's condition became aggravated. Finally he was taken to the Johns Hopkins children's heart clinic, where he came under the attention of Dr. Helen Taussig, who was already working with Dr. Blalock to develop the "blue" baby operation. But Jackie came on the scene too soon. The experiments were still uncompleted.

Eight months were to pass before Dr. Blalock perfected his operation and performed it successfully on Jackie. But in those eight months Jackie was to suffer another injury, which Phyllis, although her general condition was more serious, escaped. One stifling August afternoon, when he was 28 months old, Jackie suffered a stroke. That is one of the many dangers that hang perpetually over the heads of the "blue" children. It left him with a spastic left arm.

Jackie was past three when Dr. Blalock performed his first "blue" baby operation. His turn came soon. Three weeks after Dr. Blalock operated on him he was so well and active, despite his spastic arm, that Dr. Taussig decided to discharge him from the hospital. His mother was astonished when she came to take him home to find that there was no need any more to carry him. He left under his own power. She kept close, listening anxiously. But she heard no sounds of gasping or of panting. It had all become a thing of the past.

Jackie is now a pink-cheeked, clear-eyed boy of seemingly unlimited energy. He is cheerful beyond average. He is as bright and curious as his grin is broad. His spastic arm doesn't bother him too much as he goes about the business in the back yard of shooting Indians or gleefully fighting with his dog, Skippy, for possession of his football.

Those are only two of the growing number of children whose lives have been saved by the Blalock-Taussig operation. Their stories are much the same. Their parents have much the same story to tell. Here's a typical parent's reaction:

"The worst part is not knowing what it is. I was told when my son was born that he had a heart condition. I guess the doctors knew what it was. But they knew there was no remedy for it. So they try to let you off easy. They don't make you optimistic. But while they're talking, you know it's worse than they're saying. You say to yourself that it's hopeless. But you can't leave it at that. You wonder what it is. Why can't they do something?

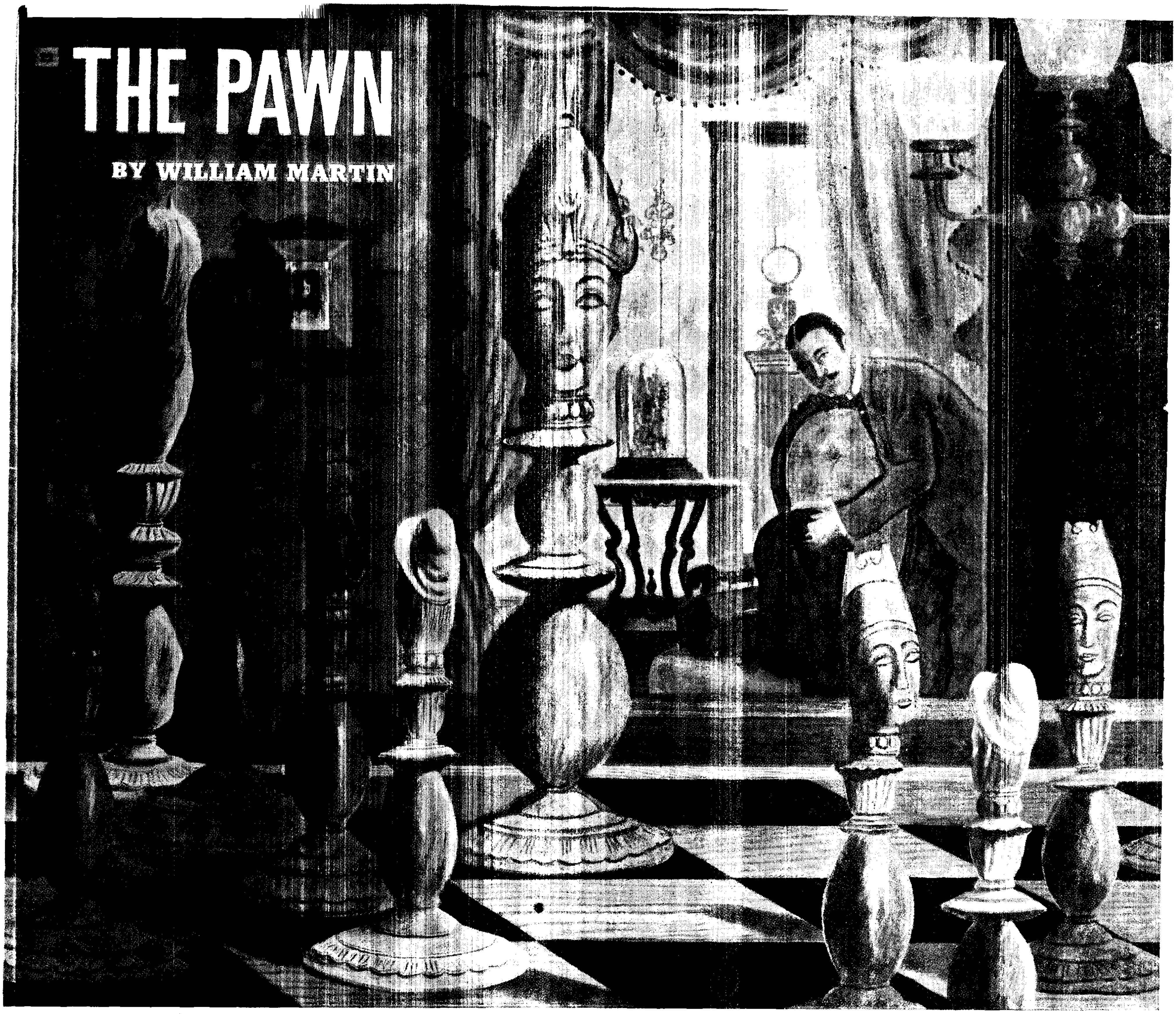
"The doctors try to let you off easy. But you see the blue fingernails. The finger tips spread out. The legs are as thin as sticks. You see him squatting and gasping for air, find him out cold on the floor. You just can't say it's hopeless.

(Continued on page 61)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUSTON-PIX

THE PAWN

BY WILLIAM MARTIN



On his first visit to Al's house, young Doctor Blanchard noticed the chess pieces and was captivated by their beauty

What started as a friendly game of matching wits grew until it became a duel that could have only one end

IN a sense they had discarded the chessmen on the knee-high table between them long ago, these two ancient chess cronies of forty odd years. Al Dobson, tall and spare and a little stooped, the good family man and businessman; and pudgy, snow-haired old Doc Blanchard, the bachelor, living at the town hotel. They played each other's minds. Al's mind the more tenacious and resilient under attack; the old doctor's brilliant in contriving the precise deception, the feint, the sortie with a power core. That was their game—mind maneuvering against mind. The chess pieces had become merely symbols for the purpose.

It was odd that the game of chess, which both understood so well, had caused a misunderstanding last week—their second in over forty years. Odd, too, that the chess set itself, which they had all but discarded, had caused their first misunderstanding one blowy spring night back in 1904. . . .

Young Doctor Blanchard, new in town, had been a little crude about the set, which had belonged to Al's grandfather.

Out at the house on his first visit (Al's baby Elise had the croup), the young doctor noticed the chess pieces on the small table beside the hearth in the halo light of the coal-oil lamp. He went directly over, caught by their beauty. Slowly he held up each piece in turn, studying the carving, weighing it in his palm: the parapet-topped castles, each stone discernible (a little ornate perhaps) but well shaped; the knights—heads of wild-eyed Arabians with thin ivory curls of forelock between pointed ears, and long, veined noses with flaring nostrils, connoting speed. Even the knob-topped pawns (he appraised each one) were heavy enough but not too heavy. Just right. Beautiful pieces . . . unique.

Al who was young and solemn and thoughtful felt the doctor presumptuous. He might have said, "Nice set, mind if I look at it?"—or something, anyway—before examining the pieces for flaws like merchandise in a store. But no. The doctor was briskly businesslike. He said abruptly that he would buy the set. Any price.

Al had been quietly resentful. A man didn't sell his chess set. A man who understood chess, the game, didn't presume to buy. No, the set was not for sale: never would be. Price had nothing to do with it.

Later, Al said to his wife, Margaret, "We'll have to get another doctor. I don't like this one. He misses the point of a lot of things."

But the baby's cough was already easier, Margaret reasoned with him. That was the thing, wasn't it? If the doctor's manners were atrocious, if he didn't understand chess as a point of view, well, that was something else.

AS IT turned out, young Doctor Blanchard did understand about chess. On his next visit, a Wednesday night, he stopped in the living room on his way out. "Mr. Dobson," he said abruptly, "you could be mistaken about me and chess. Let's try a game."

They had played there by the hearth, a little tense at first, the stubby, high-collared young doctor with his black hair parted in the middle, and Al lean and rawboned and stubborn-chinned.

It had been a stirring game of swiftly changing values that ended in a draw. Both men had smiled in admiration of the other's play and understanding of the game: a relentless conflict that ended when the game ended.

At the door the doctor put on his derby, and said with a little twinkle in his straight-looking eyes, "A chess player, Mr. Dobson, should never be hasty in judgment. One thing is not another, though you may be led to think so." The first of the little gibes that would string the long years together in cautious expressions of affection.

But Doctor Blanchard still wanted the set.

Years after the first game Al's second boy was desperately sick for months. Doc practically lived at the house to pull him through. When the boy was playing in the yard again, Al said across the board one Wednesday night, "Doc, when you going to send me my bill? I make money at the store, you know. You practice medicine like you play chess. Start something and then don't know how to finish it."

Doc's eyes twinkled behind his new gold-rimmed glasses. "The set's my lifetime bill, Al. I'll outlive you for it."

Al laughed. "All right, Doc. If you can manage it, the set's yours."

Their friendship had grown as Al's family grew and married and moved away. Doc, the

(Continued on page 39)

ILLUSTRATED BY HOMER HILL

ARE MANAGERS NECESSARY?

BY KYLE CRICHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM [illegible]

[illegible] baseball manager has been long [illegible] examination will show that a man [illegible] when he has great [illegible]

THE loud outcries coming from Boston Common in early November were not in honor of Mr. Curley's election as mayor; they were for the hiring of Billy Southworth as manager of the Boston Braves. Sundry bulbous-nosed gentry extracted their countenances from beakers of ale long enough to nod solemnly and state that a pennant for the Braves would now startle them in no way whatever. The one outstanding dissenter to these ardent thoughts was Mr. Southworth himself, who mumbled rather hastily that the team needed strengthening.

Mr. Southworth knows that the greatest myth in baseball is the genius of managers. It may be set down as an axiom that more nonsense has been written on this subject than any other. The oldest manager in baseball is Connie Mack and he has gone through alternating periods of being a genius and a manager with a club in last place. In the days when he had his famous $100,000 infield working behind such pitchers as Plank, Bender and Coombs, Connie was acclaimed the greatest strategist since Napoleon and the finest intellect since Erasmus.

A legend grew up about Connie and his score card. He stood in the dugout and wigwagged at his outfielders. A little to the left . . . a little to the right . . . now go back five steps. The rapture that this engendered in the breasts of the addicts could only be likened to seeing the Vision. The Philadelphia Athletics continued to win year after year and it would have taken a brave soul to hint that Mr. Mack was not in a class with Julius Caesar.

Then Connie broke up his team. Eddie Collins, Home-run Baker, and Stuffy McInnis wandered off to newer pastures. Plank and Bender reached the end of the road. A new group of athletes joined the team and Mr. Mack was still there as manager. He stood on the dugout steps and wigwagged his score card at the new players. A little to the left . . . a little to the right . . . now back five steps. The Athletics sank right on down to last place.

What made Mr. Mack a great manager in his second phase was a gesture which consisted of holding his open wallet high over his head and allowing the large-sized bills to cascade to the ground. They were recovered by certain gentlemen who had flesh to peddle, principally Mr. Jack Dunn of Baltimore, and in due course such admirable figures as Lefty Grove, George Earnshaw, Joe Boley, Max Bishop, Al Simmons, Jimmy Foxx and Mickey Cochrane arrived on the scene and Connie was a genius again.

The truth is that if Billy Southworth has no better material in Boston next season than Messrs. Coleman and Bissonette had last year he will have a headache of such proportions by the end of August he will think he has been inflated by a pump. Mr. Southworth had a group of players in St. Louis who ran like frightened gnus. They took an extra base on anything from a pop fly to a bunt. If he uses the same tactics with the present Braves, Southworth may spend a whole season in which nobody on his side ever reaches third base.

By the time a player has reached the big leagues in baseball he has absorbed the fundamentals of the game. He can hit and field and run. He knows about cutoff plays, the hit-and-run, the sacrifice. He may have been a gazelle in the sticks but if the team has any power at all, he will be told sternly to stay where he is till somebody knocks him around. The present-day St. Louis Cardinals are great in taking an extra base but they almost never steal a base. What was once spoken of in awed tones as "inside" baseball is now a joke.

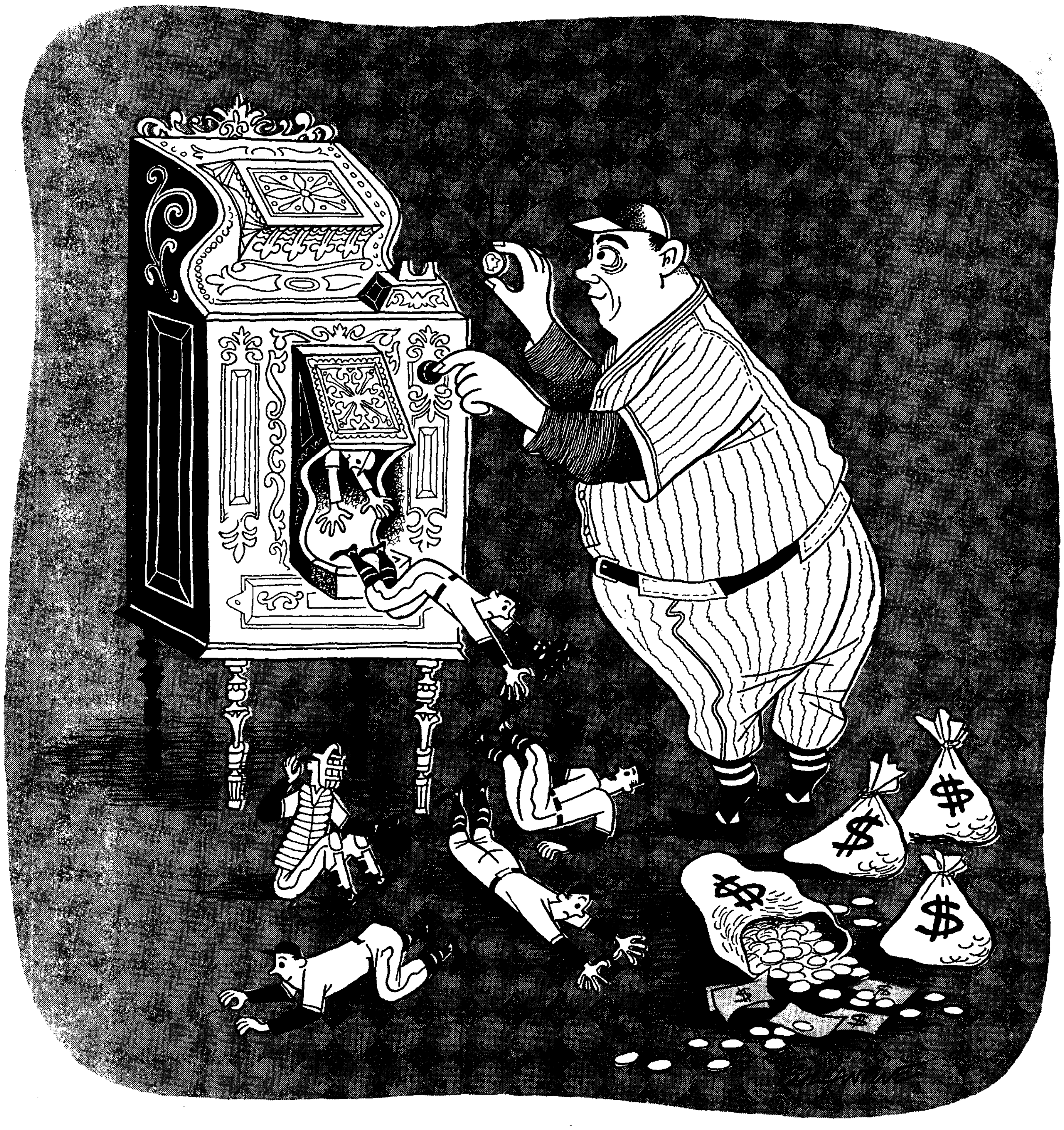
There are exactly three things a successful manager has ever needed: (a) good material, (b) knowing when to change pitchers, and (c) an ability to keep a team working harmoniously.

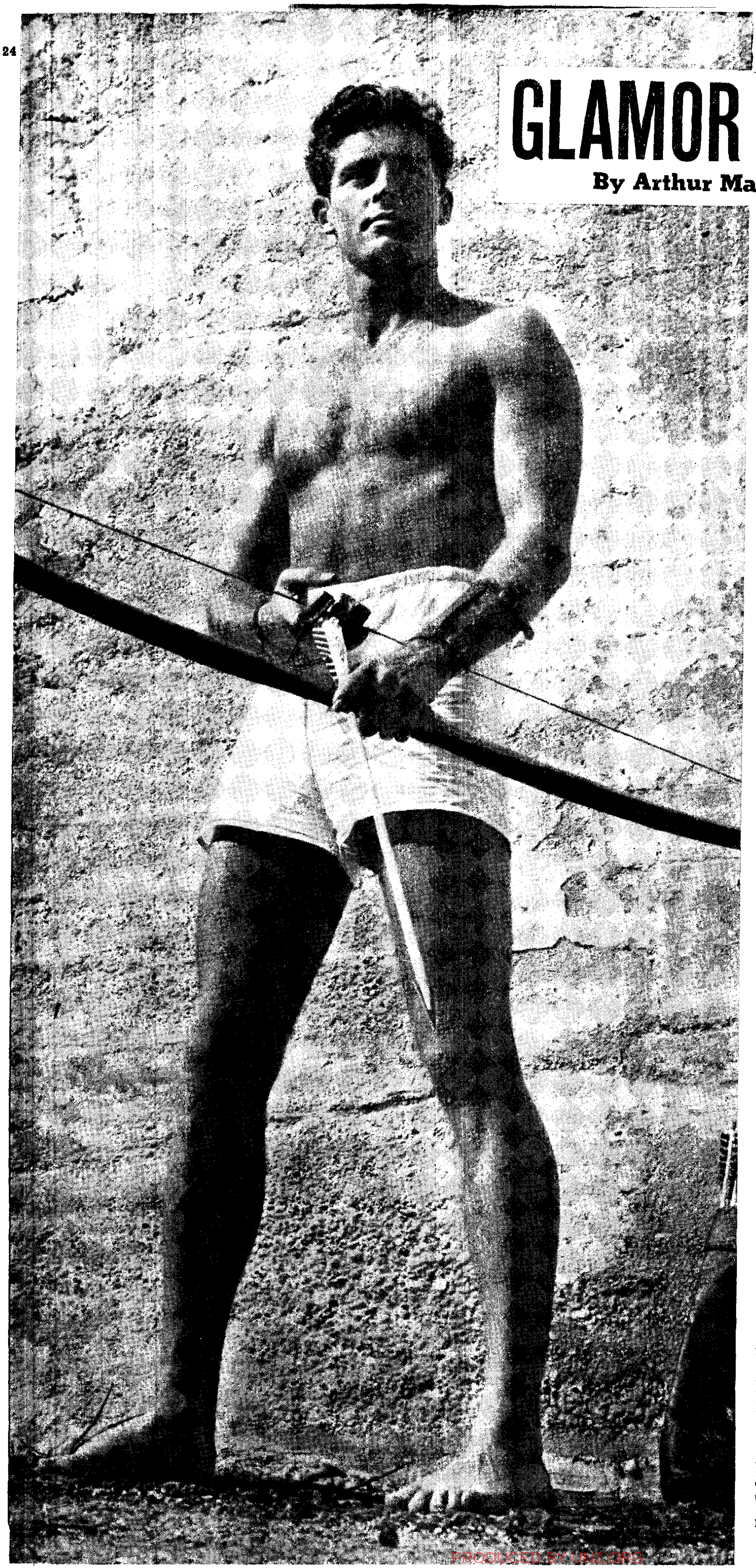
Even the last consideration is something of a myth. Two of the greatest players in history, Evers and Tinker, for years made up a marvelous double-play combination although neither spoke to the other on or off the field. Nobody ever claimed that a team managed by Leo Durocher was necessarily a big happy family, and members of the New York Giants in the days of John McGraw could with equal pleasure have lived at the court of Ivan the Terrible. The great Jawn—in the opinion of many, the greatest of all managers—treated his players like serfs.

McGraw was a bighearted, loudmouthed man, who gave money to every bum in New York, but he never allowed sentiment to sway his baseball judgment. The minute a hero faltered, McGraw cast him into outer darkness, including the greatly beloved Christy Mathewson. If his team sagged in the middle of the season, McGraw went out and bought the finest replacements he could find and damn the expense. Others may have credited him with being a magician, but McGraw was never fooled by such nonsense. He knew that what made him a great manager was great players.

The latter-day saint of baseball writers is Joe McCarthy, manager of the New York Yankees. He is an extremely touchy Irishman, who never played big-league baseball but has been a successful manager with the Chicago Cubs and the Yankees. Perhaps the crack that got deepest under his skin was the remark by Jimmy Dykes of the Chicago White Sox that McCarthy was a "push-button" manager. What Dykes meant was that the Yankee chain was so productive that whenever he needed a replacement, McCarthy twigged a finger and the genius turned

(Continued on page 48)





GLAMOR GUY

By Arthur Mann

With only 450 feet of film behind him, Guy Madison is already burning up the Hollywood road to fame—and fortune, minus tax

AT THE moment, Seaman 1/C Bob Mosely, USCG, was minding his own business, which consisted of standing in line, just as he would for chow, supplies, or as he had for his 48-hour pass from North Island base, San Diego, to see the Hollywood sights. Ushered to his seat, he awaited his first glimpse of a live motion-picture star, who happened to be Janet Gaynor. She was about to broadcast, and he was just one of several hundred tourists on hand for a look-listen.

Suddenly a fellow tapped his broad shoulder. Mosely looked around and beheld a slim, dark, unobtrusive man, who asked if he'd mind coming along to meet a couple of movie executives. With a shrug, the sailor rose and went along.

"My name is Willson," the shoulder-tapper explained as they left the studio. "I'd like you to meet David O. Selznick and Dan O'Shea. If they think as I do, you're in the movies."

"But . . . I've never acted," the sailor protested. "I'd feel silly meeting those men. Besides, I wanted to see Janet Gaynor. . . ."

Selznick not only thought as Henry Willson did, but immediately tailored a small part for the sailor in a picture then before his cameras. Subsequent screen tests were mere formalities, made while they were actually shooting the brief scene in Since You Went Away, which required four days of a week's leave Mosely was later able to wangle. You must remember the sailor, and the infectious laughter that preceded him in the bowling alley sequence with Jennifer Jones and Bob Walker . . . the shock of unruly blond hair, the twinkling blue eyes, the even white teeth and the wide shoulders that made the slim hips seem begirdled. If you don't remember, you're one of a small minority.

Any doubts that Selznick, O'Shea or Willson might have had were dispelled at a couple of sneak previews. Reaction everywhere was the same. Theaters throughout the country reported a fantastic number of inquiries at the box office by patrons as they left the show. Who *was* that sailor? When could they see him again, and in what? Impatient, they began writing to the Selznick offices and the mail quickly reached the staggering total of 10,000 pieces.

Preserved for the Panting Public

Selznick had a problem. Military regulations forbade the signing of a person in uniform. The Coast Guard doesn't invite notoriety, and mere discovery of this unknown sensation could result in his transfer to some distant Pacific island. To obviate such reprisal, the sailor was hidden under the name of Guy Madison and so branded in replies to inquiries. The mail continued in a crescendo that astounded even blasé Hollywood.

Came the war's end. The sailor was mustered out, and Selznick put his hot potato under a seven-year contract. Since there was no immediate role for him, he was shipped to RKO on lend-lease for three pictures. RKO promptly cast him as a Marine in a Niven Busch story scheduled for release as Till the End of Time. In it he is *co-starred* with Dorothy McGuire! Reaction to the rushes was such that RKO has since worked him into a second co-starring spot, this time with Joseph Cotten and Shirley Temple!

The kid sailor, who hasn't yet seen Janet Gaynor broadcast, made the jump from the anonymity of a 450-foot bit to stardom in a single leap, and without a single line of manufactured publicity or promotion.

Since then the studio publicity staff has raced around like crazy trying to keep up with the landslide. They fed some meager material to the movie-fan magazines, but photographs really did the job. One look at the grinning puss, the floppy hair and those shoulders, and the bobby soxers went to work. Countless Guy Madison clubs sprang up and panting members started telling Van Johnson to move over. All this, mind you, on 450 feet of film.

When the latest victim of film fans' adulation reached New York recently, he was besieged. The Selznick offices were bombarded with telephone inquiries that swamped the switchboards and stifled business routine. Indignant executives were repeatedly obliged to put through urgent calls from the public booths in the building lobby one floor below. The persistent bobby soxers, brushed off by the Selznick offices, learned the identity of the ex-sailor's hotel by contacting Celebrity Service, and then stormed the Ritz Towers lobby.

While they were clamoring, their *(Continued on page 59)*

Reminiscent of the way Dan Cupid has already set countless bobby soxers' hearts aflame, Guy Madison, the object of their adulation, practices his favorite sport

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Mind if we plant an idea?

Perhaps the idea of a COLD Toddy hasn't occurred to you lately. If not, what a treat you've been missing!

It's so simple!

Just put a scant ½ teaspoon of sugar into a toddy glass, ½ jigger of water, 2 lumps of ice, and a generous jigger of the world's most magnificent whiskey—Four Roses. Then—twist a strip of lemon peel over the top and drop it into the glass.

But, to get a Cold Toddy with the most gloriously distinctive, *different* flavor you've ever known, *be sure you use Four Roses!*

For Four Roses, being a unique *combination* of specially distilled *straight* whiskies, makes a Cold Toddy *something very special indeed!*

FOUR ROSES

Still the same great whiskey as before the war

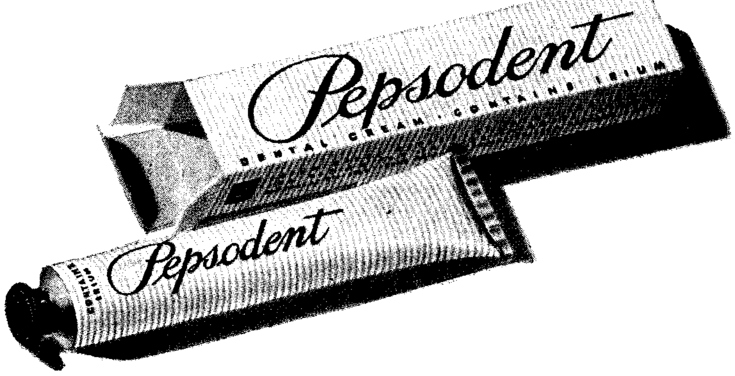
Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies. 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

Its cleaner, brighter **Taste** means cleaner,

brighter teeth — **New Pepsodent** tooth paste

with **Irium** removes the film that

makes your teeth look dull!


Pepsodent
DENTAL CREAM · CONTAINS IRIUM
Pepsodent

Use Pepsodent twice a day — see your dentist twice a year

That Samba Dress

Continued from page 18

and there'd been a happy flash of a smile. . . .

She was avoiding him, looking this way and that—and then she was staring, her lips parted in surprise, for he had said, "Hey, you in the samba dress!"

He started talking. He was sorry he had made her miss the bus, he said.

"It's quite all right," she told him coolly, trying to sound like Aunt Sara.

"It isn't," he said. "I saw you running."

"You might have slowed down then," she said.

"I couldn't," he answered. "No brakes."

She took a step toward him. "It seems to me," she began angrily, "that for a person with no brakes . . . that the way you drive around . . ."

"I could probably answer that," he said, "but we're wasting time. You know what'll happen if you're late."

She knew he was just guessing, but at the thought of what would happen . . .

"Come on," he said, "I don't want to have you on my conscience."

She got in. "It's Shantz & Riley," she said weakly.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

THEY drove along for a few minutes without saying anything. After a while she saw him looking at her in the mirror over the windshield, and making a long face, a pretty good mimic of her own. She couldn't help smiling.

"See?" he said. "No line. No attempt to take advantage."

"That's very nice of you, I'm sure," she said.

"No cracks about how super you look in that samba dress."

She wasn't going to answer that one, but she kept glancing at him out of the corner of her eye. Curiosity was eating her.

"All right," she said finally, "how *did* you know it was a samba dress?"

What was there about that smile, and the way he was sort of laughing with his eyes? It seemed to warn her of something, that smile. Yet it was warm and friendly.

"Peru," he said. "There's a country. Strange, beautiful." Her eyes widened, and the laughter almost broke through his smile. But it didn't, quite. He went on about the Andes Mountains, and the volcano craters, and about the Indians who wove ancient designs into baskets and blankets. And by the time they stopped in front of Shantz & Riley, she had that faraway look.

She sighed. "I wonder if I'll ever get there."

"Maybe it's just a matter of wanting to enough," he said. "There's usually some way." He began telling her then, about himself, how he'd made up an orchestra with some guys he'd known in the service. They'd got their discharge together and had bought this struggle-buggy and worked their way across the country, playing wherever they could pick up a few dollars. One of the fellows had an uncle in Mexico . . . "and I guess that's what gave me the idea of calling us the Mariachi Players." And now they were getting some real pay for a change at the White Horse Grill, and when they'd saved enough, they were going to tour South America for the experience as well as the fun of it. He named some of the places they wanted to see, Bogotá . . . Rio de Janeiro . . .

"Oh, dear," she said, hopelessly. "I just don't see how I'd ever save up enough working for Shantz & Riley. Even if I do go on staying at my Aunt Sara's."

She gave Shantz & Riley's window a hopeless glance. And then, realizing what she had seen there, her eyes jerked back to that window. A couple of dummy figures wearing samba dresses. And pictures of Peru, of Indians weaving designs in baskets and blankets.

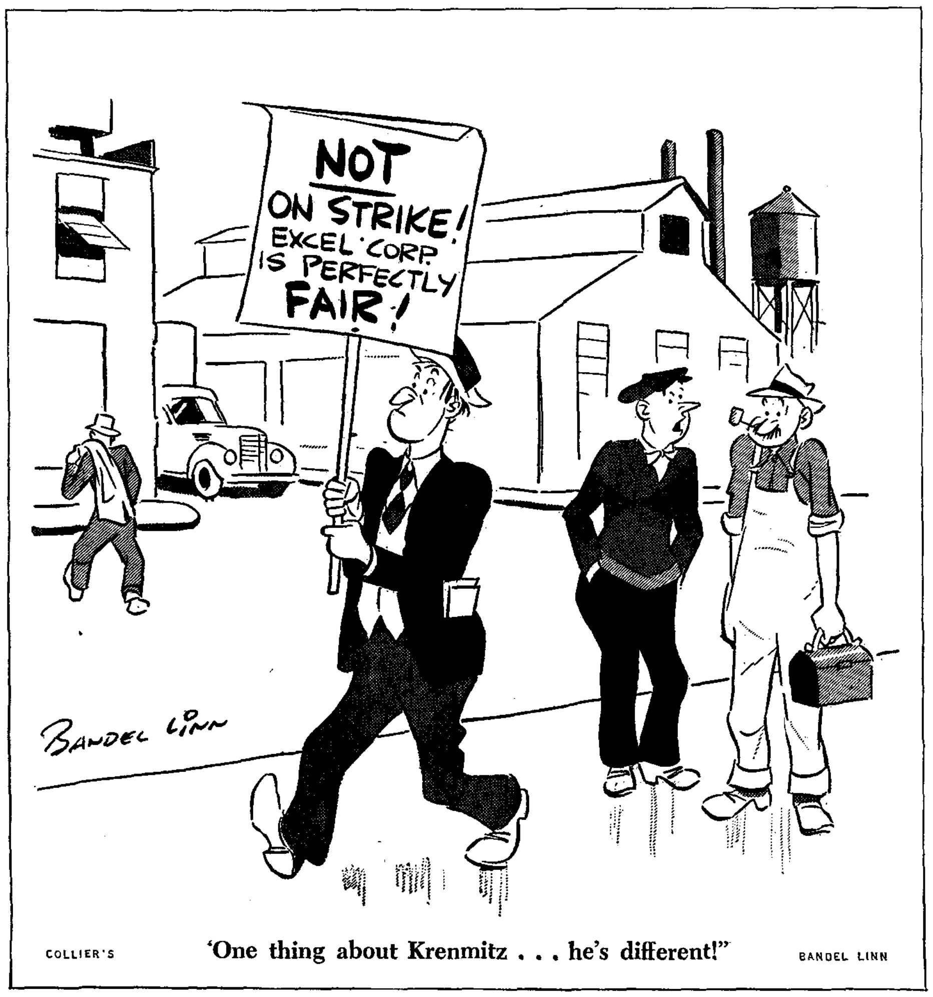
She turned and faced him. "So that's where you . . . that's how you knew . . ."

The laugh he'd been holding back broke through. He wasn't a bit sorry, he said. Because if he hadn't thought of some way to make her get into the car, they wouldn't have met. ". . . and . . . you'd have been late for work. . . ."

Late for work! . . . She leaped out of the car and started running. But she was already fifteen minutes late. . . .

". . . and furthermore," Mr. Ramm told her, "you've passed the trial period and are entitled to a raise. But now that will be postponed indefinitely." . . .

That evening after work, Grant was waiting for her outside the employees' entrance; when she saw him, she breathed a sigh of relief. For one thing, his hair was combed,


NOT ON STRIKE! EXCEL CORP. IS PERFECTLY FAIR!
BANDEL LINN

COLLIER'S 'One thing about Krenmitz . . . he's different!" BANDEL LINN

TOASTIMONIAL

"Believe it or not, we have made 65,000 slices of toast with our 'Toastmaster' toaster. A wedding gift in 1929—and *still* our faithful servant!"

THOMAS G. RABON
Tulsa, Okla.

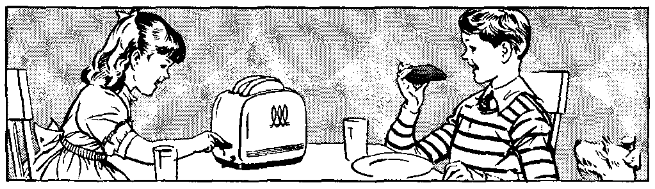
HERE'S BEAUTY

that's *experience*-deep

ISN'T it a beauty . . . this long-awaited new "Toastmaster" toaster that's showing up (and being *snapped* up) here, there, and everywhere! You still may have to do a bit of shopping around for yours . . . but it's worth the effort, *plus!*

For here is a toaster whose beauty is *experience*-deep. Its velvety-smooth performance is the climax of twenty-five years of pioneering and perfecting the art of automatic toasting. And there's a new, patented, exclusive *Flexible Timer*—to make it, *more* than ever, the *finest* ever.

Yes, there's magic in this "Toastmaster" toaster. It humors your taste in toast, times the toasting to a split second, then pops up the golden-crisp slices . . . with no watching, turning or burning. Wouldn't you like that? You'll *have* it . . . with a *"Toastmaster"** toaster!



NO BURNT FINGERS, OR TOAST, WITH

TOASTMASTER *Automatic Toasters*

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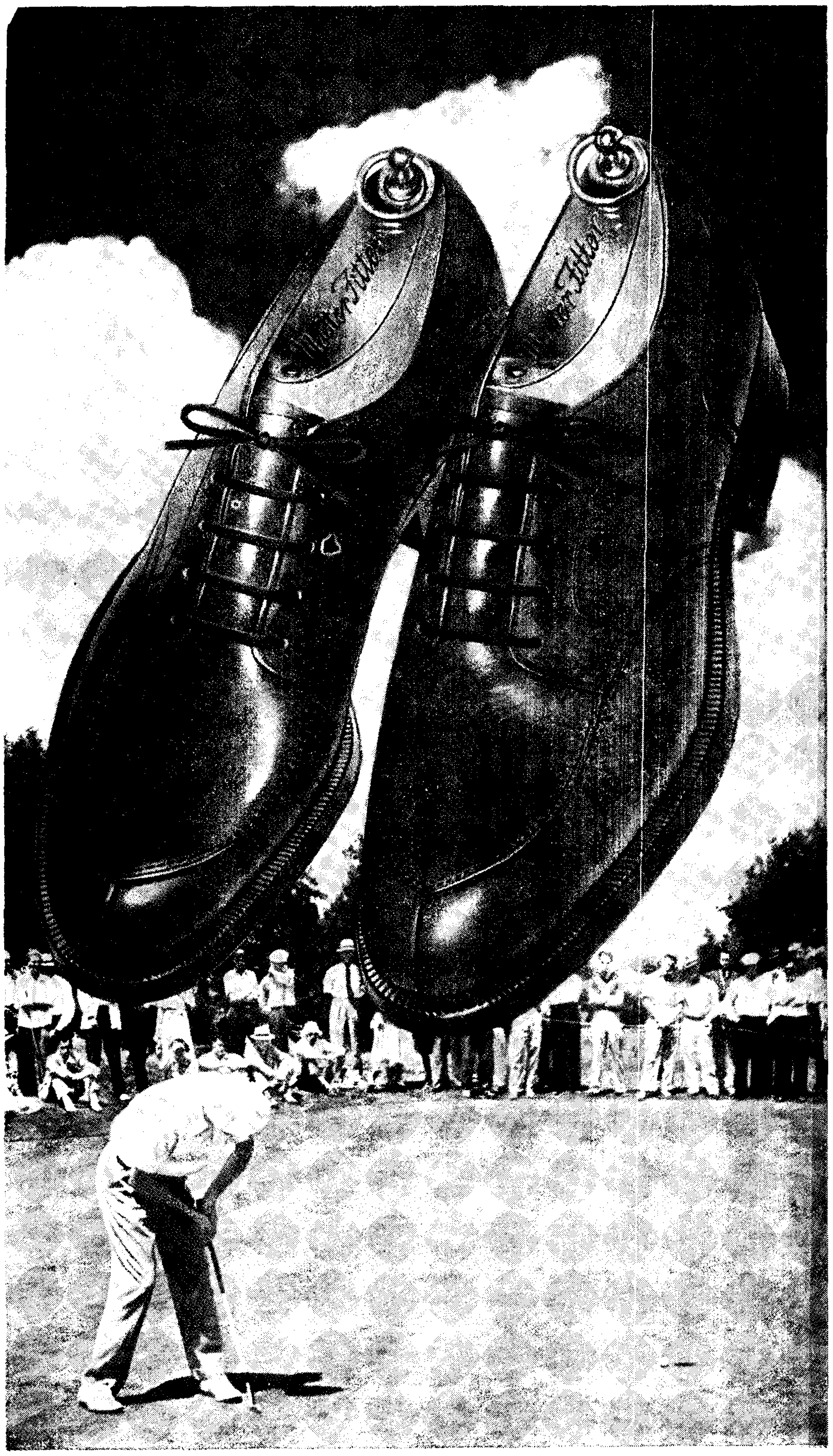

because fit comes first
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Like a putt that falls short, there's anguish in shoes that keep you "two feet from comfort."

You'll find glorious new ease in Freeman Master Fitters. Because they fit better they feel like old friends of your feet from the moment you slip into them. And the new post-war Freeman styles are handsomer than ever!

See your Freeman dealer. For his name, write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin.

It's a FREEMAN Shoe
WORN WITH PRIDE BY MILLIONS

$8.75 MOST STYLES

It's a FREEMAN shoe

whereas that boy in the jalopy . . . and for another, his coat and pants matched. He was wearing his blue serge and a crisp white shirt, and she could see what he'd meant when he'd said once that a gentleman always owned at least one blue serge suit. For a moment as they walked along the street, she tried to picture him sitting in that jalopy and wearing tweeds that looked as though they had never been pressed, and she almost laughed.

"I met the most *peculiar* man today," she said.

"Where?" he asked.

She should have known he would ask that. She said, "In a car. That is, I missed the bus, and then this man came along." He was looking at her in that way he had of raising one eyebrow. She was sorry she'd mentioned it. "I mean," she explained, "he was responsible for me missing the bus, and then he turned around and came back to the bus stop and . . . started saying the silliest things."

"What a crum," Grant said. "I'd like to get my . . . I'd like to slap a warrant on that guy. He ought to be in jail. Molesting women. If you ever see him when I'm with you . . ."

"He didn't . . . *molest* me," she said hastily.

Grant gave her another one of those looks.

"I mean," she said, "Grant, wouldn't you like to . . . go to South America? Places like . . . Rio de Janeiro, and . . . for instance?" she ended awkwardly.

He wasn't sure whether she had changed the subject. He said, "I guess so."

"You *guess* so?" she said, with a little laugh. "Wouldn't you be just *thrilled?*" And before he could answer, she added, "*I* would."

A BUS came along just then and they got on it. As he sat down beside her she felt a bulge in his outer pocket, and her heart began to thump. . . . Last night when they had gone for a walk they had strolled along Broad Street and looked in the jewelry-store windows. And she had agreed, yes, that a small diamond was more . . . "*correct*," as he had said, "under certain circumstances," than a larger aquamarine.

She shifted a little and glanced down at that bulge in his outer pocket. It was smaller than a package of cigarettes and bigger than a lighter.

They went past North Mechanic and he took a long gander out of the window. What he was looking at, she realized suddenly, was that building of Aunt Sara's. There were two rooms on the ground floor, facing the street. She could imagine how it would look with a shingle between the two windows. "Grant Mason," it would say, "Attorney-at-Law."

It would certainly look impressive and . . . and for some reason she was blushing, the way she had that day when she'd heard Grant and Aunt Sara talking about it and had walked out to the porch.

The bus came to a stop and they got off. She was in a kind of daze, the way it is sometimes when your thoughts are far away—so that it was a moment before she realized they were walking right into the White Horse Grill. She drew back, trying desperately to think of some other place, and at the same time remembering what Grant had said, that there were only two restaurants in town where a man of any ambition could afford to be seen. She couldn't recall the other place.

They went inside and took a table. She looked around cautiously, thinking maybe it had all been part of a line, like that business about Peru. But no . . . there were the musicians, and a sign that said, "Mariachi Players." And there he was, wearing the same tweed suit. His back was turned to her at the moment, but somehow, seeing him now, she felt that if his suit *were* pressed . . . that it looked better, really, the way it was.

Grant was looking around for the waiter. "I hope the service is better than the last time," he said. The thought that it might not seemed to make him a little angry.

"Grant," she said suddenly, "this is where we had our first date. Remember?"

He said, "Yes," and looked around again. Then he saw the way she was sitting there with her eyes on him. "Sure, I remember," he said.

"What kind of a dress was I wearing?"

He said, "Huh?" and looked at her dress. "Not the one you have on. It was . . . gray." He added, "You look like sort of a . . . Bohemian, in this dress."

She knew that wasn't his idea of a compliment, but it was all right as long as he remembered. The waiter came and she said, "We had chicken à la king that time, remember?"

He said, "Well, the roast beef . . ." Then he saw her looking at him and began to get it, in a puzzled way. "You mean . . . we ought to have chicken à la king tonight?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "let's. And then, Grant, let's go for a walk along the lake."

The puzzled look began to clear and he said, "You mean . . . like we did the first time?"

"Oh, Grant," she said, "you have the most wonderful ideas."

He grinned, and she saw him slip his hand into the pocket with the bulge.

When the music started, Grant stared at the orchestra. "Something new," he said. "I always thought this place was more . . . conservative." She wanted to turn and look at them too, but she didn't dare. She had a feeling that the boy in the tweed suit—and when they began playing, a samba, she was sure of it—had seen her and was looking over at their table.

She sat there expecting anything to happen. It didn't. The orchestra didn't come over and surround them. But later, when they got up to dance, she heard him say, "Hello," as they passed. Grant glanced up but she acted as though she hadn't heard. They finished the dance and went back to their table.

Then a few minutes later the boy in the tweed suit blew a couple of notes on a horn and announced that the next number was an old Peruvian folk song, and was dedicated to the girl in the samba dress.

She didn't know where to look. Grant saw her blushing and asked, "Do you know that fellow? I thought he said hello to you."

So it came out finally, the whole story, about the ride in the jalopy and the conversation they'd had. Grant said he was surprised at her, really, that anyone could see by looking at a fellow like that . . . "And a heel besides," he said, glaring at the orchestra. "For two cents I'd . . ."

"He isn't a heel," she said. "He just happens to like my taste in clothes."

When they left the White Horse Grill, they didn't go for that stroll along the lake.

THE next morning as she walked down to the corner in plenty of time for the bus, there was a man waiting in a jalopy.

He opened the door. "Get in, and we'll argue about it."

"I oughtn't to," she said.

"And I ought to be in bed," he said. "I work nights." He smiled when he saw she was getting in. "I'm sorry about that corny gag last night. I wouldn't have done it if you'd only said hello."

She started to say something, then she wasn't sure what she wanted to say. After a moment she told him, "I should have been expecting it. Something always goes wrong when I wear that dress. It's a jinx."

"The fellows in the orchestra think you look wonderful in it," he said.

She gave him a suspicious glance.

"Tony Arnold agrees with them," he said, not quite laughing. "Tony is the fellow who plays the horn."

The next morning Tony Arnold was there again, waiting at the bus station. She stopped and put a hand on her hip. The thing was to act surprised, even though you'd seen him down there the moment you walked off the porch.

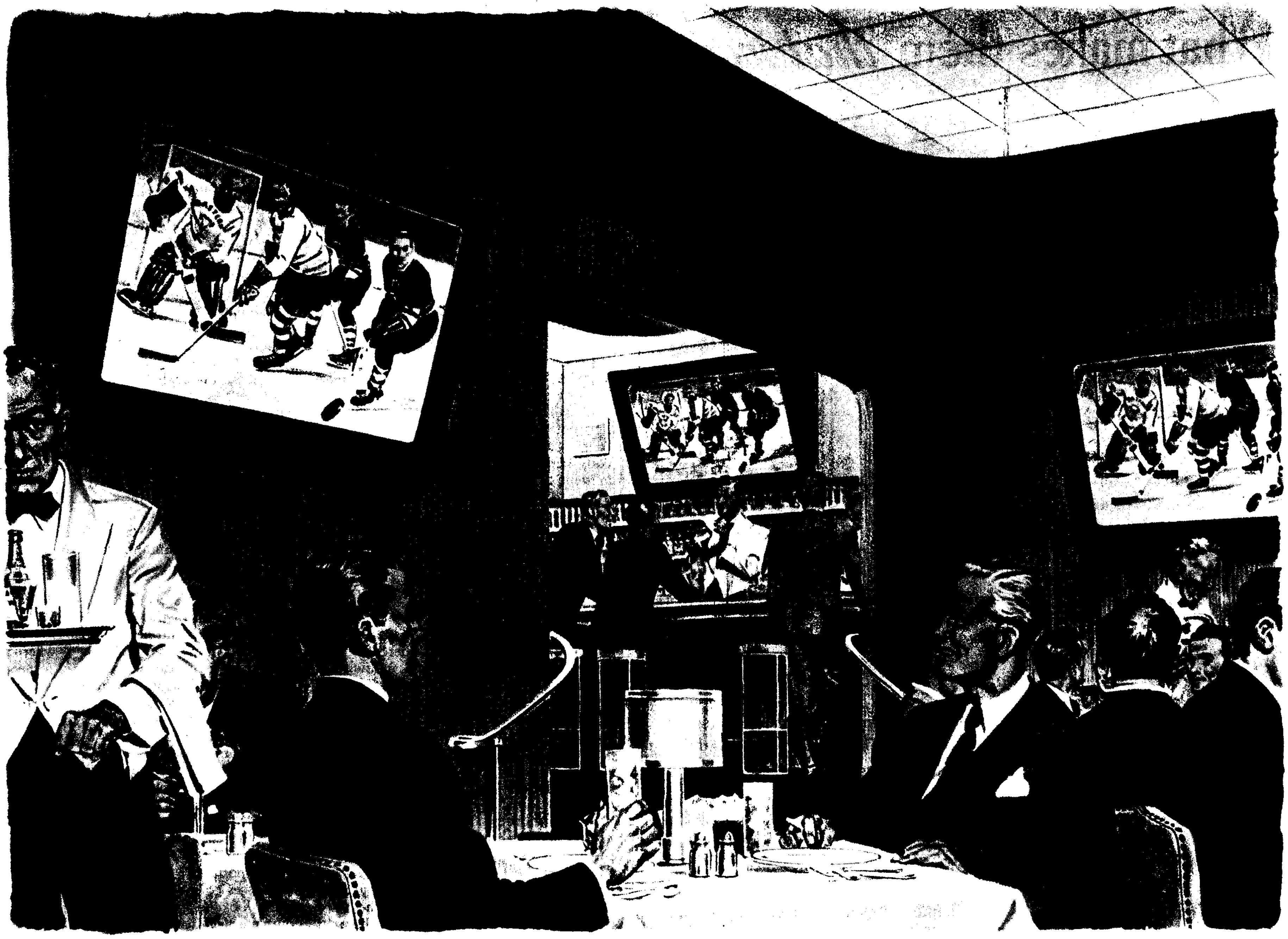
She said, "Really, Mr. Arnold!"

"Tony is the name," he said, "and at this hour of the morning I'm apt to be very grumpy."

He got her to the store on time, and as she was getting out of the car he said, "I don't have to be at the Grill until nine tonight. I'll drop around for a while at your Aunt Sara's."

That evening at dinner she asked Aunt Sara if she'd ever done much traveling, she and Uncle Harry.

"We went all the way to Chicago on our



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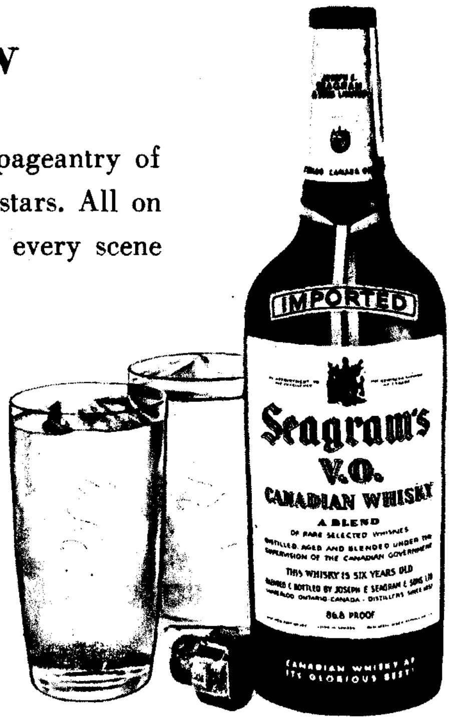

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THOSE TILTED NOSES mean something big has happened to the Wilsons . . . and they're still walking on air!

They were enjoying life with their children . . . "Red" was making good money, and their future looked mighty promising. Why should they worry?

Then Molly heard a speaker at her club who talked about Social Security. Some facts he presented bothered her; so she asked "Red" about them that night. He knew little about the subject, but agreed to find out.

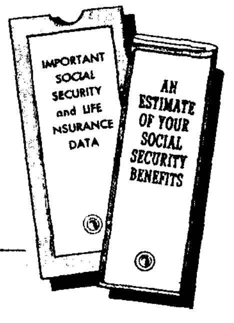
He found out . . . plenty! He learned that when Molly and he reached retirement age Social Security would provide them with barely enough to meet their minimum needs. Money from another source would certainly be needed if they were to have the kind of security they both wanted.

So "Red" called in a Mutual Life Representative, who showed him how a few dollars a month invested in life insurance would provide that extra income so urgently needed. Moreover, it will provide Molly with comfort and security in later life . . . no matter what happens!

Your Mutual Life Representative will gladly show you how our "Insured Income" Service can help you coordinate your life insurance with Social Security to provide maximum benefits for your family.

FREE *Social Security* HELPS

An instructive and helpful BOOKLET for calculating future benefits from Social Security and your Life Insurance . . . plus a handy FILE for keeping together in one convenient place, all the official records you will need later to collect Social Security benefits without costly delay. Mail the coupon today.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VETERANS: KEEP YOUR GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE!

honeymoon," Aunt Sara said. She sat back remembering. "I thought the train would never stop."

"I mean," Peggy said, "really far away, like . . . well, how far is Rio de Janeiro?"

"Mercy!" Aunt Sara said.

Peggy took a spoonful of rice pudding and sipped it thoughtfully.

Grant came around after dinner. He wasn't talking much and he didn't have that bulge in his side pocket. But he'd brought a small box of candy. They were sitting on the front porch when Tony came by in his jalopy. Grant had just said something to Aunt Sara, calling her Mrs. Averit, the way he always did, and when he saw Tony get out and saunter up the walk, the back of his neck went stiff and straight.

Peggy put a half-eaten chocolate back into the box. She said, "Aunt Sara, this is Mr. Arnold. Mr. Arnold, Mrs. . . ."

"Hello, Aunt Sara," Tony said.

WHAT Peggy remembered most about it afterward was Grant sitting there with his neck stiff, and Tony talking easily, munching one of the chocolates, and calling Aunt Sara . . . "Aunt Sara."

Tony kept coming around after that. She even went to the movies with him a couple of times. Once there was a travelogue on Brazil and they showed Rio de Janeiro in Technicolor.

And when Tony invited her and Aunt Sara to have dinner at the hotel, Aunt Sara said, "Shucks, my cooking is better than anything you can get in the hotel. You'd better come here for dinner."

Peggy remembered, then, something Aunt Sara had once told her about her daughter, Ruth, who'd had a crush on a fellow who didn't seem to be the right sort. It was mostly because she'd tried to keep them apart. But as soon as Aunt Sara began inviting him to dinner, Ruth soon decided he wasn't much.

As for Grant, well . . . twice Grant came to see her with that bulge in his side pocket and a determined look, but each time Tony happened to drop in.

Then one morning Tony was supposed to meet her at the bus station and . . .

She let the first bus go by. The second stopped, and she hesitated. It would get her there a few minutes late, but if Tony came along right away . . . She got on the third bus, and Mr. Ramm was waiting there at the counter. He practically tore the hide off her.

She was home a little early that evening and she went to the kitchen and helped Aunt Sara shell the peas.

"Aunt Sara," she said, "if the first time you'd met somebody he let you think he'd been somewhere, like . . . you know, Peru, or someplace, and later he admitted he'd never been there at all, would you say he was, well . . . reliable?"

"Doesn't sound that way," Aunt Sara said.

Peggy took another handful of peas and shelled them. "Aunt Sara," she said, "were you and Uncle Harry . . . were you happily married?"

"We were married thirty years," Aunt Sara said, "and your Uncle Harry never forgot a wedding anniversary . . . or came home late for dinner."

"So I guess you never even wondered if you should have married somebody like . . ." She almost said, Bill Slocum, but caught herself. ". . . somebody else?"

Aunt Sara put the peas in a kettle and slapped it on the stove. "Your Uncle Harry was a model husband," she said.

Peggy didn't ask any more questions then. She waited until they were having dinner. "Aunt Sara," she asked at dinner, "did you tell me once that Grant reminded you of Uncle Harry?"

Aunt Sara chuckled. "Did I? Well, he does, a little. Yes, I guess they'd have a lot in common."

Afterward Peggy went out on the porch and sat tapping her foot on the floor and glancing up and down the street. Once she saw a jalopy coming along and, picking up a magazine, she stared into it angrily. But it wasn't Tony and it went on by.

An hour passed. A small furrow of concern creased the smooth space between her eyes. After all, things did happen to people. They got sick or . . .

She left the porch and started downtown in the direction of the White Horse Grill. It was a long walk and her concern grew as she walked. There was no music when she reached the Grill. But she managed to peep in through a window, and there he was, sitting at a table with the other musicians, talking and laughing.

The next day as she was waiting for the bus, he came along in the jalopy. She gave him a cold look as she got in.

He was feeling very gay. "Big doings," he said. "I thought I could tell you about it this morning. But I can't. Not until it's sure." He glanced at her suddenly. "Is anything wrong?"

"Oh, nothing," she said, "except that I let two busses go by yesterday morning."

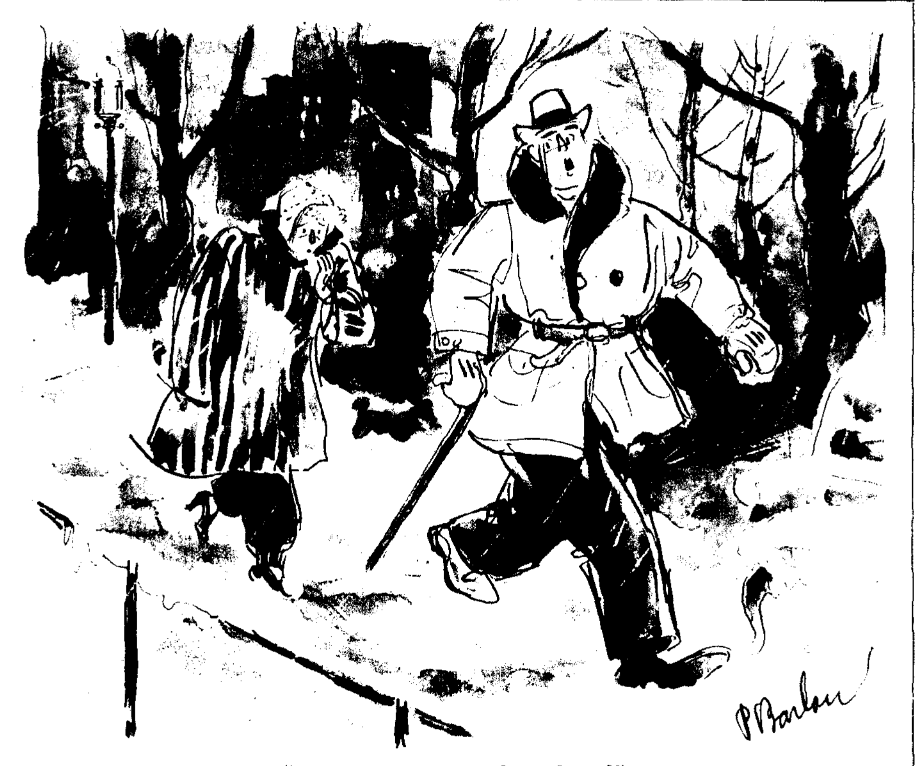
The look he gave her certainly resembled complete surprise. If she hadn't known the way he could put on an act . . .

"But it was supposed to be this morning," he insisted. "Look, Peggy. I'm sure we said Wednesday, because . . ."

"For your information," she said, "today is Thursday."

"Thursday!" he said. He let out a whistle. "*Ho*-ly . . . !"

Watching him put on that act, she kept



COLLIER'S "Margaret, are you breathing?" PERRY BARLOW

Cars shouldn't smoke, either!

SMOKE from a car means burning oil, wasted power, cumulative damage to cylinder walls. All these can be cured by reconditioning the engine and installing new Sealed Power Piston Rings. They lengthen engine life, restore original power, save oil, save gas.

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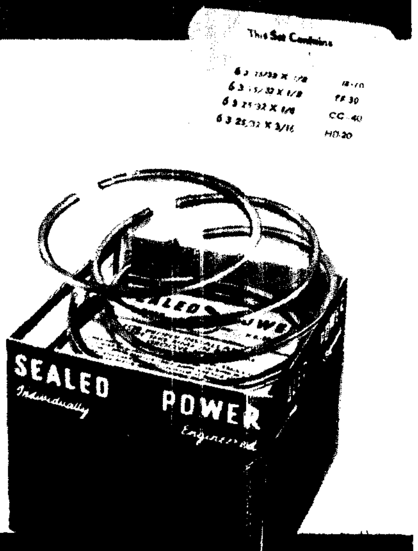


SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

Met her on Sunday—
Lost her on Monday!
JUST WHEN I THOUGHT THIS PERT PIGEON AND I WERE DEFINITELY ON THE BEAM, SHE FLEW! AND WHY? I ASK YOU, SIS, WHY?
EVER THINK OF THE BAD BREATH ANGLE? NO FOOLING, PETE, YOU OUGHT TO MAKE TRACKS FOR OUR DENTIST'S—BUT FAST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
MET HER SUNDAY—LOST HER MONDAY—TOOK MY TIP—AND WOO! WOO! WEDNESDAY!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

thinking of Mr. Ramm, and the more she thought of him the angrier she got.

And even if it wasn't an act, a man who didn't even know what day of the week it was . . .

He said he was sorry when he stopped in front of the store, but she had heard that before, too.

"I'll be around tonight," he said. "I'll probably have something to tell you."

She said, "I'm sorry, I have an engagement," and she got out of the car and managed to close the door without slamming it.

THAT evening she asked Aunt Sara the question she'd been thinking of all the way home on the bus. "Aunt Sara, you . . . you never wished you'd seen more of life, did you? I mean, travel, for instance?"

Aunt Sara was fanning herself with a newspaper. "Your Uncle Harry and I went to Chicago on our honeymoon," she said again.

"I mean faraway places," Peggy said, "like . . . you know, Rio de Janeiro or . . . really seeing life, I mean."

Aunt Sara put down her newspaper and looked at Peggy steadily out of her mild gray eyes. "Child, when people talk that way it usually means they want to run *away* from life," she said. "Life is a home and babies, and a man you can depend on."

"And Uncle Harry," she asked, "made you happy?"

"Your Uncle Harry," Aunt Sara said, getting up, "was a model husband. I have a shoulder of lamb in the oven."

After dinner Peggy went to the telephone and called up Grant. He seemed surprised to hear from her.

"I thought we might go for a walk or something," she said.

There were ways of making a man propose, when you knew he wanted to. Grant said he'd be around in half an hour, but she thought suddenly: Suppose Tony . . . ? "Oh, no," she said. "Let's . . . let's meet in Hansen's drugstore. I have to go there for some bobby pins."

She went upstairs quickly and changed her dress. While she was there she tiptoed into Aunt Sara's room and tried on the garnet ring. She was just taking it off when Aunt Sara happened to walk in. She blushed. But after all it was going to be hers pretty soon; nobody could say she wasn't marrying a man as reliable as Uncle Harry.

She left the house much too early. But it was better than taking a chance on Tony's dropping in. She went to the drugstore and ordered a soda. She was sipping it slowly when Tony rushed in looking frightened. He glanced around quickly, looking for . . . Grant, maybe, because he seemed relieved when he saw she was alone.

She turned on the stool. She had a feeling that if she didn't hold onto the counter with one hand, she would fall off.

"Have I got news!" he said. He waved a telegram. "That uncle one of the fellows had in Mexico, he'd made a deal for them. He gave it to her fast. There was a place called The North American Bar. It was new and popular. And all they had to do was change their name from the Mariachi Players to The Five Hot Shots. And with the stake they made they were going on that South American tour. For a year or two, maybe. After that they'd probably be glad to get back to the States.

So this was the last of Tony. It was like the first time she'd been homesick, only worse. She wished him luck. "And now if you don't mind," she said quietly, "I'm waiting for someone. For Grant. I have a date, Tony."

The scared look came back into his eyes, but his chin went out. "And you're wearing your jinx dress," he said, pointing an accusing finger.

Her eyes widened as she looked at the dress. She had put it on almost without thinking.

"I'll tell you something," Tony said. "You call it a jinx dress. But do you know why things happen when you wear that dress? It's because you want them to happen. You put it on and you're late for work. Why? It's because you don't like that job and you stall around, primping in the mirror. You wear it when you have a date with that guy. And something goes wrong. It's because in your heart you don't really want things to turn out . . . the way he wants them. You're in a different mood, a different world, when you wear that dress. And it's my kind of world, not his."

Right or wrong, the logic of it bowled her over.

"And why did you tell Aunt Sara where you'd be," he asked, "if you didn't want me to find you?"

She had no answer for that one.

"And furthermore," he said, "for your information, today is Wednesday." He picked a menu up off the counter and slapped it down in front of her. She blinked. "Wednesday's Specials," it said.

HE TOSSED a coin on the counter and led her out to the street. "Look," he said, "you must have known this was coming. I love you, Peggy. I want you to go home and pack your suitcase."

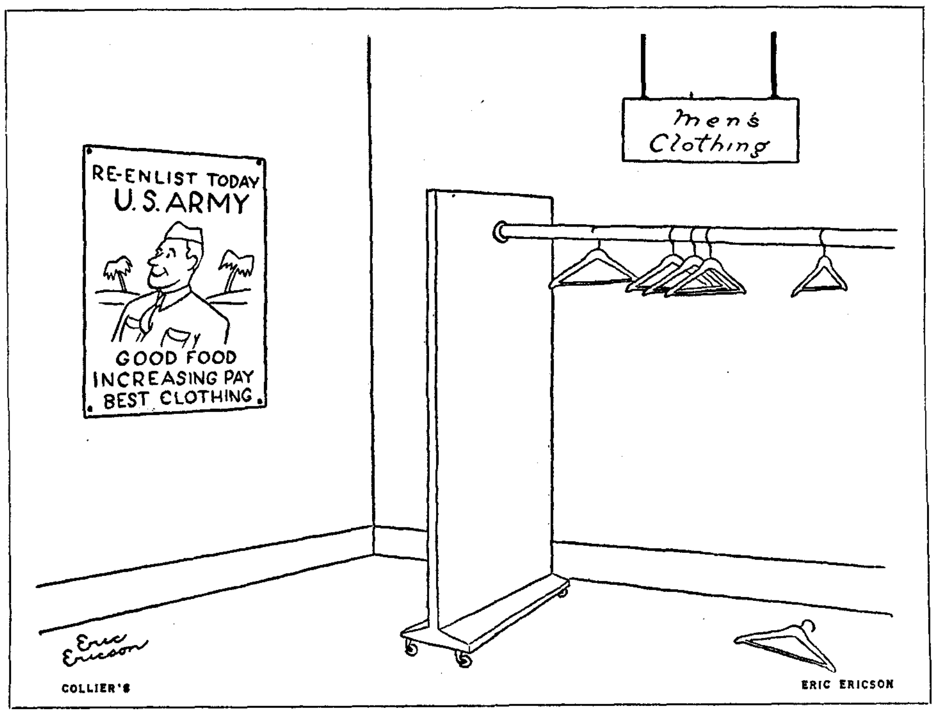
The state line was only ten miles away, he said, and they could get married there in an hour.

He pulled her into a doorway and put his arms around her. "Ah, Peggy," he said, "don't think I'm not going to want all the right things. Kids growing up. A home we can fill with . . . but we're young, Peggy. Sure, I know, life is real. But it doesn't have to be grim."

This was too much. The man was a mind reader. How could he have known what she . . . ?

Then he drew something out of his pocket and she understood. For she was staring wide-eyed at Aunt Sara's garnet ring.

THE END


RE-ENLIST TODAY
U.S. ARMY
GOOD FOOD
INCREASING PAY
BEST CLOTHING
Men's Clothing
Eric Ericson
COLLIER'S
ERIC ERICSON

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

Young Anderson patted her on the shoulder. "Now that one name's there, others will go up. Some day you'll be glad I did it."

Anderson was right. Thousands of names followed, humble and great. The fliers christened the house The Hangar, tacked a propeller on its front and admonished Mother Tusch to leave it there.

Like Topsy, the house just grew. Souvenirs from France soon started rolling in. Place relics, pictures and photographs soon bulged from every nook and cranny. After the war, Eddie Rickenbacker came, signed, sold Mother Tusch an automobile, and taught her to drive. Apparently he was a good teacher, as she never has had an accident, and at 70 still whips an old flivver around like a race driver. Eddie is one of her favorites. She never gave up hope when he was lost in the Pacific during World War II.

Admiral Richard E. Byrd, back from the South Pole, came, signed, left his fur cap and made himself at home with Mother to the extent of changing his traveling clothes there.

WHEN General William Mitchell came and signed on Aug. 21, 1928, he said: "Just one suggestion, Mother: Do you realize you have on your wall the signatures of the first men to fly? Keep that wall sacred."

She has, but it has been a battle. When Lieutenant R. L. Maughan, the first dawn-to-dusk transcontinental flier, wanted to send the house to the Smithsonian Institution, General Mitchell intervened: "Keep it yourself, Mother Tusch; it's safe in your hands." When an American Legion Post wanted to move the house to the San Francisco World's Fair, she refused because the post would not guarantee its return.

University of California historians prevailed upon her to catalogue the air treasures in the house, and Colonel Reyce Davis of the Canadian army helped her to arrange for display relics formerly stuffed in the attic, bureau drawers and other places where they might have become lost. Mother Tusch herself made 750 picture frames for the autographed pictures of aviation's greats with her own gnarled hands.

The signatures and relics in the house tell dramatic stories of flying success—and often of fatal failure. There are the names of the six men who were the first to fly around the world. Beneath the autograph of Lieutenant Walter Hinton, who flew the first plane across the Atlantic in 1919, are his picture and a piece of fabric from his NC-4 which landed at Plymouth, England. There is the original design of The Swoose by Major Weldon H. Smith; it was the last B-17 left of the 19th Group in the Philippines, December 7, 1941, and got its name because it was patched and mended so much as to be unrecognizable.

Across a wall hangs a piece of fuselage from an Army plane forced down in Mexico in 1919, bearing the tragic last message of Fred B. Waterhouse and Cecil H. Connolly. They were murdered by Mexican fishermen, a sensational story of the day. There are also relics from fatal crack-ups in World War II, which have been sent to Mother Tusch by her boys. Although she didn't know the victims, she spoke in hushed reverence of the crew of a B-17. Pointing to a crumpled piece of aluminum from the plane, she said, "They were all killed, poor boys!"

Mother Tusch is an honorary member of scores of flying clubs and societies and civic organizations, but her biggest honor, she feels, is that bestowed by her boys.

The years have mellowed The Hangar. No longer is it a gay hangout for young fliers come to court and to wolf doughnuts. They still come—but to stand in quiet awe before the pictures, signatures and souvenirs of the aces who went before them, and to listen to a sweet old lady speak intimately of Mitchell, Doolittle, et al. They come, too, to receive her blessing and to hope for one of her good-luck dollars; to trace their handprints on the walls of one room reserved for fliers of World War II and to list their battles in the finger spaces. . . . GRADY JOHNSON

Truman's Troubled Year

Continued from page 13

and they'd strike for more wages. Obviously a new wage-price formula had to be worked out—and in a hurry.

Truman's economic high command was of two minds about wages and prices and about controls generally. One, personified by Reconversion Director John W. Snyder, a taut and self-contained little man with a smooth face and cold eyes, was for giving industry its head. He had been besieged by manufacturers' pressure groups.

"Take off the ceilings," they pleaded, "and we'll give you production. Prices will level off once we get going. Then as the supply catches up with the demand, prices will go down."

The tall and pleasantly horse-faced Chester Bowles, then head of the Office of Price Administration, was of a totally different mind. He had facts and figures to prove that the manufacturers' demands were economically unsound for all their plausibility. Prices were uncontrolled after the last war. They took off on an inflationary spiral and wound up in a crash and a depression from which the nation had only barely recovered when the new war came.

The President called in Snyder and Bowles, and listened to their arguments pro and con. Then he summoned his old friends, Secretary of State Jimmy Byrnes and Secretary of the Treasury Fred M. Vinson. Both had had wide experience in economic matters during the Roosevelt regime. Both were conservative, time-tried men. After talking to them, he took counsel with his Cabinet.

Truman finally evolved what was, in the end, his own solution to the wage-price problem and a distinct compromise between the viewpoints of Bowles and Snyder.

Steel got an increase of $5 a ton for its merchandise. But Bowles, and not Snyder, was entrusted with the job of protecting the public's pocketbook from price increases in the future. He was made Economic Stabilizer. Bowles had never been anybody's crony, but he became, overnight, one of Truman's closest advisers.

The new wage-price formula didn't settle the steel strike out of hand, but it did afford a new basis for negotiating all labor-management disputes involving wages and prices in the future. How effectively it would operate depended on how willing industry and labor would be to co-operate with the Administration and to share the responsibility for its success. Disaster was still possible, but only if industry willfully sabotaged production by demanding the impossible and if labor went out of bounds in its climb toward the better life.

Pressure from the Extremists

The criticism leveled at the President in those days of deadlock and delay reached new highs. It came not so much from the liberals and the conservatives as from the extremists of the left and the right. Labor's extremists insisted that he take over struck plants and operate them. Management was after him to push antilabor legislation in Congress.

Truman might not have recognized a Communist or a Fascist face to face when he entered office, but he had learned their language, their techniques. He took over plants only when the public interest was involved, as when the Chicago meat strike endangered the food supply of about a fifth of the nation. Otherwise he said to both sides:

"Under our system of government, labor

Why these Neckties speak English

Nobody knows checks like the English.

Nobody handles stripes like the English.

So when we said to ourselves (in well-chosen English), "Let us design some really outstanding checks and stripes," to whom did we turn? The English.

Hence, Arrow's stunning new ties, Suffolk Checks and Stripes—as British as the Thames. Tailored of neat-knotting, wrinkle-resistant, long-wearing quality rayon.

Pop in on your Arrow man and see them. $1.

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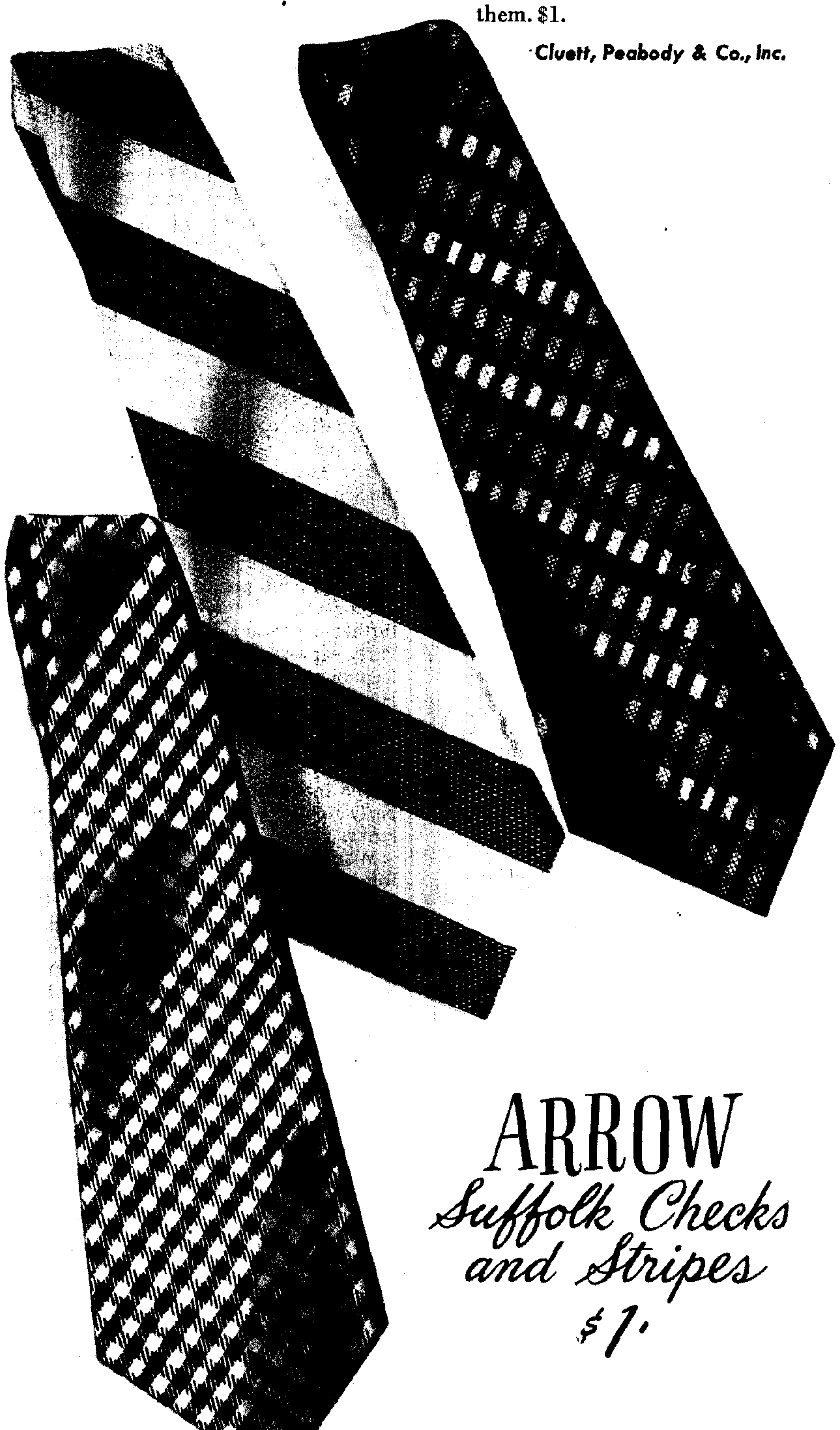

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and management must work out their own solutions to their problems. I'm not going to determine our philosophy of government by what's done in Europe or in Wall Street. I'm not going to have an economy controlled either by the extreme left or the extreme right."

Harold Ickes chose the most critical moment of Truman's first year in office to throw his resignation bombshell. He had been waiting for an excuse to quit, and his desk was empty of papers. He found it in a chance remark of the President's at a White House press conference. Truman merely said that Ickes might have been mistaken in what he said Pauley had told him about campaign contributions in return for political favors. Honest Harold got a good press; Truman, a bad one.

If it had been Ickes' intention to jar Truman loose from Pauley, he missed fire. His resignation served only to draw more editorial ire on Truman's head and to intensify the President's decision to fight the Pauley appointment through. By his act, Ickes robbed Truman of an able Secretary of the Interior and necessitated a search for a worthy successor to Old Sourpuss.

Of the old Roosevelt liberals in the Cabinet, only Henry Agard Wallace, Secretary of Commerce, remained. He proved his loyalty to the Administration, come what may, by going out and making speeches wherever the Democrats' board of strategy thought that labor and liberal ears needed to hear words of encouragement in the clamor of doubts.

Encouragement for the G.O.P.

But the party's strategists hadn't needed Ickes' resignation—and Honest Harold's valedictorian press conference, packed with excellent Republican campaign material—to be reminded of the corrosive effect of successive crises upon the Democrats' chances of holding Congress this November and power in '48. The Senate had killed the FEPC and with it much—how much will be clear in the off-year elections, perhaps—of the party's pull with Negro and other minorities. The House passed the Case antilabor bill and at least partially undid Truman's distinctly prolabor policy.

The Democrats had a majority of 15 in the Senate and 50 in the House. Their chances of holding onto those advantages were so bad that Postmaster General Bob Hannegan, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, discouraged party speakers from mentioning the sad figures involved, for fear of further depressing Democratic field workers. Party bigwigs were secretly certain that the Republicans would make large inroads in the House majority in November and lacked confidence in their ability to hold more than a slim margin of 20 or 30 seats. They felt that the Senate was secure.

The inclination to blame Truman for the party's plight was strong even within its own ranks.

When they couldn't blame Truman himself for what may happen to the Democratic Party in November and in '48, his critics, inside the party and out, drew individual and collective beads on his advisers. He is surrounded, they said, by a "Missouri gang." Most of the President's closest collaborators are, as a matter of fact, non-Missourians.

Truman's housing administrator is a Kentuckian named Wilson Wyatt; his press secretary, Charley Ross, was born in Missouri; but the President's private secretary, Matt Connelly, hails from Massachusetts; one White House aide, Bill Hassett, is from Vermont; Chet Bowles is from Connecticut; David Niles, another of the White House family, is a Bostonian.

Of his personal cronies, egregious Brigadier General Vaughan, Truman's military aide, is a Missourian, but he has nothing to do with policy-making. Of the Disputed Three, Allen is a Mississippian, Vardaman is a Missourian by way of Mississippi, and Pauley is a Californian. Snyder was born in Arkansas but is a Missourian by adoption.

The President's quiet dismissal of one Missourian, Judge John C. Collet, from the office of Economic Stabilizer to make way for Bowles, indicated that Truman was not so obstinate about dropping his home-state friends as he was accused of being. Collet's departure might even start a trend if the President's critics recognized the Chinese face-saving aspects of American politics.

When Truman upped Bowles a bit and cut down Snyder proportionately during the wage-price crisis, he did more to strengthen his prestige among New Dealers, liberals and progressives, generally, than anything he'd done before. But even his most loyal supporters admit that there's a "lot of hard work to be done" if a Democratic disaster is to be averted in '48.

To the immense relief of Hannegan and the party hierarchy generally, it's clear that Truman has overcome his early diffidence toward his job. The man you meet face to face in the Executive Office of the White House isn't the same man you'd met in the newspapers. He seems sure of himself without being cocky. He imparts to you a feeling that all his combative instincts have been aroused and he says, bluntly, that he intends to be as good a President of the world's greatest republic as he knows how.

But there is more involved than a Democratic Party victory or defeat in November or later.

The economic and political future of the nation and the world is, to a degree, in Truman's hands. If inflation runs wild and our economy crashes, if relations with Russia disintegrate and the United Nations dies aborning, if the pumps of world trade suck up sand, if the atom bomb blows up in our faces—Truman will have a full measure of responsibility.

NOTHING DISTURBS ME AS MUCH AS BLURBS

Superlatives that tell me
I'll love a book don't sell me;
Ads pronouncing stage plays "tops"
No longer snare my cash for flops;
Movie posters rhapsodize
In vain to me: I've ears and eyes.

Can blurbers know, when even I don't,
Whether I will—or whether I won't?
—Helen Small

But the responsibility will be shared, also, by the Democratic Party and the Republican Party and by all who wanted politics-as-usual and business-as-usual in an era which could tolerate neither. Truman himself was partly to blame for the headlong movement back to a nonexistent normalcy that started on V-J Day. He has since seen his error in allowing himself to be swayed by advisers who urged him to abandon controls on critical materials, prices and all rationed commodities as quickly as possible. This recognition of his mistakes is a measure of his ability to grow.

"Yes," says Truman, "new people were running things and we made mistakes. From here on out, though, you can size me up by my acts as I go along."

A Lack of Democratic Unity

The Democratic Party's responsibility in whatever happens is also clear. It wasn't Truman who held up legislation to mitigate the impact of the war on our economy and to implement our political and economic foreign policy. It was Congress. The majority of congressmen in both houses were Democrats. They split into two groups, one pro-New Deal and the other anti. The antis were mostly Southern Democrats. They joined with the Republicans to block practically everything Truman tried to do.

And if the nation comes to grief for any of a score or more of ominous "ifs" in the near future, the Republican Party will have some responsibility, too. By opposing the President merely for the sake of bucking him, its members in Congress haven't increased the party's prestige with the masses of voters, but may have exposed the country to serious dangers.

However, if booming good health and an ability to absorb inordinate quantities of hard work count for anything, the nation is in good hands, for the President has both. Today, at 62 (he'll be 63 on May 8th) he can still wear his World War I uniform. He is clear-eyed, clear-skinned and springy in the step. He has a flat stomach and he's as chesty as a cockerel.

Up at 6:30, he has breakfast at 7:30 and is at his desk by 8 or 8:30. He dictates until 9:00, when he presides over a brief meeting of his White House staff. Then his appointments begin. He receives visitors all morning, lunches, and resumes his appointments.

Callers with government business—particularly members of the Cabinet—can see him whenever they wish.

The White House says that Ickes, for instance, could have seen the President about Pauley after he'd been invited to testify before the Senate committee. And, according to White House sources, the President did talk with Ickes about the appointment after a Cabinet meeting, just before Ickes took the stand. The President asked him what he thought of Pauley. Ickes apparently indicated to the President that he had some qualms about testifying but said that he thought Pauley's services on the German reparations commission had been commendable. Truman told Ickes to tell the truth but to be as gentle as he could. The White House admits that after Ickes had testified, the President didn't receive the Old Curmudgeon. He simply didn't want to see him.

A good many people not on government business can and do see the President. They're apt, however, to get only five minutes instead of the usually allotted fifteen. He uses the minutes clipped off appointments to sign his voluminous mail and papers.

Old-timers of the White House secretarial staff who've outlived several Presidents say that Truman can get more paper work done and more quickly than any of his last five predecessors.

Yes, the President likes to play poker. He never plays in the White House, only at the homes of friends. F.D.R. played poker quite a lot—and in the White House—but nobody ever said anything about it. Much has been made, however, of Truman's poker proclivities. It all started when the President asked some newspapermen to a poker party and put the noses of the uninvited out of joint. He plays for small stakes and he is reportedly eminently disinterested in whether he wins or loses.

Strictly Social—and Watered

Yes, the President likes a drink of well-watered bourbon whisky. He usually takes only one, seldom more than two. He is, they say, not a habitual drinker, but strictly a social one. He'll go for days without taking a drink—which, in view of what he's been up against, is remarkable.

Contrary to rumor, the President reads a great deal, out of a sheer desire for knowledge, and for relaxation. History is his favorite serious subject. For diversion he likes the accounts of historic battles and he can tell you in astonishing detail the story of Hannibal's campaigns. He's plodded through Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and has diligently studied American history, with particular attention to the Civil War period.

He likes to make notes on page margins and one of his favorite words is "bunk." It appears often on the pages of a recent laudatory biography of himself.

More recently the President has begun to study foreign relations in Lincoln's time and, perhaps not wholly for relaxation, a research into the life and times of one Andrew Johnson. The Reconstruction President's origins, like Truman's, were humble. But the similarity virtually ends there. Where Johnson was irascible and often tactless, Truman is cool, patient and usually diplomatic—qualities which will count heavily in his struggle to compose the differences within his own quarrelsome party, between industry and labor, and between this nation and others. On how well he succeeds depends the future of the party in '48, but his own success is also dependent on how much help he'll get from the people and from Congress.

THE END

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RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

BIG BUSINESS IN HAM

BY BILL DAVIDSON

Sixty thousand Americans sit at home and make friends all over the world. They're the radio "hams," but their hobby has often been a lifesaver

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DILLON FERRIS

During the war, 22-year-old Julius Galin (above) was a B-29 navigator based on Tinian. He completed 34 missions and found his ham experience came in handy in repairing radar while in flight

35-year-old Walt Bradley, a ham since 1933, operating his car rig, a receiving and transmitting set. He has designed a number of things amateurs need

At his home in Coventry, Conn., Stephen Loyzim, a ham since 1930, contacts another ham, while his wife studies an ARRL map. Loyzim was a communications officer with the 8th AAF in England

TO APPROXIMATELY 138,940,000 American citizens, August 21, 1945, was a mildly exciting news day in which the first American occupation troops made ready to land in Japan, President Truman announced the end of Lend-Lease, a Madame Suzy arrived from France with the first Paris hats since 1940, and a New Yorker named Flaherty beat the heck out of a waiter who served him cold potato pancakes and then absent-mindedly observed, "Don't you know there's a war on?" To the other 60,000 Americans, August 21, 1945, was a wild combination of V-E Day, V-J Day, Christmas and the Fourth of July. For August 21, 1945, was the day the Federal Communications Commission allowed the radio hams to return to the air. The result was something like nylon stocking day at the department store.

The radio ham, in case you didn't know, is the most rabid fanatic of all American hobbyists. "Ham" is the affectionate, self-imposed nickname for "amateur radio operator," and, according to legend, is the abbreviation of the cockney, "hamateur." The typical American ham is an earnest, intelligent young man of about thirty, who works diligently in a garage or a bank all day and then comes home and spends half the night bending over a homemade, fifty-dollar radio transmitter, conversing in a strange, international jargon with other hams who work in Russian and Australian garages and banks halfway around the world.

Time was when people would look at the local radio ham, tap their heads and comment on what a shame it was for a grown man to be playing around with a child's toys. But times have changed. Because of his prewar and wartime contributions, the ham now gets letters of commendation from the President of the United States, and U.S. senators have adopted him as a symbol of clean-living American young manhood.

This, of course, also may be due to the fact that the ham now is big business. With thousands of radio-trained soldiers and sailors coming out of the services, the FCC expects that the present total of 60,000 licensed amateurs will increase to 250,000 in another five years. Before the war, the ham annually purchased five million dollars worth of equipment manufactured especially for him. In five years, this little sum will pop up to more than twenty millions. And that, as the expression goes, ain't hay.

The development of the ham in the jaundiced eye of American public opinion was interesting. At first, the amateur was maligned and cursed for cluttering up the air waves with so-called moronic chatter. He was blamed for all radio broadcast interference, ranging from that caused by cosmic rays to the guy using the electric razor next door. Then, suddenly, the ham went to the other extreme and was hailed as a hero, which he quietly had been all the time.

In 1938, for instance, Wilson E. Burgess, known to the other hams of America by his call letters, W1BDS, was sitting around the department store in Westerly, Rhode Island, where he worked, watching the rising wind outside the store windows. When the heavy plate glass suddenly buckled inward and a small oak tree drifted into the ladies' girdle department, he decided that this wasn't just an ordinary storm. It wasn't. It was the famous 1938 hurricane-tidal-wave flood that all but crippled the northeastern states. In a matter of hours hundreds of people were killed in New England alone, and thousands of homes were blown down, smashed by falling trees or washed away.

Cut Off from the Outside World

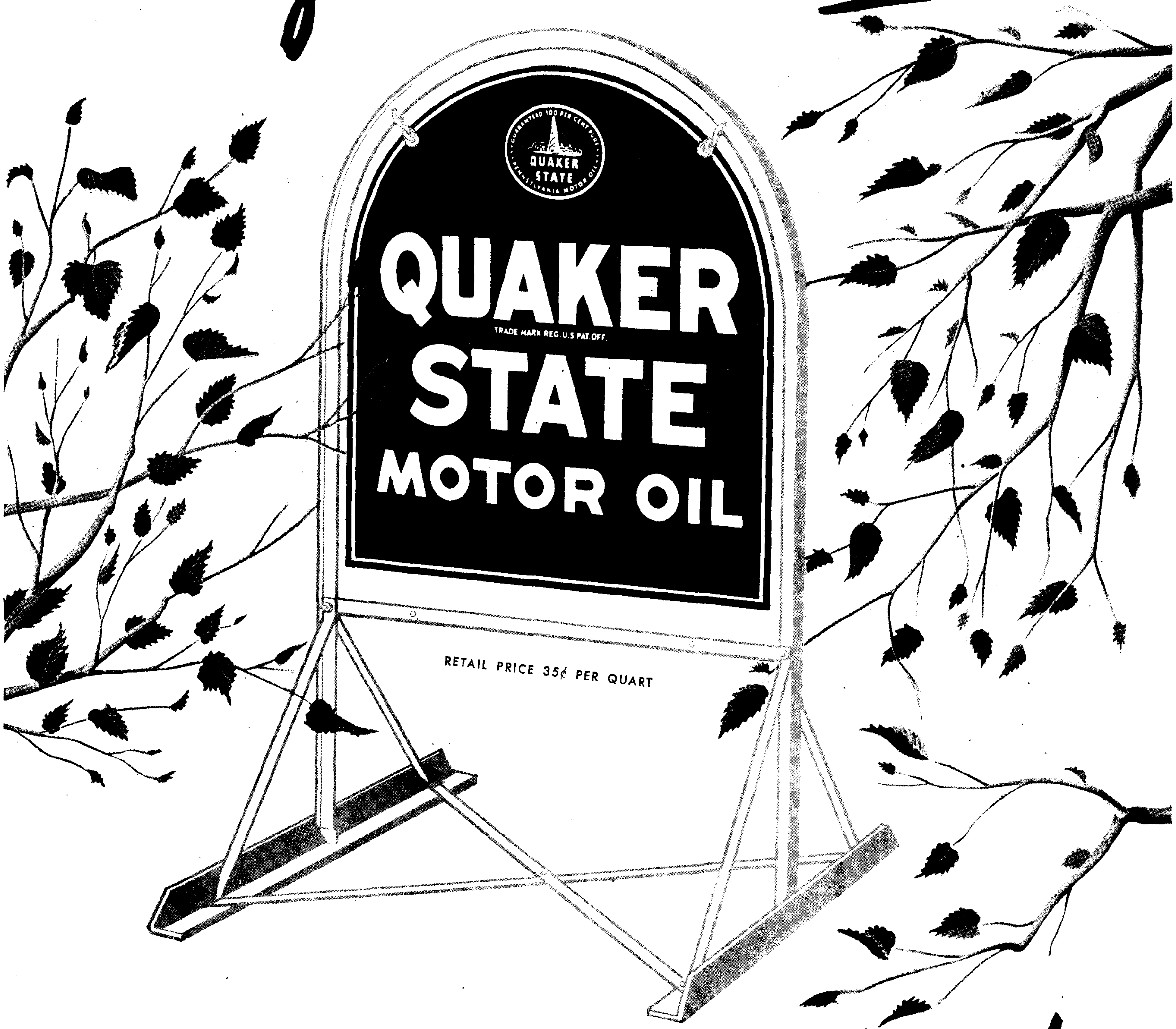
Burgess immediately analyzed the situation, helped himself to batteries and wire from the radio department of the store and fought his way home over the trunks of fallen trees. On the way, he met George Marshall, another ham, who shrieked, "All the telephone and power lines are down, the radio stations are knocked out and the roads out of here are blocked. We've got to set up contact with someone on the outside to try to get medical supplies in here." Burgess nodded. He gave Marshall two of the heavy B-batteries to lug.

When they arrived at Burgess' home, they found his transmitter intact. But the garage that supported the antenna had been flattened. Burgess tried rigging antenna wire to trees, but the trees kept falling. Once, the wind whipped a pair of pliers out of his hand. These pliers were found, a few days later embedded three inches in the trunk of a near-by oak.

Finally, Burgess solved the antenna problem by winding the wire several times around his house. That was at 8 P.M. A few minutes later, he set himself up in front of his tiny, battery-operated transmitter and sent out a QRR (an emergency call similar to SOS). There was no answer. Burgess held his breath and tried again. A signal came in weakly. A ham in New York City had picked him up. The New York ham relayed the message to Clark Rodimon, another amateur operating as W1SZ in Hartford, Connecticut. And the contact was made.

For more than three days after that, Burgess and Marshall sat at that pitiful little transmitter tapping out over eight hundred messages for the Red Cross, the police, the newspapers and the town officials. It was the area's only contact with the outside world. They sent through requests for food, medicine and caskets—and then they spent hours notifying people, through hams all over the country, of the condition of their relatives in Westerly. (*Continued on page* 56)

When green means STOP!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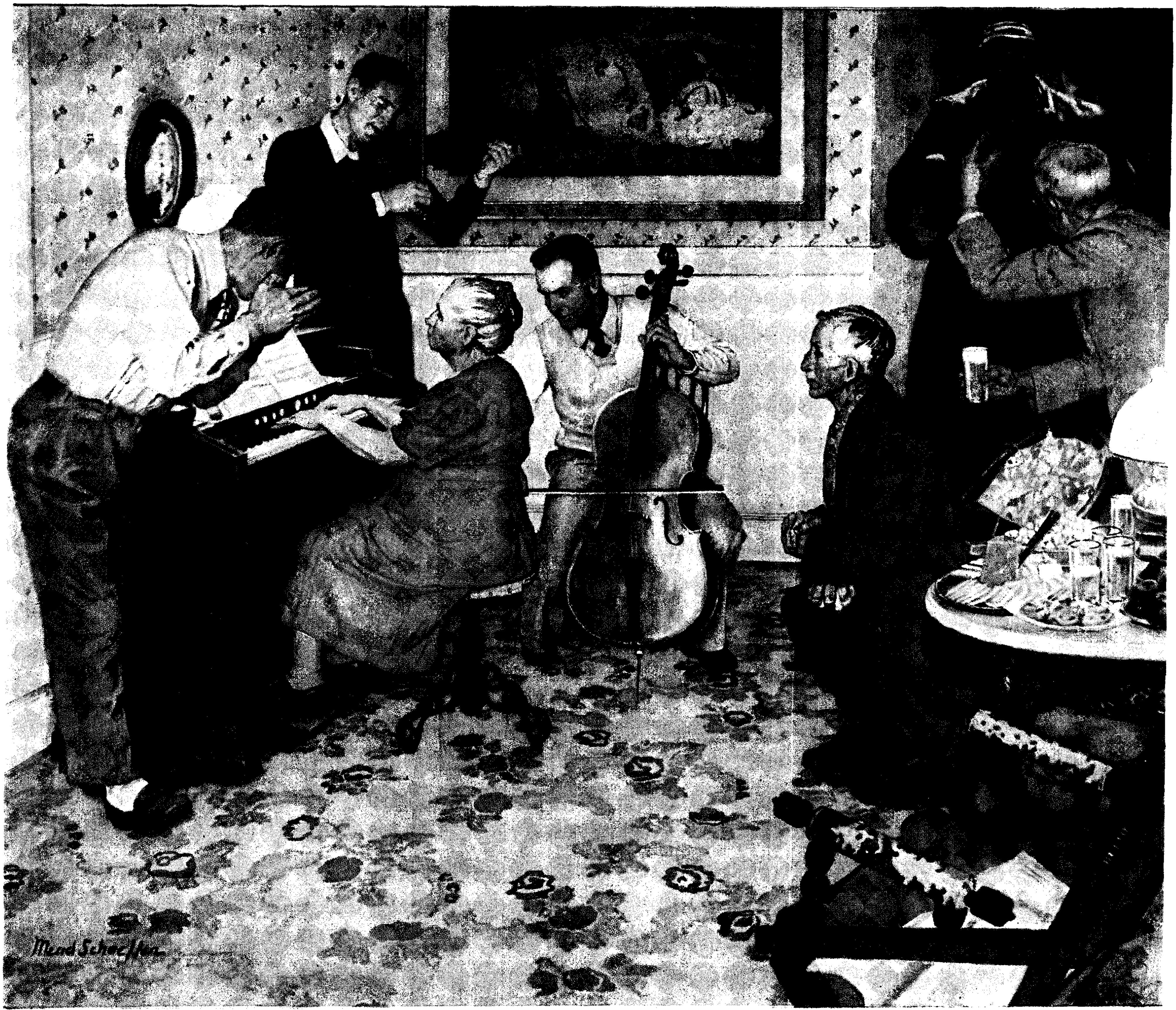

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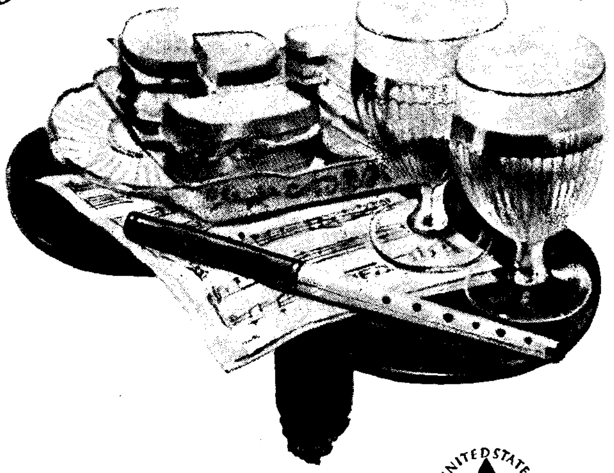


In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs — to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION 1941

The Pawn

Continued from page 22

bachelor, came out Thanksgiving and Christmas, and on the children's birthdays; later, for the announcement parties, and the weddings. Although their friendship circled the calendar, the center of the circle was Wednesday-night chess. Two fine games.

In spring and summer they played just off the side porch with a coal-oil lamp (later a four-phase floor lamp) splotching the screen door white with candle flies. In fall and winter they moved to the hearth.

Through the years their game was about even. Al would win one with power that Doc's stratagems could neither swerve nor contain. Then Doc would win one by brilliant deception.

Doc would clap on his battered felt at the door, and with the little twinkle that always preceded the gibe, say, "One win for you, Al. You were obvious. One win for me. I was unfathomable. We'll play it off next Wednesday." But Wednesday always began a series of two.

It was a calming, pleasant way to grow older, then really old, with two fine games of chess to look forward to on Wednesday nights. Occasionally they played an extra game, without pieces or a board at all. Chess just the same—mind maneuvering against mind—this time not to perplex or mislead, but to help the other mind out of its own tangle.

ONCE, back in the late twenties, Doc's game was off for weeks. He'd lost a patient unaccountably—the mother of two small children—and he couldn't seem to pull himself together. One Wednesday night, before the hearth, while they waited for the rain to slack up so Doc could go to the hotel, Doc was slumped on the divan, silent and depressed, looking into the fire. Margaret was knitting a sweater for the first grandchild (Elise's baby). Al came over from putting the chessmen away and said quietly, "Doc, you saved my boy's life. May as well admit it. Margaret and I know. Now you've lost a patient. What do you do, Doc, when you know in advance you'll lose someone?"

Doc, whose hair was just beginning to turn gray, looked up from his thoughts. He pulled in his breath, and let it slowly out. "A doctor oughtn't to talk about these things, Al," he said. Then, "Guess I can tell you and Margaret." He studied his hands a minute. "Well, I've got a patient, say, who's had a little of this and that. Nothing serious but enough to start me worrying. I can't find the real trouble. I don't know everything. Then one day he comes in. He looks hit—gray, pinched expression—and he's got a question in his eyes I don't like. His instinct has told him something serious is wrong. Well, these are signs, so I go over him with a fine-tooth comb. Casually, you understand. And then I'm sure. It's a cancer." Doc pulled his lips tight, and nodded slowly. "I know he's got four or five weeks to be up and around, to talk and eat and sleep and do a few things he likes; so I let him keep this remaining time his own without knowing.

"But there's his question I've got to answer. I've examined him and he's waiting for my answer. I've got to use words, and his instinct is older than words."

Doc looked at his hands again, then said, "Well, I play a little chess with him. Not always the same game, of course—that depends—but substantially the same. He's got to win this game because he's going to lose everything soon. If he doesn't win, he'll die a hundred times instead of once.

"So I give him a good position to start, give him a pawn. A pawn's a small thing but it will sometimes win a game. I see his fear—dilated pupils, tight mouth muscles—but I don't notice. I maneuver him with his back to the light. I'm in the light, my face and eyes. I have nothing to hide, understand. I want him to notice our positions and soon he does. All humans try to hide fear—it's the animal. He thinks he hides his and he feels a little safer waiting for me to talk.

"Then I look directly at him. 'Tom or Jim,' I say, 'your stomach's acting up and throwing your whole system out of whack. I'm going to put you on a diet.' And I do—name some stuff I know he likes to eat. If it's winter I talk about taking him off in spring.

"Now to win he's got to attack, so I say, 'Stay on this diet, Jim; and no monkey business. A bellyache is no fun.'

"But instinct tells him this pain is no bellyache. In this pain there's darkness—the unknown. And his eyes get bright with fear and defensive anger. 'Listen, Doc,' he'll say, 'what are you beating around the bush about? What's on your mind, Doc?'

"There's his question in the open, and if I don't watch him he'll retreat into defeat. So I keep his attack coming. I get a little ruffled, not much, just a little. 'All right, Jim,' I say, 'since you've brought things to a head. . . . It's *your* mind I've got on my mind. Now you listen to me for a change. I'm no psychologist, Jim. I'm a body doctor. So please keep your mind out of my business. It's upsetting my business by upsetting your own stomach, and if you want to work yourself into a nice case of stomach ulcers . . .'

"'Ulcers . . .' He'll catch at the word. 'Ulcers,' something known.

"'Now there you go,' I interrupt him, 'jumping to conclusions. I didn't say you *would* get ulcers. I said you *might* get ulcers if you don't stop trumping things up in your head.'

"And now he needs all the help I can give, so I get sentimental. He'll understand this better than anything else. All really sick people get sentimental. By pulling all their feelings to the surface for show they hope to get the sympathy and help they're desperate for. I say, 'Jim, I've been your doctor for fifteen years. I think I can explain something to you. I'm a bachelor, Jim. I've got a room at a hotel where I hang my hat. And I've got an office where I practice medicine. Well, Jim, medicine is my life. I do the best I can, if a patient will let me. I take pride in knowing what I'm about.'

"He'll put his hand on my shoulder. 'I'm sorry, Doc. I didn't mean it like that. I thought . . .'

"'I know,' I interrupt him. 'You thought ten other things. That's your overactive noodle I'm talking about.' Then I get firm as a doctor should be. 'Now stay on this diet, Jim,' I tell him. 'I'll take care of you if you'll only let me.'"

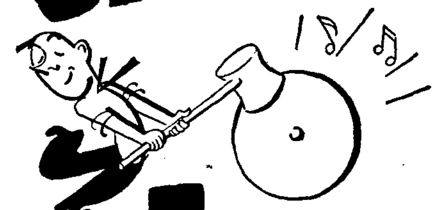
DOC looked for a second or two into the fire, then said, "I tell his family lawyer, or his family. It all depends. And I *will* take care of him as well as any doctor can. I know some morning around two I'll get a hurry call. The real pain has set in, not just the nagging off-and-on pain. I rush over and fill him full of morphine. His time from then on is a kind of dream he can manage for himself. He sleeps. He rests. He feels nothing. He's even getting a little better, isn't he? It takes then only a minute or two to die—not four or five weeks—and I make sure I'm there a little ahead of time with my hypodermic. . . ."

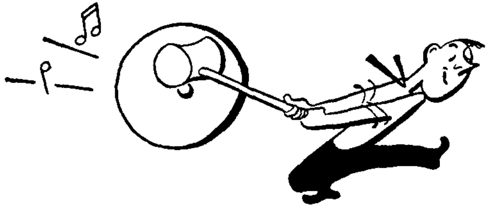
Doc let his breath out. He put his hands on his knees and pushed up. Well, good night, good night. Sorry he'd been such a bore, talking medicine. Forgive him. He'd talked too much. . . .

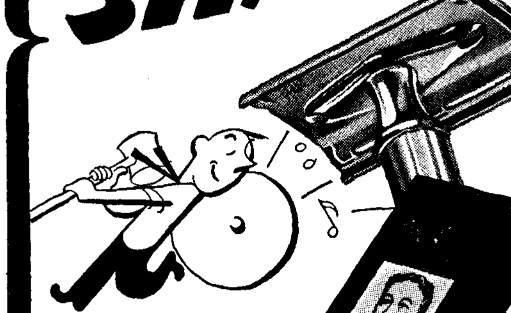
Doc hadn't talked too much. Talk had pulled him up out of his distress, started him thinking on the positive side of the helpful things he had done and could still do for his patients.

An extra little game of chess, without the pieces or board. One win for Doc that Doc didn't know about, and one win for Al that he'd carefully planned—all in the same game. Al knew Doc's kindness and his subtlety. Doc must have figured some way to cushion the way for a patient in deep trouble. Nothing but chess.

Doc played an extra game, once, with Al when the stakes were higher than emotional distress. In the fall of '32 (before the sulfa drugs) Al was hard hit by double pneumonia—delirious off and on for days. Doc hardly







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took his clothes off. He'd say good night after a visit and slam the front door and then tiptoe back into the living room to sleep on the couch. He didn't want Al to know how sick he was. Margaret kept out of Al's room as much as she could to hide her anxiety. Doc was anxious, too, but he'd learned to cover up, being a doctor.

One windy morning about dawn Al beckoned Doc closer to the bed so Margaret in the next room couldn't hear. "Think I can make it, Doc?" he asked tiredly. "Tell me. Don't tell Margaret."

Doc pulled in his breath deep. This had been his fear all night, and here it was in the open where it shouldn't be. Doc didn't hesitate. He knew Al's mind—stubborn under attack, resilient. Doc forced that little twinkle and said, "Hope not, you fool. I stand to get a handsome chess set out of this." The little gibe, normal and assuring and challenging.

Margaret, at the doorway, overheard, and suddenly all of them had laughed. Pale laughter, perhaps, but laughter. The first in weeks. By nine o'clock Al's temperature was down to 103. In ten days he was in the rocker by the window. More chess between Doc and Al.

There had been times, though, through the years, when maneuvering chess-fashion couldn't solve trouble. But the answer always centered around their game. Take the late summer of '34, during the depression. Al's game was slipshod and awry; he hadn't won a game for weeks. Al was worried about something though he never said what. Doc didn't ask. Then one afternoon Doc pieced things together. Al's business was bad at the store and he couldn't send the last boy away to college no matter how he figured.

THAT next Wednesday night as they were setting up the pieces for their first game, Doc said with a twinkle, "Your pawn play's ragged, Al. Slows my game. Your kid's education isn't that important." Doc dropped a fistful of twenties into Al's lap—money Doc had borrowed piecemeal all over town, and from a loan company against his X-ray outfit. Al won both games that night, or was it Doc who won them for him? No matter. Winning had never really counted with either of them too much. It was this tie of friendship with chess as the knot that had made the long years something to remember.

Snow against the window. Slanting rains of spring. Heat lightning crackling the summer night. Sharp, nose-hurting fall. Wednesday-night chess, without fail.

All but last night.

Doc hadn't shown up; or sent word why. Margaret, across the hearth from Al, who was restlessly reading about the new atomic power, thought she knew why. She'd overheard the sharp talk after the first game last Wednesday night; then the silence during the second game. Both Doc and Al were tired. Doc had been going at a pretty fast clip during the war, what with so many of the young doctors in town away in the Army and Navy. And Al had been run-down all winter—a series of colds and a loss of weight. Doc and Al, she felt sure, would straighten out their squabble. Al was her main worry.

When he put aside his book, she said, "Doc's a little crabby lately, Al. His feelings seem to be hurt about something. Why don't you drop in the office tomorrow and see him?" If Al got in the office he might ask Doc for a tonic. It would be a gesture to Doc who had taken care of all of them for so long, a kind of easy apology. It would show Doc he was needed.

Al snorted, and straightened his stooped shoulders. "The old fool called me a rattlebrain last week. I can take some things if they're true. Trouble with Doc is, I've got him over the barrel. I know how he thinks and he knows I know it. It throws him off. He's been overplaying his game lately, and he calls *me* rattlebrain." Then Al chuckled remembering something about a younger Doc twenty or thirty years ago. Something crazy Doc had said. "Believe I *will* drop over tomorrow," Al said, "the irritable old buzzard."

Margaret put her mending aside, relieved. It was Al who had been irritable all winter and didn't realize it.

IT SNOWED hard all that next day, Friday. Al stayed in the store all day. Around five o'clock when the lights came on around the courthouse square, he saw the light on in Doc's office. He wanted to catch Doc alone, so he waited until almost suppertime. Then he put on his coat and muffler and crossed the square in the falling flakes.

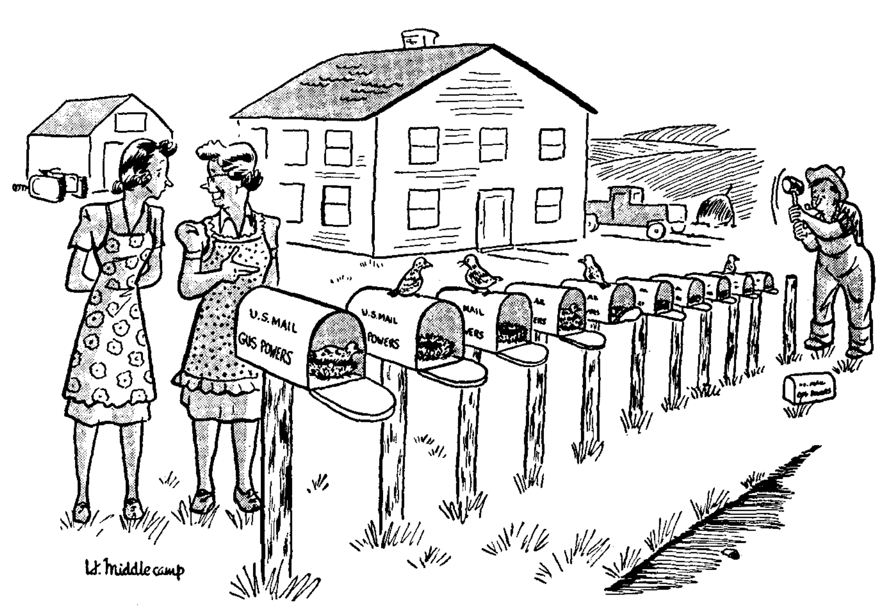
Doc was in the back office, holding a test tube up to the light, squinting over his glasses. When Al went back, Doc's eyes showed a twinkle.

"You old rattlebrain," he gibed, "come to accept my apology for beating the socks off you?" They leaned back laughing, glad the tension was over. Crazy old buzzards, them. Understanding each other so well and not making allowances for everything. . . .

Doc put the tube in a rack and said, "Couldn't come Wednesday, Al. P. B. Huff had a sinking spell. Had to call a young doctor over from Leesburg in consultation, and got tied up. Had quite a talk." Doc shook his head. "Good young doctor but he'd never heard of chess. Got a lot to learn."

Al thought Doc looked a little worried, so why not divert him, give him something to do? Al hadn't been feeling up to scratch, and since he was here in the office, why not? He said, "Doc, I get a pain here in my side every now and then. Usually after I eat. Would you have a quick look?"

Doc's eyes twinkled. "'Bout time you gave me some trade. Take your shirt off, Al, and sit there on the table. I'll operate without an anesthetic." Doc chuckled and went over to



"Every time he puts one up, some bird moves in, and you know what a softy Gus is"

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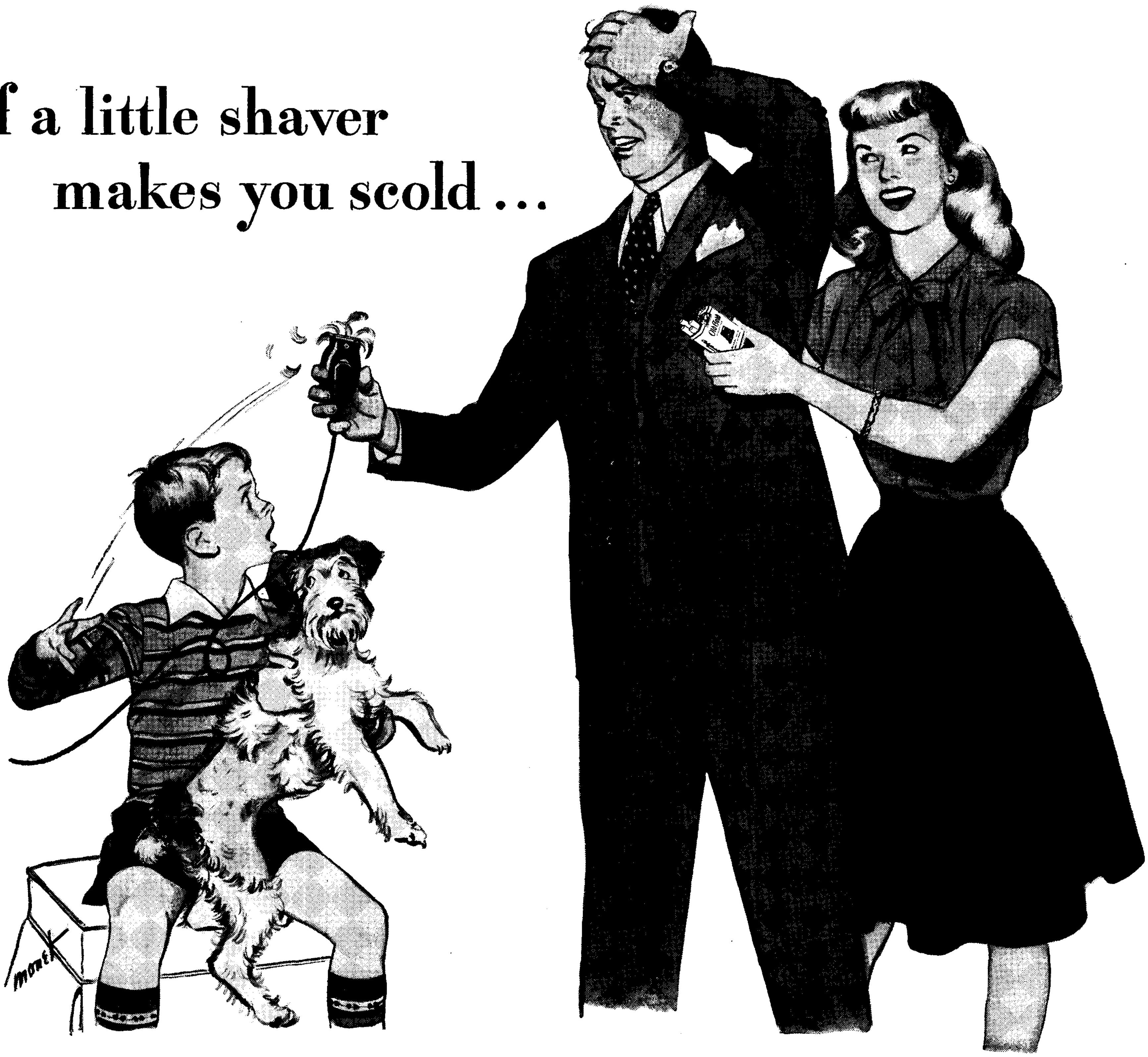

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the basin and washed and dried his hands. When he came back he said, "Turn around toward the light, Al. Don't see as well as I did a hundred years ago."

Doc tapped and thumped and moved his hands expertly over Al's side, watching Al for signs of wincing.

"Go ahead," Doc said, "and tell me when I hurt. No chess now."

When Doc found a tender spot he started the questions. When had Al first noticed the pain? Any nausea? Any dizziness? Drink much water? Sleep at night?

Finally Doc said, "No wonder your chess game's so disgraceful. Liver's out of whack." Then, "Come on in here a minute, Al. I've got this fancy equipment and may as well use it on you so I can send you a big bill." Al followed Doc into the dark room to the new fluoroscope.

"Uh-huh," Doc said after a few minutes, pursing his lips and nodding in the shadows.

When they went back Doc washed his hands again, shaking the water into the basin. He yanked a paper towel off the roll, and carefully dried his hands. Without looking around he said, "I've finished, Al. Put on your shirt. It's a little chilly in here."

Doc tossed the towel into the wastebasket and then walked beyond the overhead light. "Nothing wrong, Al," he said, "except Margaret's cooking is too rich for you. Much too good for you," he added, chuckling at the little gibe. "May have to put you on a little diet. Take you off fats and oils for a while. Maybe by March you can get back on your regular feed." Doc smiled and adjusted his cuffs. "No hurry, tonight. I'll tell Margaret, Wednesday, what you can't eat."

As Al finished buttoning his shirt, his mind caught at a fleeting thought but it escaped him. Then, from long years of chess with Doc, he sensed that Doc's mind was maneuvering against his. Why? He felt his heart beating. While he looked into Doc's eyes he realized that this *was* a game. Then Doc made one move more, one move that threw the game into disproportion. Doc overplayed.

With a twinkle in his tired-looking eyes, Doc said, "Thought I might be getting a handsome chess set soon, Al. Guess I'll have to wait a few years more after all."

AL DOBSON was a tough-fibered, calm man, and he clamped his teeth against the rush of words he felt. The fleeting thought was clear. Out of all the words of twenty-odd years he remembered ". . . Put you on a little diet . . . take you off by spring." This was it.

Years of controlling his thoughts before Doc made him smile. Doc smiled back as Al answered, "Don't get impatient, Doc. I got a long time yet." Doc seemed to be waiting for him to talk so Al said, "Margaret has been pretty heavy-handed with the food lately. I'll do what you say, Doc." And Doc had called him *rattlebrain.*

"Well," Doc said, "guess I'll clean up here a few minutes and get on down to the hotel for supper. Going as far as the corner, Al?"

"No, Doc, got to stop off at the store. See you Wednesday."

"Wednesday, Al. Good night."

"Good night, Doc."

Al Dobson walked out into the swirling flakes. What to do now? How about Margaret and the kids. The kids were married and getting along. He'd have to think later about Margaret. One small comforting thought. He hadn't winced. Doc hadn't noticed. Doc didn't know that he knew.

The need for something real made him put his head in the door of the store and call to Miss Truly, the clerk, "I'm going on home to supper. You can close up anytime you want to. I'll open in the morning."

At the corner of Main Street as he started home he almost stopped in to talk with C. O. Wright, his lawyer. But that would be rattlebrained. Doc would attend to that for him. Then he thought about Doc—Doc who had always done so much for all of them. And what had he ever done for Doc? Here he was getting sentimental. Then suddenly he remembered the set. Doc had always wanted the set. Why not give it to him ahead of time, a gesture? He walked faster. He had even a better thought. Why not give it to Doc with a little gibe? Let Doc know that he knew. What a crowning gibe! Doc thinking that he had outsmarted *him!* Doc still had a lot to learn about chess. . . .

At home, Margaret was in the kitchen and didn't hear him come in. He went quietly to his room and got the chess set off the top shelf in his clothes closet. He opened the box for one last look. There were the pieces, perfectly carved, snug in faded red plush.

He wrote his signature a couple of times to test his hand, and then on a clean card wrote:

You old unhung liar and bum chess player. One win for me, and the series. Don't tell Margaret. Everything under control. Al.

He wrapped the box in newspapers against the wet snow, and tiptoed out. Margaret hadn't heard. She wouldn't miss the set.

As he crossed the square again, he saw the light still on in Doc's office, as he hoped it would be.

At Doc's hotel he said to Vic Kronenmeyer, the clerk, "Put this in Doc's room, will you, Vic? Right in the middle of his bed where he can't miss it. Don't tell him a package is waiting for him. Thanks."

"Right away, Mr. Dobson," Vic said, and went up the steps.

Going home, Al knew how Doc would act when he read the card. He'd pull in his breath the way he always did when he knew he was licked. One last gibe between old buzzards. To go the way you had lived, that was the game. A steady game even while your defenses crumbled.

WHEN old Doc Blanchard opened the box in his room, he sat there on the edge of the bed for a long time, slowly shaking his head. He read the card again, and pulled in his breath. For forty years he'd been trying to outwit Al's sharp mind . . . and now this. His hand trembled a little as he laid the card to one side, and looked at the pieces snug in their plush niches. All his life, it seemed, he had wanted this set; and now it was his, a present from Al—ahead of time. He had the impulse to take the set back and talk to Al, but he knew that Al would want it like this. This was the game.

Slowly he took the pieces out of the box, one by one: the ornate castles; the gallant knights; the queen with the perfectly notched crown. . . . Beautiful. . . .

He set the pieces up on his dresser to look at while he changed his shirt. He'd leave them out to look at once in a while. . . . This was the end of chess with Al. Doc's hands still trembled a little as he washed them before going downstairs to supper.

MARGARET heard the news from Alma Wright, the lawyer's wife, at Sunday-school time. She didn't call Al right away. Al was downstairs in the basement tinkering with something and she thought he may as well not know for a while longer. Doc Blanchard had died around eight o'clock at the hotel. Doc had been to the lawyer Friday morning and made his will. Some young doctor from Leesburg had been treating Doc, and had finally found the trouble. Cancer.

When Al came upstairs, Margaret told him, and because he looked so shaken, she said, to keep him busy, "There's a package for you, Al, on your bed. Vic Kronenmeyer brought it over from the hotel a few minutes ago."

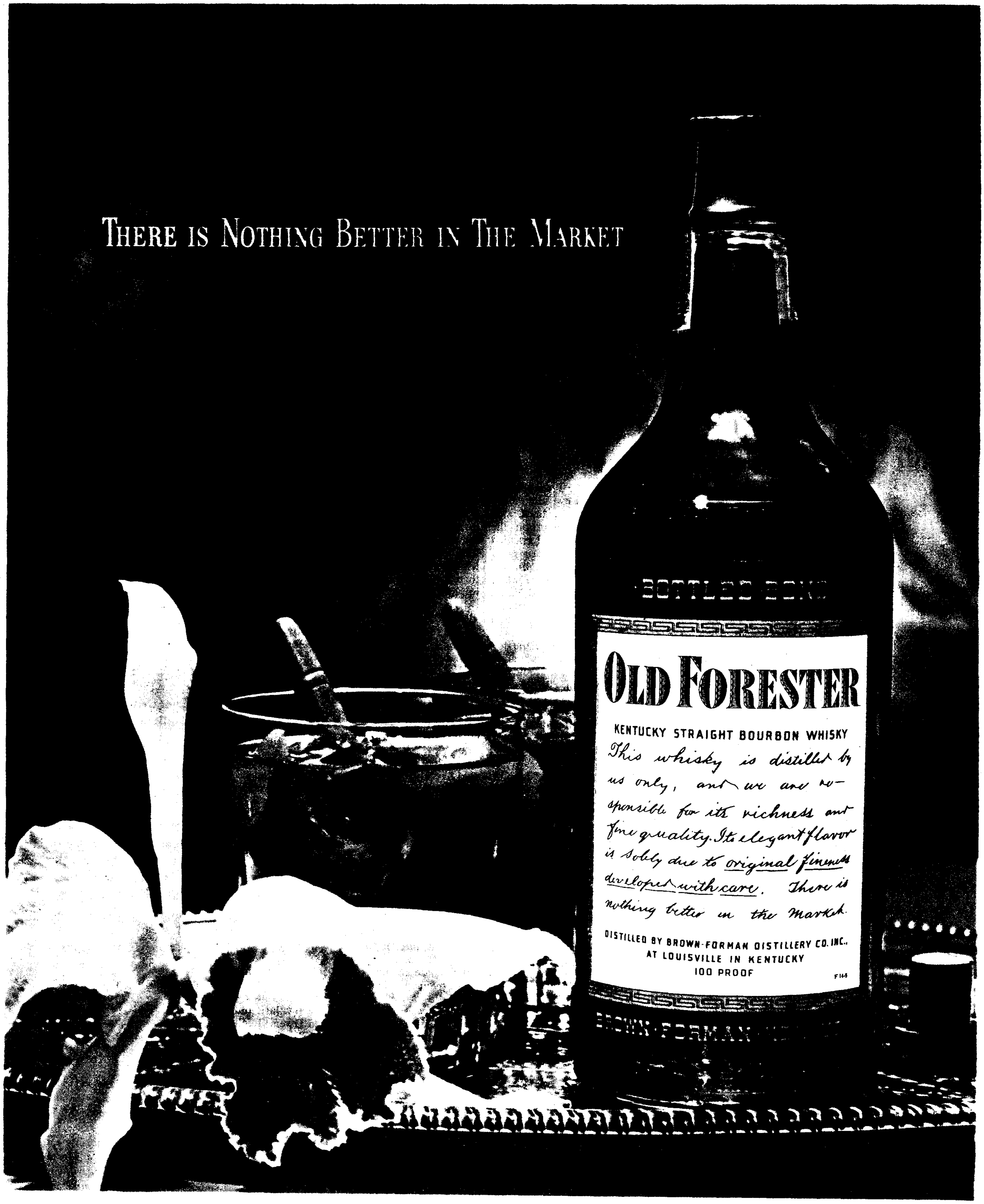
Al walked slowly into his room and tore away the newspaper wrapping. The set! On top was his card beginning, *You old unhung liar,* with (OVER) at the bottom in Doc's steady hand.

Al Dobson was a calm, self-willed man but his hand shook so he could hardly read:

You old rattlebrain:

You'll live for years. Nothing wrong with your health that a nonfat diet won't clear up—just as I said. Only serious thing the matter with you is you can't play good chess. One win for me, the set—forgive me, I needed it. And now one win for you you didn't expect. You outlived me. We'll have to arrange to play this series off somewhere later on—maybe some Wednesday night. Everything under control. Doc

THE END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Continued from page 19

I knew that Robin never did anything, or said anything, without good reason. I rose and just walked ahead, holding my rifle in readiness. I walked past one, two, three, four green huts and nothing happened. The huts bordered the road. To the left I could hear the soft lapping of the waves on the beach. Now I was opposite the fifth and last green hut. It took every ounce of self-control I had to keep from breaking into a mad run. Valau kept walking steadily ahead of me. We kept on for half a mile before Valau, Robin or I spoke. Then Robin came up and we walked together. He was smiling faintly.

"A good god the Japan worship," he said.

"What are you talking about?" I was in no mood for fooling.

Robin pointed to the sun. It was just dipping below the horizon, and then I realized what he meant and I laughed out loud. Every day at sundown, the Japs at all beach camps would walk down to the water's edge and just as the sun dropped, would say some Shinto prayers. They had been there on the beach, only forty feet from us, looking seaward, occupied with their worship. "A good god," Robin said. He'd been a "good god" on our side all right.

When Yank Meets Yank

I moved Leli up to the head of the column. We'd gone perhaps half an hour when the line in front of me stopped. I dropped to the ground and with half an eye looked for cover. Then Leli came trotting back. He said that there was a white man on the beach some 300 yards ahead of us. I crawled off the road to the left so I could get a good view. There was a man there, all right. He started walking toward us. He wore white shorts—nothing else. I stood up and Valau handed me the Enfield. I started walking toward the figure. At fifty feet he waved and yelled, "Are you an American?"

I gulped. I tried to choke down the joy that swelled up into my throat. This was an American. I tried to yell and shout and tell him how glad I was to see him.

Instead, I saluted and said, "Yes, sir."

"I'm Lieutenant Owen Gierston," he said, walking toward me. "What were you flying?"

"17s," I said.

"I'm a 38 pilot," he said.

"My God, I'm glad to see you!"

"No gladder than I am to see you," he said.

He'd come up now and had stuck out his hand. I shook it and I just hung on to it.

This was the first American I had seen in nearly seven months. It was a great moment.

"Who won the World Series?" I finally asked.

"The Yanks," he said. "They beat the Cardinals."

"That's good," I told him. "I'm a Yank fan." Then I asked if the Japs had spotted him and he said he didn't think they had. He had been shot down four days before, had bailed out, and had drifted to shore on his rubber raft.

"Robin . . . Leli . . . Valau," I called and the three sort of glided out of the foliage. Gierston started, but that was all.

"These are my boys," I told him. "We're on our way to join up with some Australians."

"This is your party," Gierston grinned.

It's like that in the Air Corps. We walked down the beach and found Gierston's big, easily spotted silk chute hanging there. The boys quickly pulled it down. We buried that and we pulled his rubber raft into the underbrush.

I asked Gierston to take off his shoes and walk in his stocking feet, as the Air Force boots would leave unmistakable prints on the soft road. We went on about a mile and the boys soon had a fire going and some pig in it. They also had papaw and yams and some pineapple. Gierston told me the war news. For the first time, I learned that we had cleaned up North Africa and had taken Sicily. He told me of how we had captured Lae and Finschhafen on New Guinea. He said that Gasmata was in ruins and that we were knocking Cape Gloucester out of existence. We had plenty of aircraft, he told me: lots of Libs and 17s and plenty of P-38s to escort them.

"To escort the Libs, you mean," I broke in. "17s don't need escorts, Owen."

"Okay, okay," he laughed, and even though he was a fighter pilot I was getting to like him more and more.

We set off on our search for the Australians early in the morning. Owen was stronger. The sleep had done him a lot of good.

We crossed a river and again found the beach road. Owen and I stayed near the end of the column. We had gone about half an hour when I saw Valau, way up ahead, raise his hand. We stopped and I pushed Owen down. I motioned to him to follow me and I slipped off to the right of the road into the jungle. I kept going, crouched over, with Owen, grinning as though he were playing cowboys and Indians, right behind me. We went seventy-five yards or so inland and then lay down. We could watch the road from here.

"I'm not going to be captured, chum," I told him.

"Me neither," Owen grinned, patting the Enfield rifle which I had taken from Valau and given to him. My boys had just melted away. You didn't have to worry about them. If the Japs came on them, they'd just play dumb and the Japs wouldn't get anything out of them. Then I clutched Owen's arm. A group of Japs chattering casually were coming down the road. They all had guns but they were just sauntering along quite unconscious of the fact that our two guns were trained on them. They passed, seventeen of them, and we breathed easier. Valau came to implore us to get farther back into the jungle.

"The Japans will smell you," Valau said in all seriousness.

"We're not that bad," I said, only half believing. "We may be a little gamy, but the Japs can't smell us."

We stayed away from the road now and traveled through the jungle.

"I suppose we'll only be with the Aussies a few days and then they'll send a sub for us," Owen said.

"That sounds too good to be true," I said dubiously. "But I hope you're right."

"I'd like to spend a month or so here," he said happily, "so I could learn the language."

"I'll teach you the language when we get home," I said.

Out of the Jungle

We kept stumbling along, our feet bleeding by now, and then suddenly Robin said, "Stop, masta." I looked up wearily but saw nothing ahead. Then a man stepped out of the jungle.

This was Major Allan Roberts. His camp was so well camouflaged that we had almost stumbled into it without knowing it was there. He was about forty, a burly figure, immaculate in his Aussie uniform and that attractive campaign hat.

"Hello, mate," he said, putting out his hand. I was too tired to salute but just told him who I was and introduced Owen. I felt pretty untidy in my dirty shorts and bare, bleeding feet.

"We'll get you some food first and then you can tell us all about it," Major Roberts said in a friendly fashion. Then he introduced us to his second in command, Captain Malcolm English, a handsome six-footer with a neatly trimmed beard, and a rangy, ruddy-faced, red-haired sergeant named David McAvoy. One look at him and you felt that he'd be a good man to have around in case of trouble. He had been fighting in the African theater and had been one of the "Tobruk rats."

Major Roberts had assembled 15 natives who acted as scouts and bearers and servants for him. They had built several fairly substantial huts for the party and a hut for the radio equipment. I had my boys immediately build a hut for Owen and myself. I

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asked Roberts if he would radio my base telling them that I'd appeared on the scene. He did so, and that was a big load off my mind. Roberts said that from time to time Liberators flew over and dropped supplies by parachute. I told him I'd like to ask for a new uniform and he promised to radio for that.

A week later my boys reported that natives had picked up two American fliers and were bringing them our way. They walked in that afternoon. One was Lieutenant Edward Czarnecki of Wilmington, Delaware, and the other was Lieutenant Carl Planck of Charleston, South Carolina. Both were P-38 pilots.

We were four mighty happy Americans there in the Aussie camp. Now all we had to do was to wait a few days until a submarine popped up to take us home. That's what we thought, anyway.

Moving Camp No Easy Job

A few days after Czarnecki and Planck arrived, Major Roberts gave orders to break camp and move. He said that too many natives knew of our whereabouts and that any of them might turn us in. Moving this camp was not the simple job of just building a new group of huts. It involved transportation of our radio units and the heavy wet-cell batteries which were part of the equipment. All this stuff had to be crated. So did the food supply. Then the natives had to carry it through the jungle. To complicate matters, heavy rains had set in and the naked natives were having a bad time.

We moved down the Mevelo River and across a small mountain range. The boys built a fine camp here, and once more we four Americans had a sturdy four-bunk hut to ourselves. At the end of a week, Roberts decided that the Japs knew we were in the vicinity. I suggested that we send Leli down to the nearest Jap camp to see if he could pick up any gossip from the natives. So off Leli went. He returned three days later with considerable news. The Japs suspected that a party of Australians and Americans were hidden somewhere on the island, but they were searching for us in a completely different sector, some thirty miles from where we were. We were quite safe here, Leli said, and that was enough for me, but Major Roberts didn't feel a bit reassured.

It was late November now, and then came the day of days. Four big Liberators flashed over us, glided low and dropped bags of supplies. We could see the broad smiles on the crews' faces. The big bags parachuted down and we grabbed them eagerly. My old squadron hadn't forgotten me. There were two complete new uniforms; there were two .45s and a carbine; there were cartons of cigarettes, chocolate bars and a knife. But, more important, there were letters.

One read:

Hi, stiff: Hope you're well and getting along okay. We all know that you'll pull through in fine shape, so don't worry. The boys will do their damnedest to see to that. Keep the old chin up—we're sweating you out. Johnny Morrill and the boys.

Johnny Morrill was first sergeant of my old squadron.

There was another letter from an old pal of the squadron.

It read:

Dear Gordon: Just a few lines to let you know that we are with you. It looks as if you will have to start a new diary, as yours has been sent to your sister. Keep your chin up and we are looking forward to the day you will be back with us. I hope you will find the stuff to be what you want. Sorry there is no liquor available, because we know you could do with a stiff shot. Good luck to you, fellow. Master Sergeant T. (Mack) McConnel.

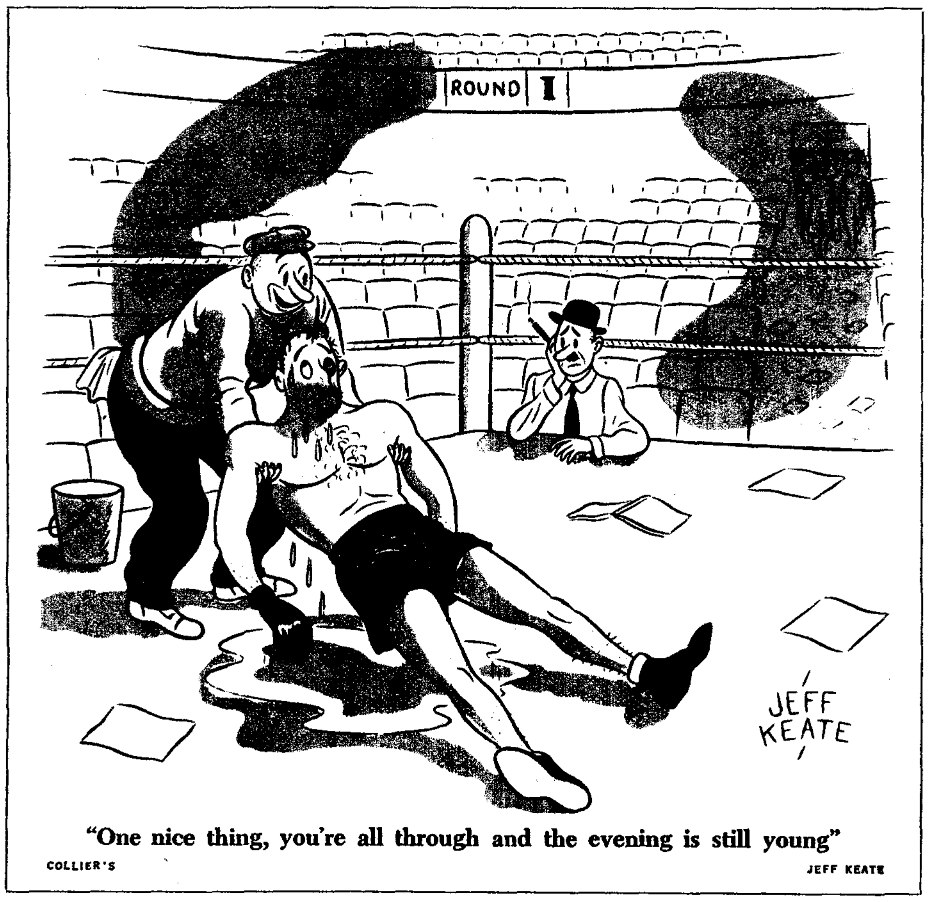
Mack was personnel sergeant of the old 64th Squadron.

David McAvoy and I found a fine stream about three miles away and we swam and fished. Mac was a wonderful companion, a great man, and a great soldier (and, I hope, still is).

Fear of Detection Ever Present

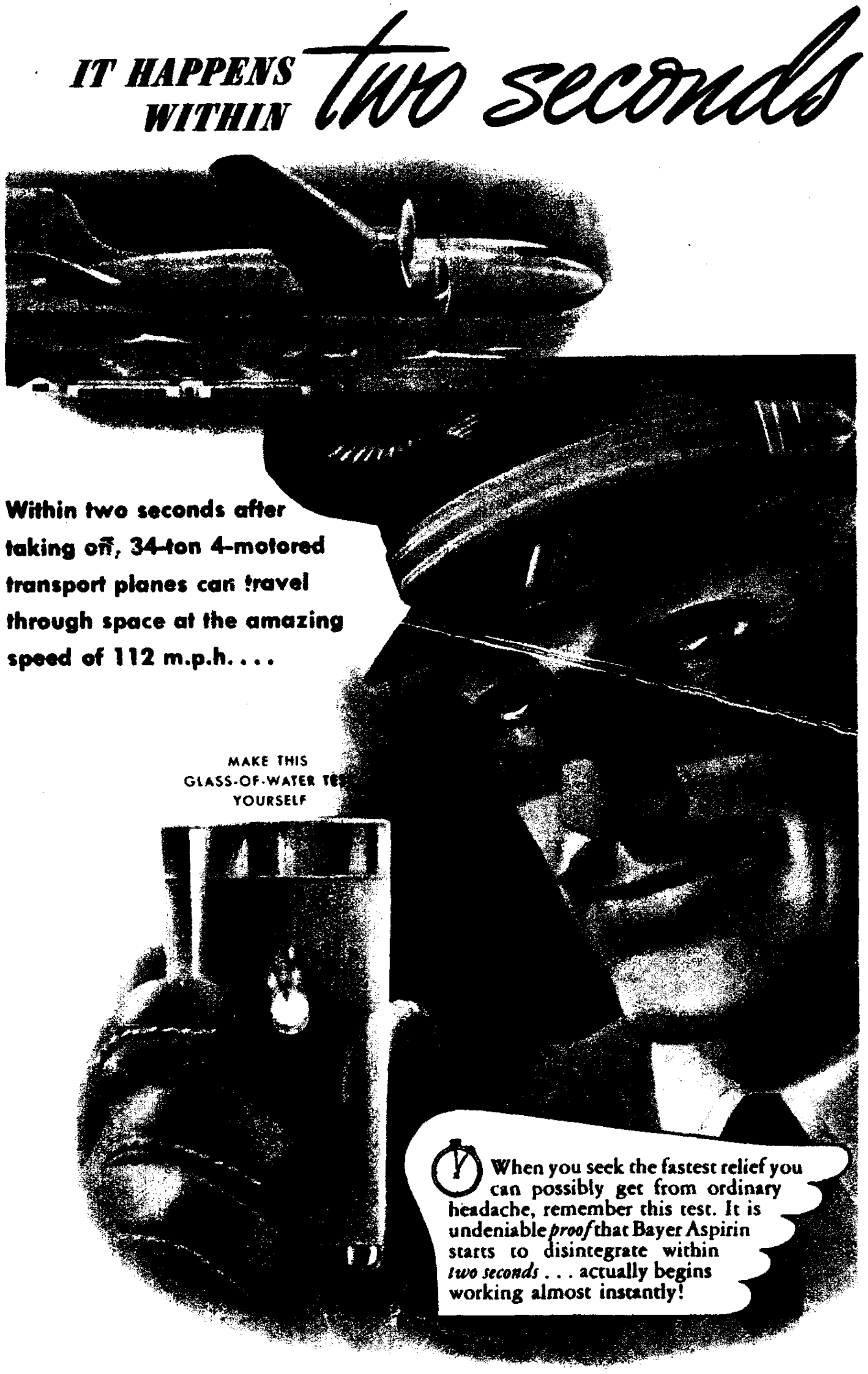
Once again Major Roberts gave the order to move. It was a wrench to leave the comfortable camp we had built, but he was afraid we would be discovered. So again the radio equipment, the food, the guns and ammo were packed, and again the natives had to carry the supplies on a five-mile trek. We made a temporary rude camp. It wasn't very comfortable, but our Liberators came over to see us, bringing a lot of stuff, and that made us feel better. My pals in the squadron had really gone to town. They sent me a bag filled with Christmas presents. They were very practical presents of fruitcake, gin, rum and Scotch. The other Americans all received food and liquor, too, and we decided to hold everything until Christmas.

I'll never forget Christmas Day on the island. We decided to give the natives a real feast. The boys had dropped five-gallon drums which held fruitcake. They dropped flour and all sorts of knickknacks they knew we'd want to use as Christmas presents for the natives. Christmas, strangely enough,



"One nice thing, you're all through and the evening is still young"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE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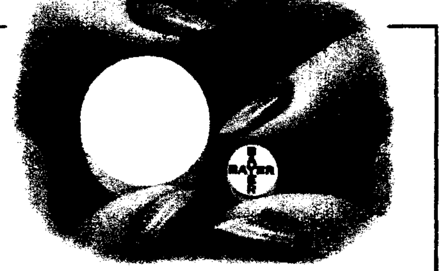

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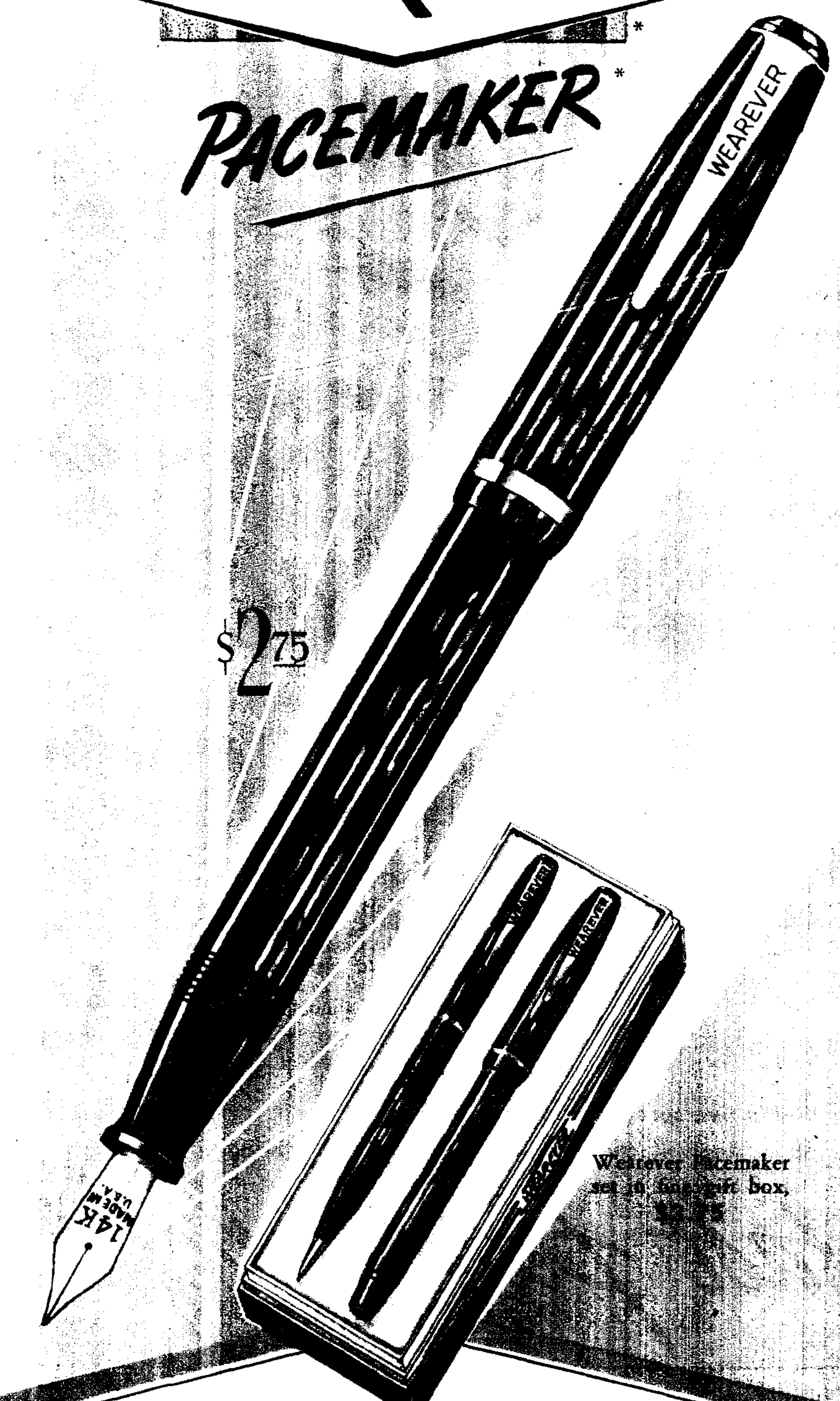

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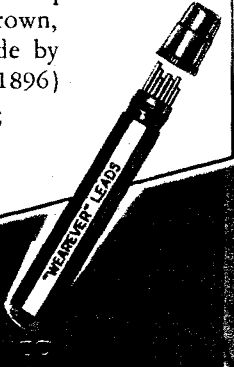

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*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

meant a lot to the natives. It didn't have any religious significance, except to the comparatively few missionary boys, but it was a big holiday for them. They counted years from Christmas to Christmas. New Year's meant nothing to them.

We baked some wonderful light bread and slaughtered some pigs. Then we made a sort of stew and, just to give it an added zip, we poured some rum into it. The boys ate themselves sick, and then we broke out with the fruitcakes. They had never seen anything like it. They put on a singsong for us.

Superficially it was all very gay and joyous. I gave my boys presents of tobacco and candy and chewing gum, and Robin I presented with a beautiful, sharp machete the boys had dropped to me. We finished our feast around seven. I told Robin to come along with me, and I got a bottle of Scotch and we went to Dave McAvoy's shack. He was in charge of the radio equipment. We sat glumly, not saying much. The bottle was on the table by the radio but neither of us felt much like having a drink.

"Maybe we can get some Christmas music," Mac suggested. He started twirling the dial, and we heard a familiar voice singing Silent Night. It was Bing Crosby. Mac and I just sat quietly. That did a lot to us, that song. And then it ended, and Mac and I got the shock of our lives. A Japanese voice said: "We have just been listening to a recording by Bing Crosby. This is Radio Manila. You will now hear fifteen minutes of Japanese music." Mac swore and hurriedly turned the dial. Then, without a word, Mac reached out for that bottle of Scotch.

"Me, too, Mac," I said. We were almost crying. We sat for hours, just talking. He showed me a picture of his mother and I showed him my picture of Mary. We got pretty sentimental, I guess, but we were feeling blue. Then we went to bed. It was hard to fall asleep that night.

A Message We'd Been Waiting For

Finally we got the news we had been waiting for. A message came via radio saying that if we could find a good place for a submarine to come in, we could be evacuated within two weeks. When Dave McAvoy came to me, grinning all over, with that message, I let out a yell and threw my arms around him.

Major Roberts didn't waste any time. He wasn't feeling well, and he was going out with us. He sent Malcolm English to Open Bay on a reconnaissance trip.

Open Bay was on the western shore of the island, about ten miles from where we were camped, and there were no mountain ranges between us and the bay. English returned two days later and reported that Open Bay was the place. So we radioed the base for a submarine to come in. The next day a message came back that a sub would be waiting for us there at dusk of February 5th. That was about two weeks off.

To keep from going completely nuts I went swimming every day with McAvoy. Just to keep occupied, I started to build a dam across our little stream. I worked on that dam as though my life depended on finishing it. I hauled huge boulders and smaller rocks and logs, and day by day my dam grew. I found that the harder I worked, the better I slept at night. If I couldn't exhaust myself so that I'd drop right off, I wouldn't sleep at all. There were too many thoughts racing through my head. Now that escape seemed imminent I was really nervous. Every time I heard a twig snap at night I reached for my gun. Every time I heard a wild parrot scream I woke in a cold sweat, wondering if the Japs were coming this time.

On February 3d we left camp. My three American pals, Major Roberts and I (plus six natives) were the only ones to go. It was pretty hard saying goodby to Robin and Leli and Arukis and Valau. I had shared some tough times with them and now, perhaps for the first time, I realized what they had risked to help me. Every one of them would be tortured and then beheaded if the Japs found out. They stood quietly, looking unhappy. I gave them all presents and to Robin I gave my pistol.

"Masta, I've looked out for you for a long time," Robin said sadly. "Now I can't look out for you any more. It's up to you now."

I shook hands with him and couldn't say anything. I was all choked up and I guess he was, too. I stood there like a dope while tears filled my eyes. Then I said, "Okay, kid, thanks for everything."

Robin smiled and said, "Okay, masta." I turned away and followed Planck and Czarnecki and Gierston.

We reached Open Bay on the afternoon of February 4th, and we had to wait another whole day. It was impossible to sleep that night.

Things seemed brighter in the morning. We had been told to make a signal flag out of parachutes. They said to make it about ten feet square. But we weren't taking any chances on their missing the flag. So we made one that was about twenty-five feet square. You could have seen it thirty miles away. We hung it on a tree and just waited.

That was a long day. We were all jittery. We kept looking out to sea, but the calm blue water remained unbroken. Even through our glasses we couldn't see anything but horizon. It was getting on toward sundown, and our anxiety increased. I had a kind of sickening feeling that things had gone wrong. I sat peering through my glasses until my eyes ached, and then suddenly one of the natives cried out, "Masta, submarine!" He pointed to a darker shape against the now indigo sea. This was our sub, and it came in quickly. We stood on the shore, and I was crying inside, "Hurry, hurry!"

The sub stopped about a quarter of a mile offshore. They threw two rubber boats overboard and sailors manned the oars and the boats came in, but tantalizingly slow. Finally the boats grounded on the sandy shore and four sailors hopped out. They looked awfully good. They were big, sunburned guys, and for a moment I wondered how they got sunburned working in a submarine. Afterward I discovered they had a suntan lamp on board. We climbed into the boats and started for the sub. It was February 5th. I had bailed out on May 21st, which meant I had been on the island just eight months and sixteen days.

We rowed out to the sub. It was a big one—the U.S.S. Gatu—and it lay, long, sleek and sinister, against a darkening sky, but nothing I've ever seen looked so good. The skipper was on deck, a smiling, good-looking man, Commander Foley. He greeted us in real, friendly American style and wanted first of all to know if any of us needed medical attention. The crew was all over us. They couldn't do enough to make us comfortable. They were a bunch of right guys—smiling, healthy, young sailors, who were taking this miracle very casually.

All This—and Pickles, Too

Dinner was waiting for us, and it was a dinner I'll never forget. We had soup, then roast beef with vegetables, and Commander Foley kept urging us, "Come on, have some more." And there were pickles! During dinner, Commander Foley told us he had been laying to offshore all day. He had spotted our signal all right, and he had spotted us.

After dinner, the commander gave us the run of the ship. The crew showed me around the boat and showed me how some of the gadgets worked. Then there was a kind of rumbling and we were off. We would run on the surface all night and then submerge during the day. I went up on deck and stood there filling my lungs with that wonderfully clear air. There were no fleas here, no mosquitoes, no jungle shrieks—just clean, cool air and a million stars so close you could throw your hat up and hit one.

I couldn't sleep that night. I didn't even try. I stayed on deck. When the dawn came, Commander Foley told us to get below. Jap bombers usually flew patrols just after dawn. He warned us not to be startled when we heard a lot of bells ringing. That didn't mean an alert; it just meant that we were diving. We traveled at only two knots below the surface. Actually, once you get used to it, you'd never know that you are perhaps sixty feet below the water.

I found they had a shower on board and I threw off my uniform and got under it. It was the first shower I had had in nine months. There was soap—rich, creamy, American soap that made a beautiful lather. I let that hot water splash all over me and then turned on the cold. Then I had a small breakfast of cereal and cream, bacon and eggs, buttered toast and coffee and went to bed. I slept about nine hours, and it was a good sleep.

We surfaced just before dark. I stayed on deck and I saw a sight I'll never forget. We were just turning east into the Dampier Strait which separates New Britain from New Guinea. That meant we were off Cape Gloucester. Suddenly red and blue streaks shot across the sky over Cape Gloucester. I had no idea what was happening.

"The Marines have landed," Commander Foley said smiling. "In fact, they landed a few days ago and those tracers you see are from Marine artillery."

It was good to see our side giving it for once. We sailed on into the Strait and soon it was dawn again, but this time Commander Foley said we wouldn't have to submerge.

"If you see any planes around here, they're ours," he said. This was brand-new to me. Nine months before, when I had been flying around this section, any plane we ever saw we just figured was a Nip plane. I couldn't help but keep one eye on the sky. I saw a group of planes coming toward us, and I got a cold chill. I tried to yell, but the words stuck in my mouth. I looked at Commander Foley. He was looking at the planes without interest and lighting a cigarette.

"Zeros," I blurted out, pointing a shaking finger. There must have been three squadrons of them, coming fast and less than 2,000 feet high.

"No, they're 47s," Foley said, smiling.

"What are 47s?" I asked nervously.

"P-47s, our new fighters," he explained. "They call them Thunderbolts. Great aircraft, too."

"They look just like Zeros," I told him.

"They do, at that," Foley said. "But they've got more horses. Something like 2,200. They're fast and they can get up there. Oh, it's a lovely plane."

I relaxed. The world had changed since I left it. We were on the offensive now; we weren't being kicked around. We had planes that could cope with the Zeros.

A few minutes later a squadron of B-25s flew over us. They, too, were headed for Cape Gloucester. Then came some B-24s and, finally, a squadron of 17s. They looked mighty pretty up there. This was different from our nerve-racking raids of a year ago when General Kenney had to make every airplane do the work of ten.

The next morning we landed at Dreger Harbor near Finschhafen. Major Nye, who headed a group of 47s based there, took charge of us. He had been notified that we were coming. We sat with him, chatting, and then he said he had a little surprise for us. He had a bottle of combat rye he had been saving. So we sat over our drinks and gradually we relaxed. Until now I don't think I actually believed I was back and safe. Tonight I could relax and sleep with no gun beside me.

Experience of Value to G-2

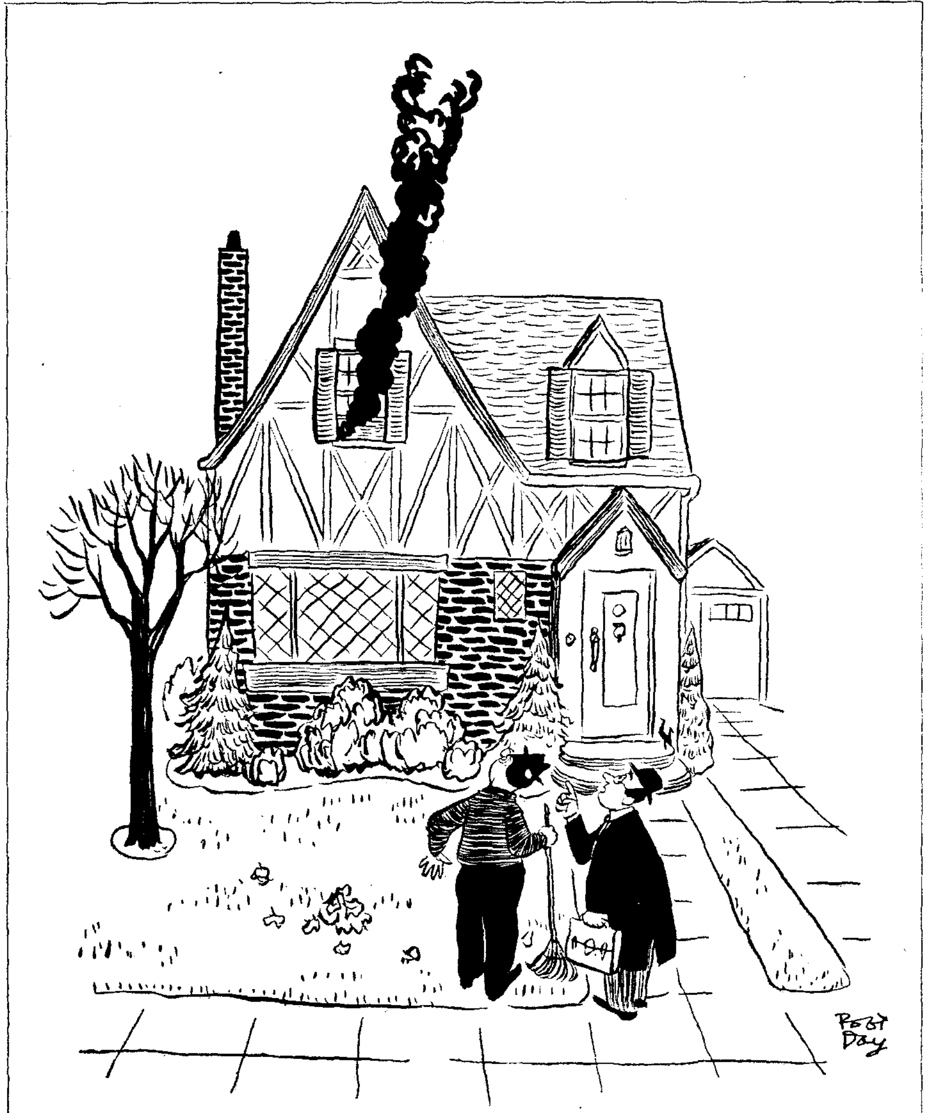
Major Nye said that the information I had would be of value to G-2. The next day I was flown to Brisbane, and for five days the Intelligence officers questioned me. They seemed quite pleased with the information I was able to give them. When they were through with me they said General Kenney wanted to see me.

They took me to his office. He sat behind a desk, and he smiled when I came in. He had a short G.I. haircut. This was a great moment for me. I saluted and tried to say, "Master Sergeant Manuel reporting, sir," but the words didn't come out. General Kenney walked around the desk and he slapped me on the back.

"I'm damn' glad to see you back, Sergeant," he said, and his whole face broke into a smile. Even his eyes were smiling. Then he said, "Now sit down and tell me all about it."

So I sat down and told him the story you've just read.

THE END



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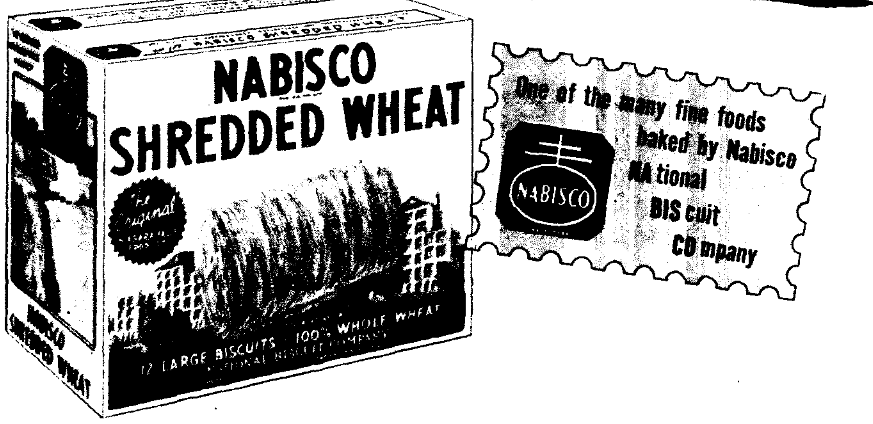
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Are Managers Necessary?

Continued from page 23

up immediately from Newark or Kansas City.

McCarthy addicts have a difficult time shrugging this off because it happens to be true. The Yankee chain is so good that a man like Charley Keller was kept at Newark for two years at a time when he was possibly better than all but half a dozen players in the American League. Hank Borowy went through an extended course of sprouts in the same garden.

What is not generally appreciated about the Yankees is that they always have great pitching. McCarthy has always had so many good pitchers that it has never occurred to him to use one of his starters in the bull pen. Men like Ruffing, Gomez, Chandler, Bonham and Borowy were starters; Pat Malone, Johnny Murphy, Jim Turner were finishers. Newhouser and Trout might spend half their lives saving games for Detroit; Feller might do the same for Cleveland, and Tex Hughson for Boston; but the Yankee pitchers took their regular turns.

This is no knock on Joe McCarthy. He has the best material in baseball and he gets the most out of it; when the material is lacking his team lands in fourth place. He tried to make a first baseman out of Joe Gordon and failed; he experimented with Bill Dickey in the outfield and it was a farce; he put Ben Chapman in the outfield only when there was nobody else to use, owing to injuries to Dusty Cooke and Dixie Walker. His successes were in changing Bill Werber from a shortstop into a third baseman and in making an outfielder of Johnny Lindell, a mediocre pitcher.

Indeed, McCarthy has been so spoiled by good material that last year, when the war had stripped him of some of his giants, he grew so disconsolate looking at the replacements that he finally collapsed and was lugged off to his farm to recuperate.

Rogers Hornsby drove the Cardinals to their first pennant but later he could do nothing whatever for the St. Louis Browns. Bill McKechnie won pennants in St. Louis and Pittsburgh, but for years he lingered in Boston with no appreciable success. When he reached Cincinnati and acquired a few real pitchers, he began winning pennants again. Steve O'Neill won at Detroit last year by the simple device of pitching Newhouser and Trout almost constantly.

Two years ago Ossie Bluege's pitching staff at Washington collapsed and he ended in last place. Last year the same staff became hot, refused to give up more than a run or two a game and the very inferior team almost sneaked through to the pennant. Frank Chance was a great manager for the Chicago Cubs but such a failure with the old New York Highlanders that he gave up in disgust before the season was over.

Changing pitchers is almost the only place where a manager can show his genius and even there everything depends on material. The only change Hornsby could make with the Browns' pitchers was from bad to worse. In the days when Washington was winning pennants under Bucky Harris and Joe Cronin, the problem was simplified by Marberry. Whenever things got tough late in the game, Marberry came in, threw his left foot in the enemy's face and blew them down.

A Pitcher Proves His Mettle

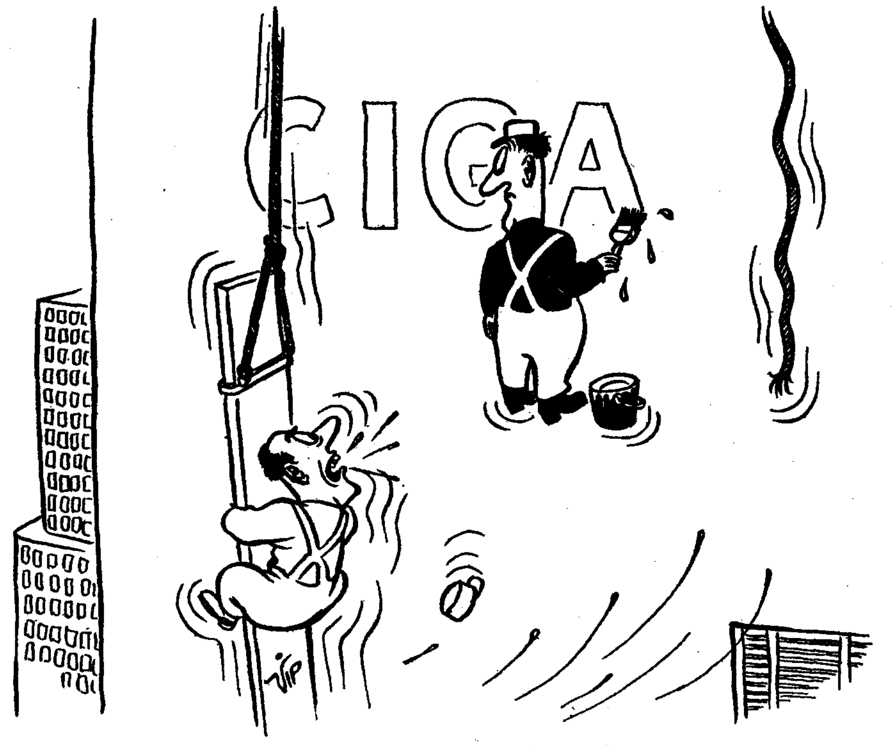
Nothing could have been sillier than the blather spilled last year when Hank Borowy was traded to the Cubs. It was said that Borowy didn't have staying power and it was hinted that he possessed a bit of rabbit in his system. The truth is that McCarthy has always been prompt to yank a pitcher in late innings no matter what lead he holds. Borowy won the pennant for the Cubs by taking two crucial games from the Cardinals, hanging on grimly and courageously in the late innings with hits splashing all around him. With the Yankees he would never have been allowed to linger that long.

At Boston, Billy Southworth has a strong hitter in Tommy Holmes and a fine young pitcher in Wright and the prospect that Mort Cooper may come back to form. But he has glaring weaknesses at first base and third base and an outfield that doesn't hit enough with the exception of Holmes. The purchase of Johnny Hopp from the Cards will help, but he doesn't exactly break fences. Young Culler at short is a great fielder and may turn into a hitter; Wietelmann is fast at second but no clouter. In brief, Mr. Southworth may as well prepare himself for a dolorous summer unless his new owners get him some real players.

One short ironic item in the newspapers pointed the entire moral of the problem and particularly of the present change. During the minor-league meeting at Columbus in December, it was stated flatly that Sam Breadon would not part with Slats Marion, his great shortstop. "Eddie Dyer, the Cards' new manager, made that part of the agreement when he signed as manager," read the report.

No Marion, no Dyer. Mr. Dyer knows what makes a successful manager: great players. If any genius wants to prove otherwise, let him take over the Philadelphia National League Club and go at it.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Well! don't just stand there" VIRGIL PARTCH

Problem child!

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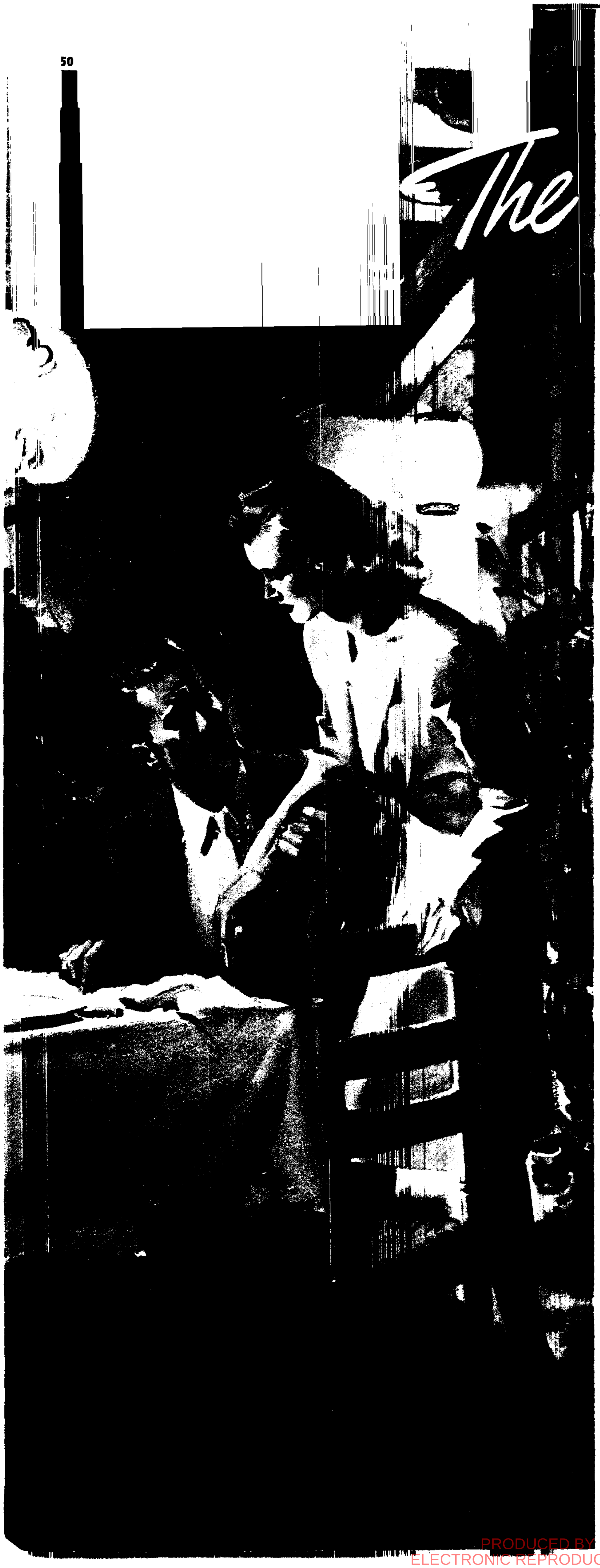

The Music Stops

BY RAMONA STEWART

Anyone who has had to turn away from love will feel for these two whose leave-taking promised no hope of a return

THE blue heron rose from the rice field, beat its wings against the hot Imperial Valley air and soared into the sunset sky.

The auburn-haired girl watched its flight until the top of the windshield cut it from her view. Then she glanced at the man in the driver's seat. His square, finely molded hands held the wheel loosely, surely. But his blue-gray eyes turned from the road to her, feeling her gaze. Gently, but completely, they withdrew him from her.

"Sorry, darling." Her voice was casual. He knew what she had been doing—memorizing him for the time when she would be alone. When his name would be only a referral note on the card which the Nurses' Registration Bureau kept for her in San Diego. *Four weeks: vacation relief: Dr. Morgan, El Centro.* Eight words neatly typed on the back of a white card. That was all there would be left. Life was funny, all right. Very funny. As funny as a kick in the stomach.

"Hurry up and get us there," she said. "I want a drink. A couple of drinks."

He swung the car easily around the township turn and started down the straight, dusty stretch of road which led into Calexico. The air was sweet with the smell of the alfalfa fields which stretched like blue lakes on either side of them. A slow wind was blowing. It could not relieve the heat-sodden Valley but it would keep away the cricket swarms which crackled like dead leaves underfoot on summer nights.

The heat you were resigned to, she thought, but there was always hope about the crickets.

"Did you reserve a table?" he asked.

"No. I almost forgot tonight altogether. You know how it is."

The lazy blue-gray eyes examined her. He smiled kindly. But without knowing, really, how it was with her. Well, she had figured that in advance. There was no complaint.

She put her hands together in her lap. Very quietly she sank the nails of one hand into the palm of the other and smiled pleasantly back at him.

They drove the rest of the way to the border in silence. Dusk fell swiftly now. When they pulled up to the Border Patrol Station, the patrolman had to use his flashlight to see into the car.

"Literature or maps?"

"No."

He motioned them ahead.

Dr. Morgan shifted into first and they rolled into Mexicali. They went slowly past the cocktail bars, the shooting galleries, the bowling alleys, twisted through the crowded, neon-lit street, and suddenly all the noise and lights were behind them. They were on a quiet residential street, parking before the León de Oro.

While he turned off the ignition, she concentrated on looking at the colored paper lanterns glowing over the long wooden tables of the outdoor restaurant. This was it. Better remember all you can of it, baby, because this is the end. Suddenly, she was afraid the nails-in-the-palm business wasn't going to be enough. She turned quickly to open the car door.

Then she felt his hand on her arm, detaining her. As she let herself be drawn back toward the driver's seat, she realized he had seen her face by the lanterns' reflection.

"All right," he said. "Let go."

He knew then. At least he knew that much—how she felt about him. As she relaxed against his shoulder, she felt the warm tears running down her cheeks. She turned her face away. "This is sort of a bonus award," she said bitterly. "You're a lucky man."

He made circles on her forearm with the fingers of one hand. "I'm sorry, child," he said.

"That's all right. It's dandy. Just dandy."

"I should have told you to go to hell the first minute I saw you. Sent you back to San Diego right then."

She laughed a little. "What would you have told the Bureau?"

"The hell with the Bureau."

She breathed deeply and sat away from him. She fished a handkerchief from the pocket of her beige linen suit and dried her eyes carefully. Then she put the handkerchief back. "It isn't getting us any place, all this talk, is it?" she asked.

"There's no place more to go."

She looked at him. The large shoulders, the shock of black hair rising from the ruggedly hewn face. He was a sweet guy, she told herself. A basically good guy. But he had gotten in too deep with her and he knew it. Now he was getting out. Who could blame him?

She opened the car door. She stepped out and walked across the sidewalk to the restaurant gate. When he joined her a minute later, her face, framed by the aureole of auburn hair, was pleasantly anticipatory. Nothing more.

THE bar was too crowded for the air conditioning to have more than the first second's effect. They went outside and sat down at one of the tables under a rose paper lantern painted with white blossoms.

"Tequila," he said as the waiter came.

"The bottle," she added.

When the waiter returned, she picked up a sliced lime from the plate before her, bit into it and drank the glass of tequila neat. She watched as he drank his and then they had two more.

Finally he leaned across the table and folded his hands in front of him. He stared at his thumbnails for a while.

"I could arrange to have my present nurse transferred when she gets back from her vacation tomorrow. You could stay on here at least till the end of the summer."

"But you won't."

"No. I won't."

"I'll send you a post card from San Diego."

He just stared at her. Dumbly. As a doctor he was used to stopping pain; now he was causing it.

"A picture of the zoo?" she asked lightly. "Or the Grant Hotel?"

He took a lime slice, dusted it with salt and bit into it thoughtfully. "I don't know your address," he said. "And I won't take it."

"Good."

"I never believed in Romeo and Juliet. Not after first year Med."

"Nurses don't train on Elsie Dinsmore, either."

"You'll get married," he said. "After a while."

"Probably."

"Children?"

"Dozens."

(*Continued on page 78*)

"Child—" he said, catching her arm. She stopped and looked down at him and now she knew that what had happened to him was worse than what had happened to her

ILLUSTRATED BY AL KORTNER

To keep him feeling

"ON TOP OF THE WORLD"

nourish *EVERY INCH* of him with GAINES!

What a difference in the looks of your dog—and in the way he feels and acts—when every inch of him is cared for—and NOURISHED—to keep him in perfect condition!

But to nourish every inch of him, a food must supply SO MUCH . . . so many things that meat alone is unable to supply. In GAINES there's every type of nourishment dogs are known to need. There is nothing wiser—or more kind—that you could do for your dog than to nourish him with GAINES DOG MEAL every day.

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JUST ADD WATER - AND FEED
NET WEIGHT 5 LBS.
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As much body and strength-building *proteins* as in 1½ lbs. of beef

As much energy-making *carbohydrates* as in 2 qts. cooked oatmeal

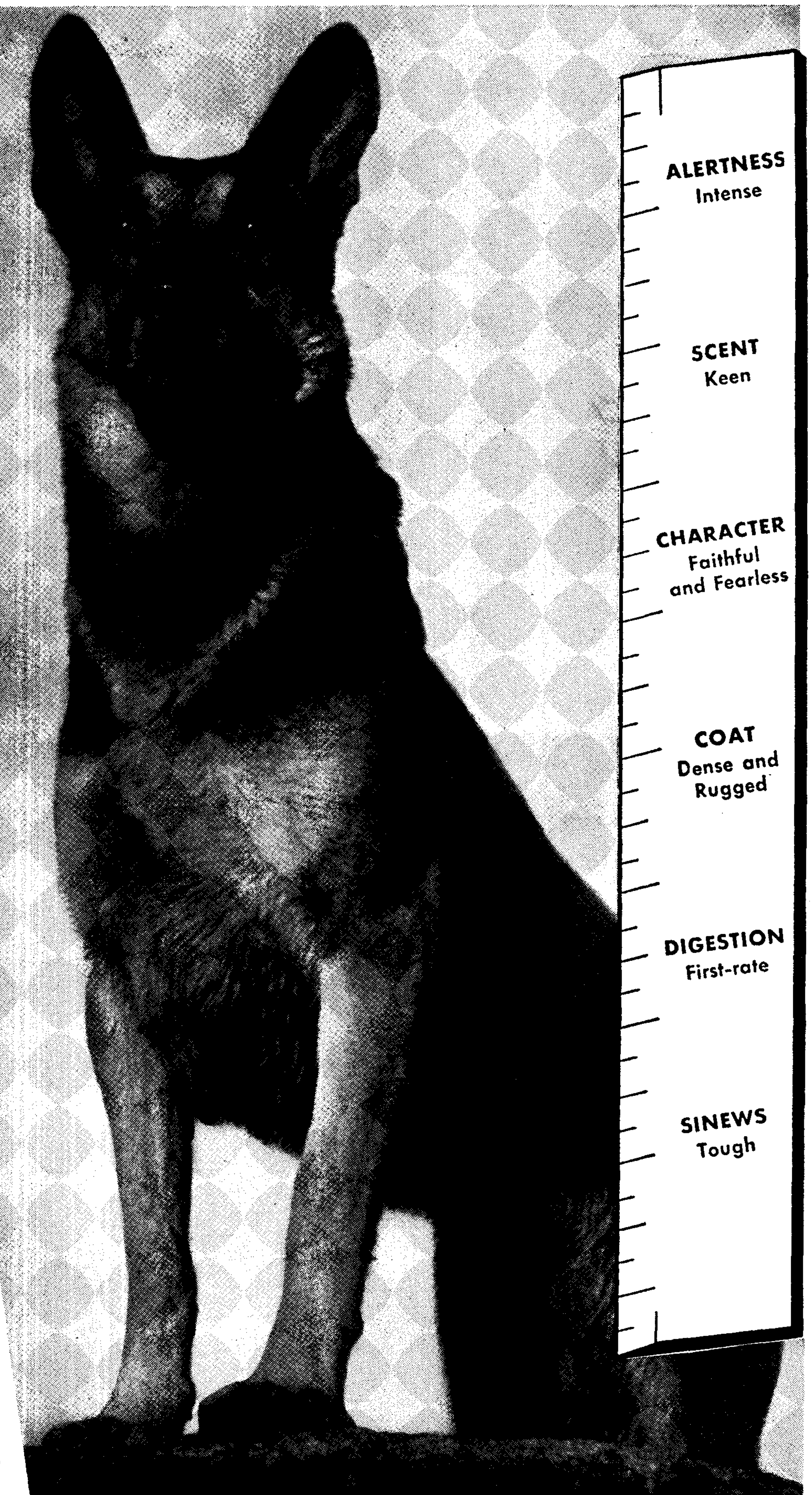
For sleek appearance and glossy coat—the *fats* that would be provided by 1 oz. butter

For strong bones and teeth—the *minerals* that would be provided by 1¾ lbs. cheese

For red-blooded vitality—as much *iron* as in ¾ lb. beef liver

VITAMINS: As much *vitamin A* as in 5 eggs; *thiamine* (B_1) in 1 lb. whole-wheat bread; *riboflavin* (B_2) in 1 qt. milk; *niacin* in ½ lb. fresh mackerel . . . and all other members of the B-complex which normally accompany thiamine, riboflavin, niacin.

For variety, try Gaines Krunchon, which is Gaines Meal compressed into crunchy pellets.



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Confidence is the answer . . . our complete confidence in the motor oil that ranks FIRST IN QUALITY *among all motor oils. Every new car buyer should read this statement:*

"The particular quality of WOLF'S HEAD makes such a vast difference in the upkeep of an automobile that WOLF'S HEAD can guarantee the new car buyer against repairs to lubricated parts during the first 30,000 miles."

The **WOLF'S HEAD** *Bond Plan*

This valuable guarantee involves no red tape and no expense. When you buy a new car, your dealer will fill out an application and send it to Wolf's Head for approval. The New Car Guarantee Bond is mailed promptly to the car owner.

You owe it to yourself to ask your car dealer, or write us direct, for information about the Wolf's Head Bond Plan *before you buy a new car.* Wolf's Head Oil Refining Co., Inc., Oil City, Pa., New York 10, N. Y.

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India's Crisis

Continued from page 17

reasonably gradual way. They are determined, moreover, that their withdrawal shall not impair the all-over strategic position of the Empire, that it will leave the life lines of the United Kingdom secure, will preserve some remnants of British trade and investment, and, above all, will avoid chaos and civil war in India.

One British civil servant put it to me: "Damn it all, man, we have to be reasonably tidy about it."

On the other hand, the determination of the constitutional means by which a British withdrawal can be effected has run into the last of these fixed points in the Indian situation. There is a major clash in the points of view of the four principal parties to any settlement in India. There has appeared, thus far, no ground upon which those conflicting points of view can be reconciled.

Those points of view are:

(1) The All-India Congress party, predominantly Hindu, the majority body—"Quit India first. Settle all the constitutional problems later."

(2) The Moslem League, the largest minority body—"Split India first. No constitutional questions can be settled until two Indias, not one, are recognized."

(3) The Indian princes, ruling two fifths of the land and one fourth of the population—"Guarantee our security and tenure first; talk about an Indian union later."

(4) The British government—"Draw up a constitution first, and thereby set up instruments of government to which sovereignty can be transferred."

Last September, in the simultaneous statements by Lord Wavell, in New Delhi, and Prime Minister Attlee, in London, the British outlined the steps by which they proposed to break the Indian deadlock. The announcement of the Cabinet mission in February referred to this proposal but made it plain that it could be modified if necessary. Some such modification would appear to be imperative, if anything is to be accomplished in India.

The British plan, as outlined, is this:

There shall be formed in India an interim "representative" government, through the instrument of the Viceroy's Executive Council. The present members, and especially the three British members, would be replaced by Indians who are real leaders of political parties and can speak for genuine constituencies.

While this government is functioning, there shall be called an Indian constitution-making body, derived presumably from the newly elected members of the provincial legislatures. This body shall draft a constitution for a self-governing Indian union and create government machinery. To this government, the British are prepared to transfer sovereignty. Until this Indian government exists there can be no transfer of sovereignty, on the thesis that "one does not transfer sovereignty to a vacuum." Substantial powers, however, would be transferred to the interim governing body.

This proposal satisfied the British determination to effect an orderly withdrawal. It runs head on into two sharp divisions in Indian political and social life that make its adoption highly problematical.

There is first the long-standing division in Indian political thought between the so-called "moderates" and the so-called "extremists." The moderates have favored working with and within the existing instruments of government to bring about changes. The extremists, now in the overwhelming majority, have followed since 1916 a policy of non-co-operation, insisting that government must be changed from without.

As a result, present government officers, such as members of the Indian Civil Service and the Viceroy's Council, have had to be drawn from the moderates, who do not, in any sense, represent popular constituencies. Powerful leaders, such as Gandhi and Nehru, for example, have never held elected office.

Political Life No Bed of Roses

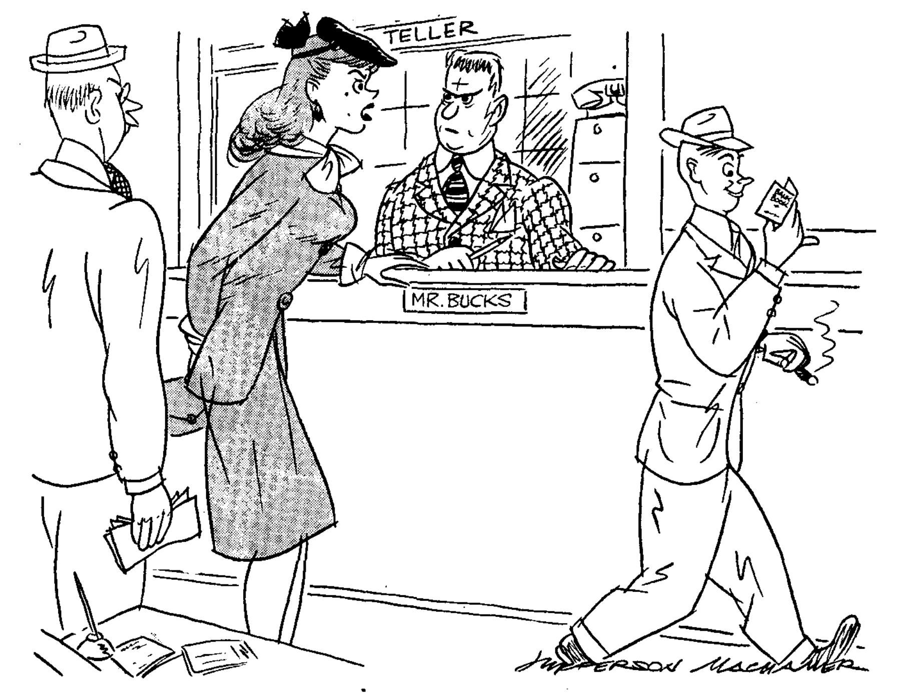
The result has been a stultification of political life. The competent, honest, highly trained men now in government are uniformly branded by nationalists as "British stooges." They may be ardent nationalists, in the sense that they desire Indian independence, but they get no credit for it. On the other hand, the real popular leaders have thus far accepted no responsibilities for creating new structures through actual participation in government.

This was particularly striking to me, personally, because I went to India after a long period of service in the Philippines. Nationalism in the Philippines was just as vigorous as it is in India, but it was expressed inside, not outside, the actual governing bodies. The most extreme nationalists in the Philippines all held responsible elected public office. Manuel Quezon, in one of his impassioned outbursts, declared:

"I would rather live under a government run like hell by Filipinos than under one run like heaven by Americans."

But Quezon was president of the Philippin Senate when he made that remark.

Thus part of the problem in India is to get popular nationalist leaders to accept the responsibility of public office. And Pandit Nehru has declared that "representative" Indians can be brought into an interim government only if sovereignty has already been transferred to that government, and the Viceroy replaced by an Indian Prime Minister as India's chief executive. The Viceroy would



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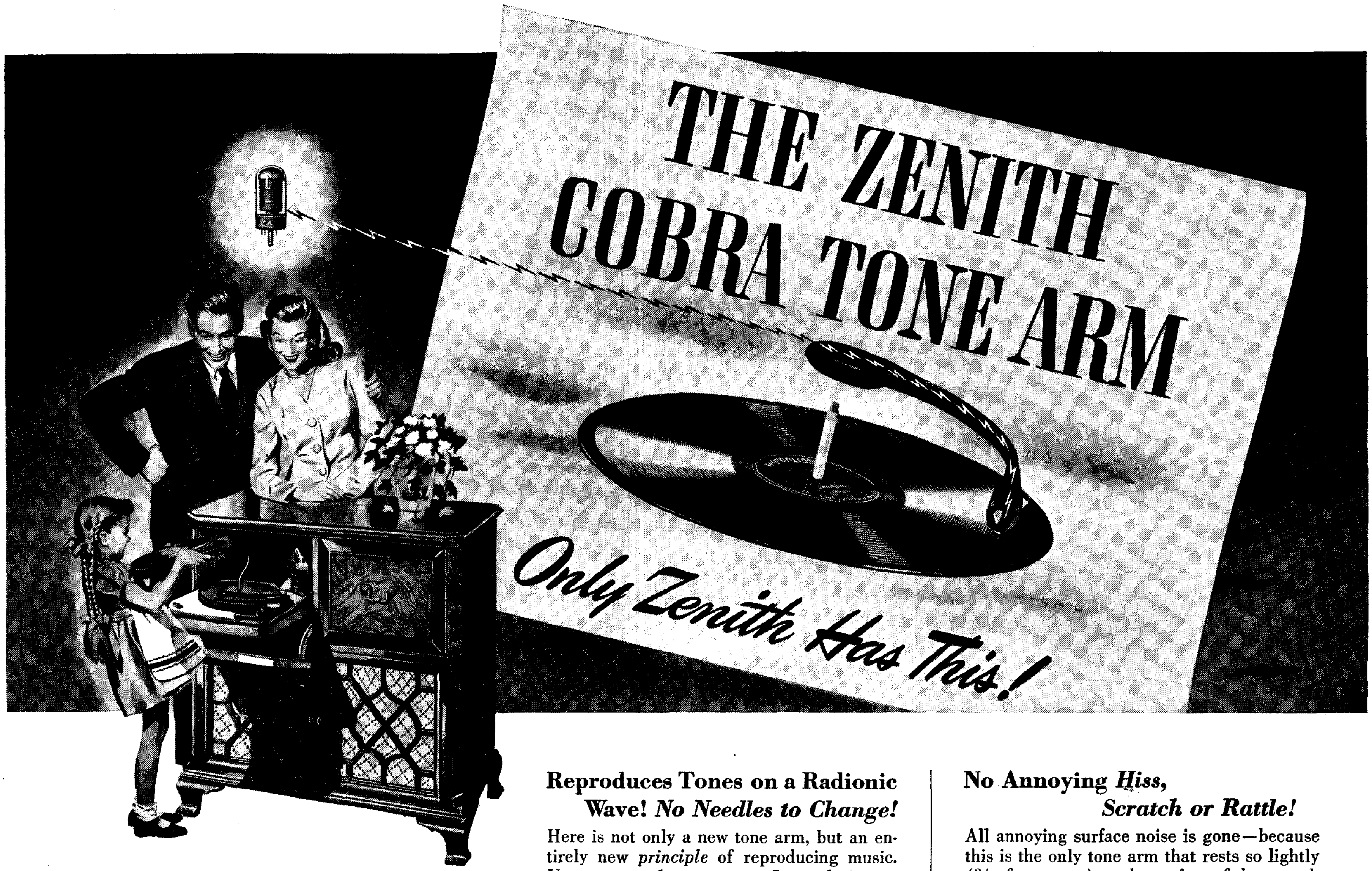
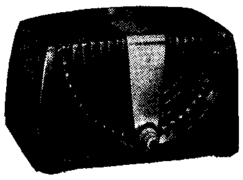

THE ZENITH COBRA TONE ARM
Only Zenith Has This!

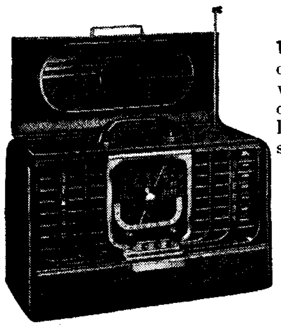
World's Fastest Automatic Record Changer, Too!

Another amazing Zenith EXCLUSIVE. Silent-Speed Changer glides out as door is opened—no effort, no bounce. Changes 10 and 12 inch records mixed, automatically, in only 3½ seconds. No complicated gadgets, levers, knives. Smooth and gentle as a mother's arms! So simple and foolproof a little child can operate it!

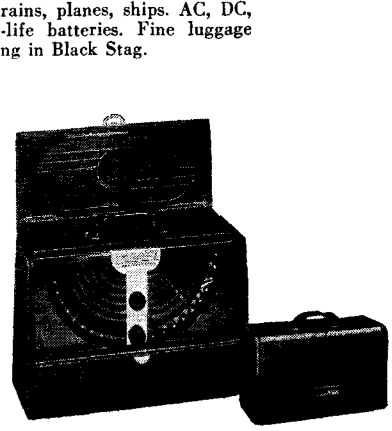
(Above) 18th century console with Cobra Tone Arm, Silent-Speed Record Changer, 2-Band F-M, standard broadcast and shortwave.



(At Right) Plastic table model with folding handle, big-set Consoltone. Walnut, Black, Soft-white.



Transoceanic Portable Radio. You dial foreign and domestic shortwave as easy as local stations. Plays on trains, planes, ships. AC, DC, long-life batteries. Fine luggage styling in Black Stag.



Universal Portable Radio. Plays on trains, planes, ships...AC, DC, long life batteries. Features standard broadcast reception, Phantom dial, Detachable Wavemagnet. Fine luggage styling in Black Stag.

Reproduces Tones on a Radionic Wave! *No Needles to Change!*

Here is not only a new tone arm, but an entirely new *principle* of reproducing music. Uses no crystals or magnets. So revolutionary that radio stations from coast to coast are using it to broadcast records!

Brings Out High and Low Notes *Unheard Before!*

Just listen to the Cobra play your own records. You'll hardly know them—you'll hear glorious high and low notes set free from masking and muffling for the first time!

No Annoying *Hiss, Scratch or Rattle!*

All annoying surface noise is gone—because this is the only tone arm that rests so lightly (⅔ of an ounce) on the surface of the record. No more background distraction to mar your enjoyment of the music.

Records Last *Hundreds of Plays Longer!*

The remarkable "Floating Filament" in the head of the Cobra reduces record wear to an absolute minimum. It is also *instantly retractable*, so you can let the tone arm fall—even scrape it across records—and harm nothing!

EVERYWHERE the Zenith Cobra is seen in action—by radio experts, musicians, record fans—it is hailed as the greatest advance in musical reproduction to come out of America's wartime experience . . . a triumph of Zenith's concentration on RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY. For the musical thrill of a lifetime, be among the first to get a demonstration at your local radio dealer's showroom.

30 YEARS OF "KNOW-HOW" IN RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY

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be allowed to remain, temporarily, Nehru said, in an advisory and ambassadorial capacity.

This proposal, of course, runs directly counter to the British conception of the order in which Indian changes must take place. But even so, it is less violent than the reaction of the Moslem League, and its leader, Mohammed Ali Jinnah.

Replying to the Viceroy's proposal, Mr. Jinnah stated: "India's Moslems will never participate in any interim government at the center, unless Britain has previously declared its recognition of Pakistan." (Pakistan is the proposed separate Moslem state.)

Thus the British proposal for an interim government already faces Hindu "nonco-operation" on the one hand, and the Moslem desire for a separate state on the other.

The proposals for the making of any constitution for India also come up sharply against the Hindu-Moslem division, which is, in many ways, the crux of the present difficulty.

Some of the emphasis that has been placed on that division is misleading. There is a relatively high degree of religious tolerance in India. In the normal course of events, Hindus and Moslems get along fairly well together. I have had in my own house and office, at one time working together, a Moslem major-domo, a Christian cook, Hindu (untouchable) sweepers, Hindu (caste) clerks and messengers, a Sikh chauffeur, Gurkha guards, and a Parsi bookkeeper. And they got along with one another.

Trouble Over Religious Modes

Of course, there are occasional small outbreaks of violence in India that are strictly religious in character. These arise, as a rule, from the mode of celebration of some religious holiday. The Hindus may be infuriated by the public and ceremonious slaughter of a bullock by the Moslems, or the Moslems may be enraged by a noisy Hindu procession that goes by the mosque during the time of prayer.

But on the whole the so-called "communal" disturbances, which are simply religious riots, had been steadily waning until the recent election campaigns.

But, if there has been less religious difference between Hindus and Moslems, never in history have they been more sharply divided, politically, than at present. One reason for that is obvious. As each group sees the withdrawal of the British coming closer, each one is more alert to enlarge its own place in the sun.

There are about 250,000,000 Hindus. There are about 100,000,000 Moslems. Their numerical relationship to each other is not likely to change. The Hindus are a permanent majority. The Moslems are a permanent minority. That fact has a vital bearing on the conceptions of the two groups concerning the character of any government that can be set up in India.

Naturally the Hindus favor simple numerical majority rule. They want a strong government at the center, based on a popular electorate without regard for religious division. They can afford to take that position. They know that they have a permanent majority.

The Moslems, equally naturally, have taken the opposite point of view. From the beginning they have demanded "weighted" representation, to be assured of a solid bloc of seats in any assembly. And when they have spoken of federal union, they have insisted always that there must be the sharpest limitations on the powers at the center and the widest reservation of powers to the constituent bodies at the periphery.

Now, the Moslems have gone even beyond that. Within the last ten years the Moslem League, chief Moslem political party, has come under the leadership of a Bombay lawyer, Mohammed Ali Jinnah. Jinnah, seeking to establish his party on the firmest possible ground, has taken a new position.

"One hundred million persons do not constitute a minority," he says. "They constitute a nation."

So Jinnah has gone to the country with the proposal that India be partitioned and that two nation states be created, a Hindu state, called Hindustan and a Moslem state called Pakistan.

The Hindu parties reacted violently to this proposal, of course. The Mahasabha Party campaigned against it under the slogan, "The vivisection of Mother India." Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy, made it plain that the British also looked askance at this program.

But partly because the Congress Party lost prestige through its refusal to fight the Japanese, and partly because he had hit on a "natural," Jinnah, and the cause of Pakistan, made substantial headway.

In the recent election for the General Assembly, the Moslem League won every seat that it chose to contest. And with each gain, Jinnah and the League have become more intransigent. Pakistan is now more than a bargaining counter. Pakistan is a serious political proposal from which Jinnah and the Indian Moslems declare there can be no possible recession. Already civil war is openly threatened by the Moslems.

When the Cabinet mission to India was announced, Jinnah's paper, Dawn, published in New Delhi, promptly asserted:

"This mission must realize that there can be no constitution-making body for India unless Pakistan is recognized. Only over the dead bodies of India's Moslems will the northern provinces fly the Congress Party flag."

The British are in a bad spot. In the War Cabinet proposals, they suggested the possible nonaccession of any "substantial" Indian body. Well, the Moslems are "substantial," and on this ground the British may be said to have agreed to Pakistan in advance.

But the British don't like the Pakistan proposal for a variety of reasons. First of all, the best thing that Britain has done for India is to bring about some degree of unification. The sprawling subcontinent, with its twenty-two major languages, its immense variety of cultural groups, its diversity of political institutions, has laboriously been shaped into something vaguely resembling an Indian Union. There is a good network of railways, of 41,133 miles, the fifth largest in the world; there are 75,381 miles of canals, the largest system in the world. There are 285,313 miles of paved road. There are 20,000 rural post offices, 2,300 telegraph offices, and 400 telephone exchanges. There is uniform coinage and currency, uniformity of tariffs and excises. Barriers have been broken down. The British do not like to see them re-created at this stage.

Moreover, the creation of an Indian Moslem state would extend the belt of Islamic nations all the way from the Mediterranean to the Bay of Bengal. That is a formidable bloc, and the British are rightly apprehensive lest it come under the control of a not too friendly power. More cogent, however, than any of these arguments against Pakistan is the fact that there is no sound correspondence between religious frontiers and geographical frontiers.

Of the 100,000,000 Moslems, about 50,000,000 are spread throughout the northwest of India. Another 30,000,000 are in the northeast of India. The corridor connecting those two groups would have to be a thousand to fifteen hundred miles long. And that corridor would go through the predominantly Hindu United Provinces and would take in the whole valley of the Ganges River, the most sacred of all Hindu symbols.

More Demands to Come

With each political gain it is to be expected that Jinnah will raise his sights still further. He may ask for the United Provinces, or for the Province of Bihar. He has already demanded all of Bengal, with the city and port of Calcutta, and Pandit Nehru has already responded that such a thing is "unthinkable." Bengal is about equally divided between Hindus and Moslems.

It is impossible to imagine any way of making one state solidly Hindu and one state solidly Moslem without effecting the transfer of at least one hundred million persons. And since most of the persons to be transferred would be farmers living on land which their families have owned for centuries, the obstacles would be insurmountable.

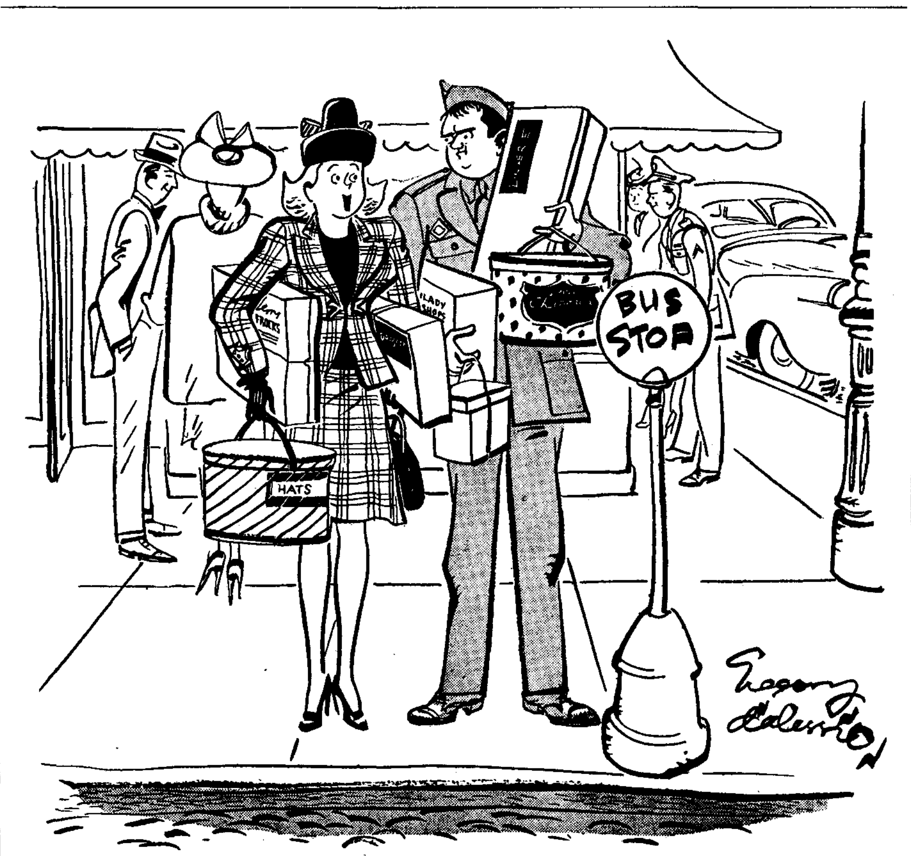
In the provincial elections that are now being concluded, Jinnah is trying to establish his claim to outright leadership in five of the eleven provinces of British India. It is unlikely that he can carry all five. But it is probable that he will make substantial gains in much of northern India, just as he did in the election for the General Assembly.

When that takes place, Jinnah will come to the British and to the Hindus with the declaration that he has a solid mandate from the people for the formation of Pakistan. And if the Hindus don't agree, he says, he will fight.

That is the situation that the British Cabinet mission faces in India.

THE END

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"I'm sorry they didn't have your sizes in stock yet, dear, but at least we're not going home empty-handed"

COLLIER'S

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAWLINGS

Why this bridal gown costs $650!

This bridal gown with its exquisite pearl-encrusted bodice is custom-made to individual order. Created by a master designer, interpreted in a sumptuous brocade by the most highly skilled needlewomen—it is an outstandingly beautiful example of the couturier's art. Another quality feature of this gown is its Talon slide fastener . . . the slide fastener flexible as a ribbon . . . that follows the flow of the fabric so faithfully you are never aware of its presence. Yet, surprising as it may seem, the Talon slide fastener, a quality feature in a $650 bridal gown, is so inexpensive that you can enjoy its proven excellence in your $1.95 house dresses. Look for the trademark "Talon" whenever you buy merchandise equipped with slide fasteners. Talon, Inc., Meadville, Pa.

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COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER

Drain out your anti-freeze, and clean out winter's accumulation of scum, scale and rust. Neglect now may mean trouble and costly repairs later. Just pour a can of DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER into your radiator, run the engine 30 minutes or more, and drain. It dissolves rust—cleans thoroughly—improves engine performance. It's safe, sure and easy to use.

Then KEEP OUT RUST

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After cleaning out the radiator, you can keep it free from rust all season by pouring in a can of DU PONT ACID and RUST INHIBITOR. It prevents rust forming, and keeps out acid, too.

AVOID RADIATOR LEAKS

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COOLING SYSTEM SEALER

You can stop leaks quickly and securely—and make the cooling system LEAK-PROOF—by pouring in DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM SEALER. It will not clog the radiator.

DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Big Business in Ham

Continued from page 36

From Thursday to Sunday, when power lines and normal communications were restored, Burgess had only two hours of sleep. And on Monday morning, he was back at his job at the department store, as usual. For this little episode, Burgess received the Paley Award for 1938, signifying that he had made the year's most outstanding contribution of amateur radio to the American people.

Whenever the telephone lines go down and power breaks force commercial radio transmission off the air, the hams are there with their homemade stations, operated by batteries or wheezy generators. Commercial radio requires at least hundreds of watts of electricity to operate. A ham transmitter can go around the world on less power than it takes to operate a flashlight. In fact, one ham, Emmett Simmons of Clarendon, Texas, contacted five of the six continents on one tenth of a watt, which is about as much electricity as you generate by combing your hair.

When Admiral Byrd or the American Museum of Natural History went off on an expedition to the South Pole or some unexplored jungle, a thousand ham ears always were listening to pick up the slightest hint of trouble.

A ham, Lyman Elliott, saved the life of a four-month-old baby on isolated San Nicolas Island, seventy miles off the coast of California, by radioing for a doctor after all other means of communication had failed. A ham, Robert Anderson, saved countless lives in the 1936 Ohio River floods by moving his transmitter by rowboat to high ground, and then sending out emergency messages until he collapsed four days later. A ham, Henry Jenkins, averted a terrible disaster at Tillamook Rock, off the coast of Oregon, in 1934, when a heavy storm knocked out the beacon in the isolated lighthouse and seriously injured Jenkins' boss, Chief Lighthouse Keeper Hugo Hansen.

With a dozen ships moving toward the unlighted rock, Jenkins improvised a ham transmitter out of an ordinary radio receiver, a pair of telephones, old wire, some bread wrappers and a handful of doorknobs. His message got through to a ham on the mainland, and help arrived just in time.

Governed by FCC Regulations

Unlike the amateur photographer, the amateur dahlia grower and the amateur female-fancier, the existence of the amateur radio operator is an extremely regulated one. The ham even enjoys the distinction of being defined by federal and international law, to wit: "Rules and Regulations of the Federal Communications Commission, 12.6—The term 'amateur operator' means a person holding a valid license issued by the FCC, authorizing him to operate licensed amateur stations."

To get on the air, the ham must obtain not one but *two* licenses, one for himself as an operator, and one for his station. And what he has to go through to get those two pieces of paper shouldn't happen to a Ph.D. The examinations run from speed transmission to Morse Code (thirteen words per minute) to advanced knowledge of electronics and the radio treaties which the United States has with foreign governments.

After he gets on the air, the ham is policed constantly by the FCC and, moreover, is organized into a body called the American Radio Relay League, which has its headquarters in West Hartford, Connecticut. The League, or the ARRL as it is commonly called, is to the ham what Cabinet and Parliament are to the British people.

For ham radio purposes, the United States and Canada are geographically divided into fourteen districts and seventy sections. Every two years, the hams have a secret ballot election whereby they vote for a director for their district and a section communications manager for their section. The fourteen directors meet each year to legislate for all the hams and to elect the national officers. The seventy section communications managers are the local governors who control the hams in their area, keep check on traffic and experimentation, look after the relaying of messages, and take charge in the event of an emergency or disaster.

The section communications manager also appoints official observers who listen in on all the hams in the section and nudge them verbally in case they stray off into the wrong wave length. This self-policing saves the hams a lot of grief, which is what they would have if they got caught by the FCC instead.

Other nations have their equivalents of the ARRL, and all of these bodies make up the International Amateur Radio Union, which may become a part of the United Nations Organization. The foreign ham organizations are, of course, much smaller than the ARRL since the United States has more than three fourths of all the amateurs in the world. Next to the American variety, the Russian ham is perhaps the most ardent of the species. Every amateur in America knows U2NE, an excellent operator whose home is on the outskirts of Moscow.

The only trouble with U2NE is that he knows just a few words of English. He keeps saying, "Okay. See you later," over and over again. The theory is that he picked up that phrase from an escaped American prisoner of war, and every time U2NE goes on the air, the American hams hold their breath. There always is the chance that that stray Yank may have taught U2NE other, more salty, American expressions.

The Lingo of the Air Pals

These hams from different countries are able to converse by the use of a special "Q" language, an international jargon handed down from the old land-line telegraph Morse Code days. For instance, to a ham "CQ" means, "Will anyone please come in and talk to me? I'm lonely." "73" means "best regards," "88" means "love and kisses," "CUL" means "See you later," "YL" means "girl" and "K" means "go ahead."

By the use of these symbols alone, American hams have become very intimate friends with amateurs all over the world, and during the war, they ran into them under the strangest circumstances.

Captain Albert Hix of Charleston, West Virginia, for instance, in his recent enforced tour of Europe, encountered his old friend, FR8VH, who turned out to be Prince Vinh-San, the famous exiled Prince of Indo-China; OE1FF, an ex-Austrian ham who slipped over the border and joined the Swiss army; OE3AH, who materialized into the Archduke Anton of Austria, for whom Hix used to relay messages to his brother, the Archduke Otto, while Otto was studying at Columbia University; and F3XY, a French schoolteacher, whose life was saved when his school was taken over by an ex-German ham, YM4AD, with whom Hix and the Frenchman used to be bosom comrades on the air.

Master Sergeant H. A. Christensen, a ham stationed in the Middle East, made a trip to Iraq to inquire after his old friend, Y15KG. He discovered, on his arrival, that Y15KG was none other than the late ruler of that country, King Ghazi, who was killed in an automobile accident in 1939. It turned out that Ghazi had learned to be a ham from a Mr. Tahib Rifaat, who had been the only amateur in Iraq for nearly ten years. The king was so enthralled with Rifaat's hobby that he installed that gentleman in his palace in Bagdad, and bestowed on him many more favors than his prime minister received. Needless to say, in the revolution which occurred after Ghazi's death, Mr. Rifaat disappeared.

American hams have the habit of wearing their call letters in their lapels and on the license plates of their cars. Because of this practice, totally strange orchestra leaders and millionaires often will walk up to them, slap them on the back and say, "Well, I'll be—If it isn't my old friend, W9YMV!"—or some such thing. Numbered among the more rabid American hams today are people like Alvino Rey, Amos of Amos and Andy, Herbert

Hoover, Jr., Carter Glass III, and ex-tennis champion Wilmer Allison. In the early days, the leading hams had names like Marconi, De Forest, Armstrong and Schnell, which will give you some idea of the contributions amateurs have made to commercial broadcasting, television, FM and radar.

The above mentioned Schnell—Fred Schnell—was the young Navy lieutenant who took along his amateur transmitter on the Pacific Fleet cruise to Australia in 1923, when the Navy still was convinced that long waves were the best possible medium for naval radio communication. Suddenly, at a point midway between Hawaii and the Pacific Coast, the Fleet's long-wave transmitters and receivers drew a blank. They were out of range of both the coast and Pearl Harbor. That was when the captain happened to drop down to the junior officers' quarters and discovered Schnell gaily talking to friends in Connecticut, London, Shanghai and points west—all on his preposterous little short-wave ham set. The Navy switched to short waves the following year.

Hams more recently in the limelight are Major General F. H. Lanahan, Brigadier General Edmund Lynch and Lieutenant Colonel John H. De Witt (known to the amateurs as W4ERI of Nashville, Tennessee), the first man to reach the moon with radar.

Amateur Wave Bands Go to War

All of ham radio, incidentally, played a considerable part during the war. The day after Pearl Harbor, in order to prevent spies from transmitting to enemy countries, the FCC closed down all amateur broadcasting and took over the amateur wave bands for military use. The ARRL's master transmitter, W1AW in Newington, Connecticut, was given the task of broadcasting the order to the hams all over the country. All of the office personnel at the headquarters dropped their work, rushed out to the transmitter and took chances at sending out the vital message. In a remarkable demonstration of organization, every single ham in the United States and its possessions was off the air in a matter of hours.

The message, "QST. QST (General call). The United States government orders all amateur broadcasting to cease, effective immediately," was relayed by hams in every wave band to every nook and cranny of the country. There was one typically American skirmish between a ham in San Francisco and a ham in Cleveland vying for the distinction of being the last amateur off the air. But a few sharp, parentlike words from W1AW quickly put an end to that.

Two nights after the hams went off the air, the phone rang suddenly in the home of Kenneth B. Warner, secretary of the ARRL. It was a well-known U.S. Army colonel, calling from the air base at Presque Isle, Maine. "We desperately need three 500-watt transmitters immediately," said the colonel. "What can you do to help us out?"

"I'll call you back in a half hour," said Warner. He jumped into his clothes, rushed to ARRL headquarters and looked up his list of amateurs in northern Maine. Then he phoned the colonel.

"In the vicinity of Presque Isle " said Warner, "we have so-and-so and so-and-so and so-and-so, all owning 500-watt transmitters."

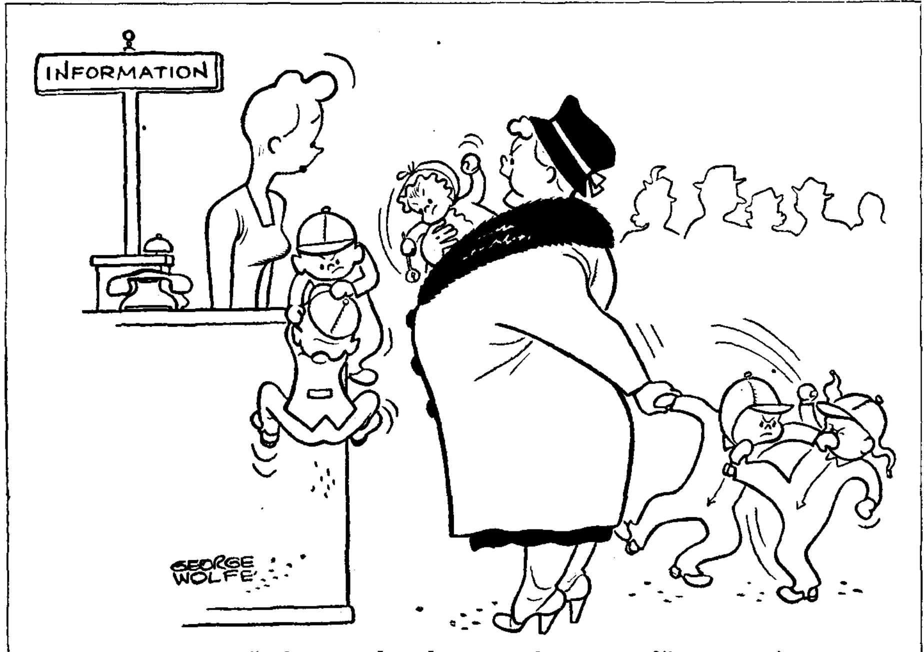
"Thanks," said the colonel. He then phoned the three hams, made arrangements to buy the transmitters for the Army and sent G.I. trucks to pick them up, all in the space of four hours. By morning, the transmitters were on their way to North Atlantic bases to set up the Air Forces Ferry Command to England.

The same thing happened the next day and every day after that for more than a month. The armed forces were caught short completely on radio equipment, and it didn't take them long to realize that all you had to do was change the label on a ham transmitter and it immediately became the most up-to-date piece of military equipment available. So every day someone from the War Department or any one of several government agencies phoned Warner. During the weeks it took for the radio manufacturers to convert to military needs, the hams of America supplied urgently needed equipment for the Army, which, believe it or not, entered the war with transmitters dating back to 1916. The ARRL's Radio Amateur's Handbook became the text in many Signal Corps radio schools.

Through the ARRL and its section communications managers, each of whom canvassed every ham in his area, radio equipment was supplied to Alaska after the Japs had invaded Attu and Kiska, to MacArthur's skeleton army in Australia and to new air bases all over the world. In those critical first months of the war, the hams provided the Signal Corps with thousands of current indicating meters, which the War Department couldn't buy then for love or money. Many a ham, drafted into the Army, opened up a G.I. transmitter to find it marked with familiar ham call letters. And there is the classic story of the ham who sold his transmitter to the Army, and then was assigned to it again, two years later, at a lonely island air base in the Pacific.

Of the 60,000 American amateurs, more than 35,000 went into the armed forces or into the government's radio and radar laboratories. Most of these men were placed through the ARRL's master lists. At one time, the league had requests for ham specialists from eighty war plants manufacturing electronics equipment.

The hams who stayed home went into the War Emergency Radio Service, which was the communications section of Civilian Defense. For two years they drilled at setting up emergency communications in the event of an enemy air raid. There was no air raid, of course, but on October 20, 1944, some liquefied gas tanks exploded in Cleveland, leveling several city blocks and killing dozens of people. Then the War Emergency Radio



COLLIER'S "Where is the glassware department?" GEORGE WOLFE

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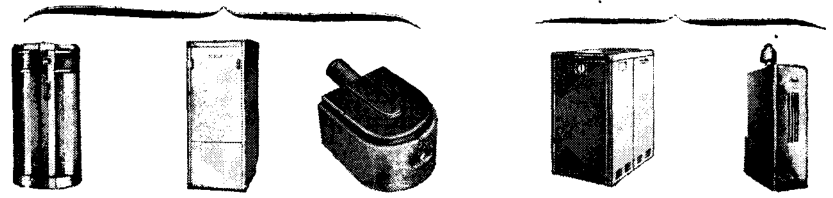

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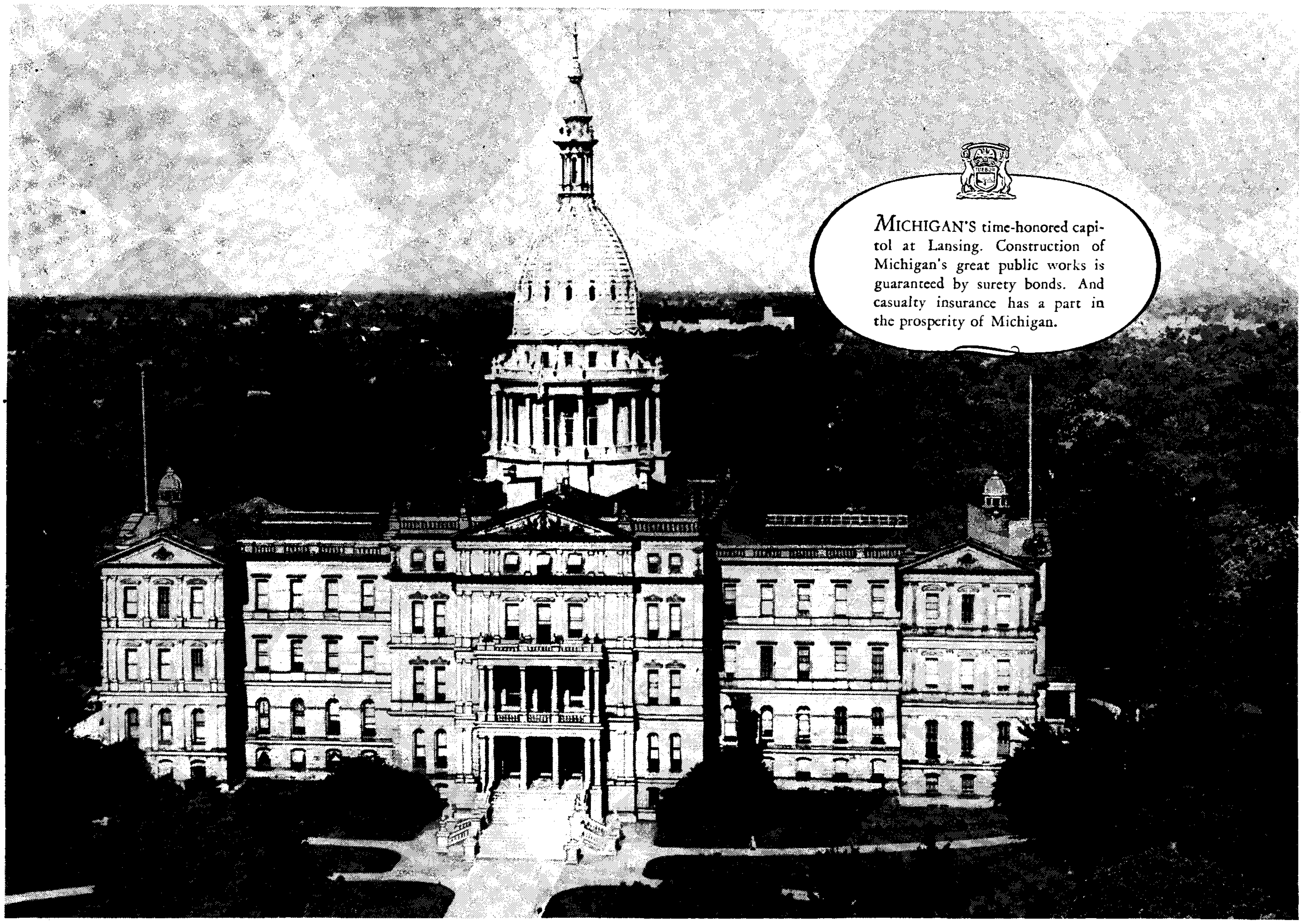

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Service did a typically efficient ham disaster job.

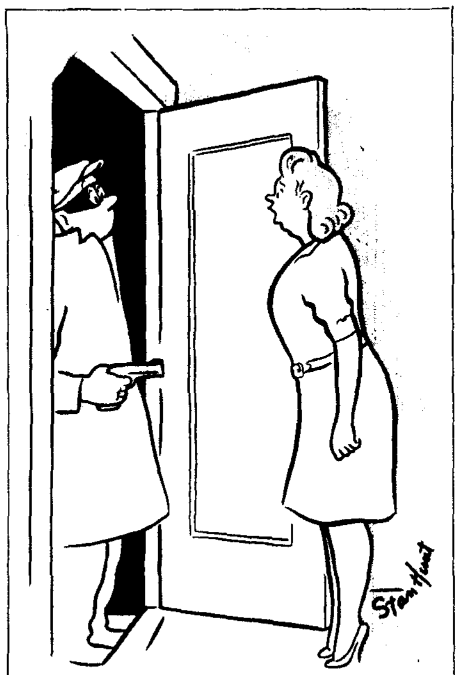
When the war ended in Europe, the hams performed another function. Many amateurs in the Army overseas got the permission of their commanding officers to set up amateur stations built out of enemy and Signal Corps equipment. These G.I. hams established contact with hams all over the United States and arranged for thousands of homesick soldiers to speak to their wives and parents for the first time in years. This ham radio service now has been officially organized by the Chief Signal Officer of the European Theater of Operations, himself an old ham operator.

In September, 1944, the Federal Communications Commission summoned all the radar, television, FM and radio people down to Washington to listen to each medium's arguments justifying requests for postwar waveband assignments. The ARRL was asked to present a brief for the hams. So many new radio and television stations, plus radar navigation aids, were crowding the air waves, that there was some talk of the amateurs losing most of their six major prewar wave bands. The hams were asked definitely to prove their contribution to American security and to the national welfare.

The hams' president, George W. Bailey, made the presentation. "As far as security is concerned," he said, in effect, "I think we have proved our value. In the event of another war, we can provide a large reservoir of skilled operators and technicians, we can turn over our frequencies to be used as clear military channels immediately upon the declaration of war, we can again contribute a vast supply of up-to-date equipment, and sustain the radio-equipment manufacturers who can at once begin turning out military radio.

"As far as the national welfare is concerned," Bailey continued, "we provide valuable training for thousands of young Americans, we provide a ready-made group for any large-scale government field tests in radio, we contribute to the advancement of radio science by our own experimentation, and, as we have already demonstrated, we help out considerably in times of flood and disaster." Bailey paused.

"Then, too," he said, "there is the sociological aspect of amateur radio. When you operate a ham station, it doesn't seem to make any difference if you're rich or poor, white or black, whole or crippled or blind. It is a means for handicapped people to elude the imprisonment of their physical plight and visit in the world again. It is a remarkable rehabilitation aid."



"Oh, dear, you're the new landlord, I suppose"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

Someone at the hearing then questioned the possibility of a severely handicapped person effectively operating a radio transmitter. So Bailey told them the story of Leo Sadowski.

Leo Sadowski, it seems, is a boy from Brooklyn, N. Y., who was born deaf and dumb and then lost the sight of both eyes by the time he was sixteen. After he was placed in the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind, Sadowski begged someone to teach him amateur radio. That was the only way he felt he could escape from within himself and travel the earth once again. The institute gently reminded the boy that he could neither hear nor speak nor see. But he pleaded with them, and after a while, they assigned a blind instructor, Robert Gunderson, to see what he could do.

Gunderson, who operates as W2JIO, pondered the problem for a few days. Then he began to instruct Sadowski by finger-tip contacts. He fixed up a buzzer system so that Sadowski could *feel* the Morse code as he transmitted and received it. "It was a slow, laborious process," said Bailey, "but finally the boy was ready to take those tough FCC examinations."

Gunderson asked the questions by means of the finger-tip contact method, and Sadowski answered the questions on a Braille typewriter. An FCC man graded the exam. When the FCC man had added up the results, he sat there looking at Sadowski for a long time. Then the FCC man presented Sadowski with the new license he had earned, W2OFU.

At the end of this hearing, the FCC awarded the hams five of the six major frequency bands they had before the war.

THE END

Glamor Guy

Continued from page 24

quarry was out all alone, satisfying a long-cherished wish by riding through Central Park, in a hansom cab, ten dollars for three hours, including tip.

News of his scheduled radio appearance two days later brought the army of adulators to the studio in a body. Fire laws kept most of them milling in the lobby and on the sidewalk. Getting out of the building after the program was a problem of patience and ingenuity, requiring forty minutes and a circuitous route through the subbasement boiler room, from which he was surfaced by way of the ash elevator.

Only time can tell what the fantastic fame and Hollywood or even life itself will do to the handsome ex-sailor. Obviously, he has nothing to worry about, so long as his current commodity for stardom holds out. He is six feet tall, 190 pounds, has wavy, sun-bleached yellow hair, skin actually the color of antique gold and eyes like sea water.

"Between the time I met Mr. Selznick," he explains, "and the time I got the seven-day leave to shoot the bowling-alley scene, I worked on speech, breathing, walking and thinking during every spare minute at North Island.

"I had to do it on the quiet, and a couple of times my own buddies thought I was nuts, talking to myself, and saying funny phrases with a cork in my mouth. I didn't even tell my folks over in Bakersfield what had happened, until I was positive I wasn't on the cutting-room floor.

"Well, if I could do all that for one sequence," he said with unbelievable sincerity, "I can learn how to act . . . really act. I'm twenty-three and in good condition. I don't drink, or smoke, or horse around, so I should stay in condition. Right now they're selling my puss. Okay, that's fair enough, but when the public begins getting tired of the puss, I hope to know enough about acting to keep 'em interested."

Back through his growing-up days there is little that you can't find in the life of any average American boy. He is the third of five children. His father has been a machinist at Bakersfield for nearly 25 years, and his mother has been just a mother. When she learned of the seven-year contract, she wrote a note of thanks to the studio.

"He has always been such a good boy," she concluded. "I hope that acting in motion pictures won't in any way change him."

His father gave him a secondhand bike for his twelfth birthday, and he became a bike addict. He has been an unreconstructed outdoor guy ever since. He proved it a few months ago by falling sound asleep on a couch in the midst of a hilarious Hollywood party, as movie celebrities, who couldn't achieve anything like that result with a dozen sleeping pills, looked on with envy.

The kid wasn't supposed to have a gun until he was eighteen, but long before that he managed to get one and carried it with him on most of the bike trips. He learned to pot-shot quail, pheasant and rabbits (yes, with a .22 repeater) from the bike, blazing away while riding "no hands." When he couldn't use the gun, he took along a bow and arrow, and today he is an expert with that weapon.

A Boy—a Bow—and an Arrow

One of his first extravagances as a movie actor was to buy a beautiful archery set. Once a female star jokingly invited him to do some shopping with her, but he's not very quick on the gags yet, and so he said quite seriously, "I can't right now, but if you see any turkey feathers, please pick 'em up for me. My arrows are all mangy-looking."

He attended Bakersfield Junior College, where he had to get up at 4 A.M. and do janitor work in order to help pay for his clothes. After classes he delivered newspapers and picked up more change. During the summer he worked in the berry fields and fruit ranches as a picker at 75 cents a day. He attended church every Sunday and never owned a jalopy until the day he left the Coast Guard. He was dreaming of being a cattle and fruit ranch owner from the lofty perch of a telephone-repair lineman when Pearl Harbor came and turned his thoughts to war.

He might have been in uniform yet, but for a silly accident last summer, the mention of which still embarrasses him. He dived overboard from a dory and was nearly killed when he struck his head against an abutment. He cracked a couple of vertebrae and tore loose neck and shoulder muscles. He spent weeks in the hospital and lost weight. They removed his tonsils, and he lost more weight. When he began to recover, he was recommended for discharge.

Two years had passed since the filming of those 450 feet of Since You Went Away. On his final day in the service, he reported to the doctor and got his papers. Then he bought a 1939 car, and went to collect a dog, which had been promised him.

It was a one-month-old pup, a ball of black fur with white paws and chest. He named it Discharge and headed for Bakersfield. His mother cried a little and then looked at the dog anxiously.

"Is he yours?" she asked. "Or ours?"

"Mine," he grinned. "But you can keep him till I find a place in Hollywood."

That was last October, and the ex-sailor is still hunting for a small apartment where he can keep the pup. Meanwhile, he's working as hard as he ever did in the berry patches. The elocution lessons, technique and tricks are unceasing. Every day there's something new, as when Henry Willson wanted him to wear a bow tie. He revolted.

"That's a gag," he protested. "I'm no Sinatra. Can't sing a note." And he has stuck to four-in-hands.

Right now the pressure will accelerate to make the rest of the public conscious of this movie phenomenon, perhaps the first star who never had a past. Hollywood will try to make you believe him a miracle. But they won't fool Madison.

"Look," he says with a sly grin. "I'm minding my own business. Somebody taps me on the shoulder and I'm in the movies. Well, some day—maybe tomorrow—another guy will tap me on the shoulder and I'll be out of the movies. It's all that simple."

THE END

to wake up
SINGING

Try this tonight for morning freshness!

There's more fun in life—when you're fresh and bright in the morning! So why don't you do what thousands do to waken fresh as a daisy? Just drink a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime.

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Those who appreciate the rich, smooth flavor which comes of quality ingredients skillfully blended have made SCHENLEY Reserve America's most widely enjoyed whiskey. Try it soon. Blended whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

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RESERVE
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
PRE-WAR QUALITY
THE GA

A Gift of Life

Continued from page 21

"You know the kid has no resistance. You're warned about that. When he catches a bit of a cold, or gets a sore throat . . . Well, when I read about the Blalock operation I lost no time. You've got to go through it to appreciate what it means to have your kid on the floor playing with his train, or up walking, or shouting, and being able to breathe normally like any kid. . . ."

A permissible oversimplification helps explain the Blalock-Taussig operation. Diagrammatically, the blood in the body can be divided into two parts—red blood and blue blood. The blood is red when it leaves the lungs with its full normal load of oxygen, goes into the left side of the heart and is pumped from there into the arteries. After the blood has delivered its load of life-sustaining oxygen to the tissues and organs, it becomes blue blood. The blue blood returns to the right side of the heart, is then pumped to the lungs for oxygen, upon which it becomes red blood again, to continue the endless circuit.

The trouble with the "blue" child is in the right side of the heart—the pump that gets the blue blood to the lungs via the pulmonary artery. We can visualize this artery as a capital T. The base of the T is rooted in the heart. The ends of the horizontal bar branch off into the lungs. The "blue" child's trouble is that the valve at the base of the T has narrowed critically. The narrowing of the valve is the disease (pulmonary stenosis). In the very sick children, the opening in the valve is sometimes no wider than the lead in a pencil. Sometimes it closes up altogether. When that happens, death follows immediately.

Stated simply, the narrowed valve does not allow enough blue blood to get to the lungs to provide the volume of red blood the body needs to maintain life. The result is something like a process of partial asphyxiation. Not because there isn't enough air in the lungs, but because not enough blood can get to the air. The body tries to overcome this condition by enormously increasing the number of red corpuscles in the blood. The blood becomes thick. It is this thick blood and the lack of oxygen which give the child its cyanotic (blue) symptoms.

A 10 per cent decrease in the oxygen saturation of the red blood of a normal person will cause dizziness and inco-ordination. A 25 per cent decrease may bring on shock, with damage to the brain and heart. But the oxygen saturation of the red blood of "blue" children is lower than normal, not by 10 per cent or 25 per cent, but often by as much as 50 per cent or more.

To return to the gummed-up T. Near by, from the left side of the heart, stems the body's main artery, the aorta, carrying red blood. The aorta rises above the heart, then descends to deliver the red blood to the trunk and legs. At the arch, before the aorta begins its descent, three arteries branch off from it. These carry red blood to the arms and the head.

Delicate Arterial Surgery

It is one of these three arteries that Dr. Blalock uses for his operation. He severs the artery (the subclavian or innominate) at some distance from the arch. The far end he ties up and allows to collapse. Other arteries will soon carry more blood to that part to compensate for the loss of blood from the cut artery. The part of the artery still attached to the aorta he connects up with the horizontal bar of the T, a little off center.

When, after the operation, the clamps on the arteries are removed, red-bluish blood from the left side of the heart pours through the detoured artery into the pulmonary artery and into the lungs, to pick up more oxygen. The pressure of the left side of the heart is normally four times that of the right side. This means that blood will flow from the aorta to the pulmonary artery.

The narrowed valve of the pulmonary artery (at the base of T) has been by-passed. It can be said that the good left side of the heart is made to do the better part of the work the sick right side cannot do. It provides increased blood to the lungs and a more rapid circulation of the blood through the lungs. The increased volume of oxygen in the blood soon begins to bring the number of red corpuscles down to normal, reducing cyanosis.

Dr. Blalock was professor of surgery at the Vanderbilt University School of Medicine, Nashville, Tenn., when he embarked upon a purely theoretical experiment. He wanted to see if any relationship could be established between high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries. The operation he is now performing on the "blue" children, he performed in 1939 on a number of dogs in order to increase the pressure in their lungs for the purposes of this experiment.

The experiment proved nothing as far as establishing any relationship between high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries. Dr. Blalock noticed, however, that several of the dogs whose circulations he had partly altered were doing very well. It was an important technical achievement in vascular surgery. But what did it prove?

At about the same time, in Baltimore, Dr. Taussig arrived at the conclusion that the main trouble with the "blue" child was the lack of circulation to the lungs. Previous theories lacked the preciseness of her diagnosis. It became her ambition to find some surgical means of increasing the "blue" child's circulation to the lungs.

A tall, attractive woman, with graying hair, a very feminine voice, a Boston accent, and a mannerism at once high-strung and intensely earnest, Dr. Taussig pleaded her theory industriously but could find no takers. What she needed was a top-caliber vascular surgeon capable of putting her conclusions to the test. But the dogs at Vanderbilt were still unknown to her.

KORN KLUB
OLD TIME
MUSIC CO.
BACK IN
JIG TIME
V.C.

COLLIER'S V. CARLSON

In 1941, Dr. Blalock became chief surgeon at Johns Hopkins. Dr. Taussig and Dr. Blalock met. Dogs bearing proof were about to make a junction with a brilliant theory.

At the time of their meeting, Dr. Taussig had already had 15 years of experience with children's heart diseases. Science and medicine were a tradition on both sides of her family tree. Her mother, Edith Guild, of Boston, was among the first women to study at Radcliffe when it was only an annex of Harvard. Zoology and natural science were her chief interests. She died when her daughter was 11 years old.

On the side of the famous economist who was her father, Dr. Taussig's grandfather was a German emigrant who settled in Missouri and became a country doctor. Like his granddaughter later, he interested himself particularly in the problems of handicapped children. The William Taussig School for Handicapped Children, in St. Louis, is named after him.

Born in Cambridge, Mass., Dr. Taussig studied at Radcliffe, where she won the tennis championship, then at the University of California. She was admitted to special courses at the Harvard School of Medicine at a time when very few women were allowed that privilege.

Her interest in the physiology of the heart came early. On leaving Harvard she specialized in that subject for three years in Boston. She came to Johns Hopkins in 1924, to continue her studies of the heart, and graduated in 1927. After interning in children's diseases, she took over the Johns Hopkins children's heart clinic in 1930.

Dr. Blalock had already achieved national prominence in the field of vascular surgery when he assumed his new post at Johns Hopkins. He and his associates at Vanderbilt had done pioneer work in tracing the causes of shock, resulting either from injury or surgery, to the loss of blood, or body fluids, or both. He was among the first to use large amounts of plasma and blood against shock, a method that was to save countless thousands of lives during World War II and open new fields to both emergency and elective surgery.

An Author of Medical Essays

Of medium height, with kindly eyes behind glasses, rather slow and deliberate of speech, Dr. Blalock bears all the marks of a scholarly and reflective nature. He is a member of the National Academy of Sciences. His published works include papers on the collapse and paralysis of the muscular system, particularly the muscles of the face, neck and throat, the control of circulation during operations, high blood pressure, as well as the treatment of surgical shock.

Born in Culloden, Ga., he graduated from the University of Georgia and received his medical degree at Johns Hopkins. After serving for three years on the Hopkins house staff, he became professor of surgery at Vanderbilt, where he remained until he returned to Hopkins as chief surgeon. He is married and has three children, two boys and one girl, ranging in age from two to fourteen.

Dr. Blalock's arrival at Johns Hopkins was exactly what Dr. Taussig had been praying for. It wasn't long before he was persuaded to put her theory to the test.

The experiments he undertook to pave the way for the final test posed formidable problems. Ways had to be found, first of all, to make dogs cyanotic. Obviously, the value of the operation could not be determined unless performed on cyanotic dogs, whose circulatory problems corresponded to those of the "blue" children. Next the actual operation had to be perfected and the results, with all possible ramifications, anticipated and otherwise carefully checked.

The projected operation required the temporary clamping-off of the circulation to one lung and possibly part of the circulation to the head. Techniques involving split-second timing had to be developed to overcome many hazards.

In 1943, during Dr. Blalock's second year at Johns Hopkins, Mrs. Leonard Rosenthal, of Buffalo, N. Y., took her ten-year-old invalid daughter, Barbara, to Dr. Taussig's clinic. The diagnosis revealed that Barbara was a "blue" child, suffering from pulmonary stenosis, with all of the characteristic symptoms. There was no remedy as yet.

Less than two years later, Barbara's physician, who had kept in touch with Dr. Taussig, advised the Rosenthals to take their daughter once again to Johns Hopkins. The physician did not tell the parents very much. But Dr. Blalock had succeeded in making dogs cyanotic. He had succeeded in relieving them through surgery. Dr. Taussig's theory was put to the test and proved valid.

Barbara was the second child on whom Dr. Blalock operated. That was on February 3, 1945. Three weeks after the operation she was able to walk 60 feet without panting, her body erect. At the end of the fifth week she was discharged from the hospital.

Back in Buffalo, Barbara is now attending school. She can easily walk a mile or more. She is busily picking up the threads of life of a normal girl of twelve.

"Last summer," said Dr. Taussig, deeply absorbed with the human detail of the hundreds of children under her care, "last summer Barbara went to camp for a whole week."

THE END

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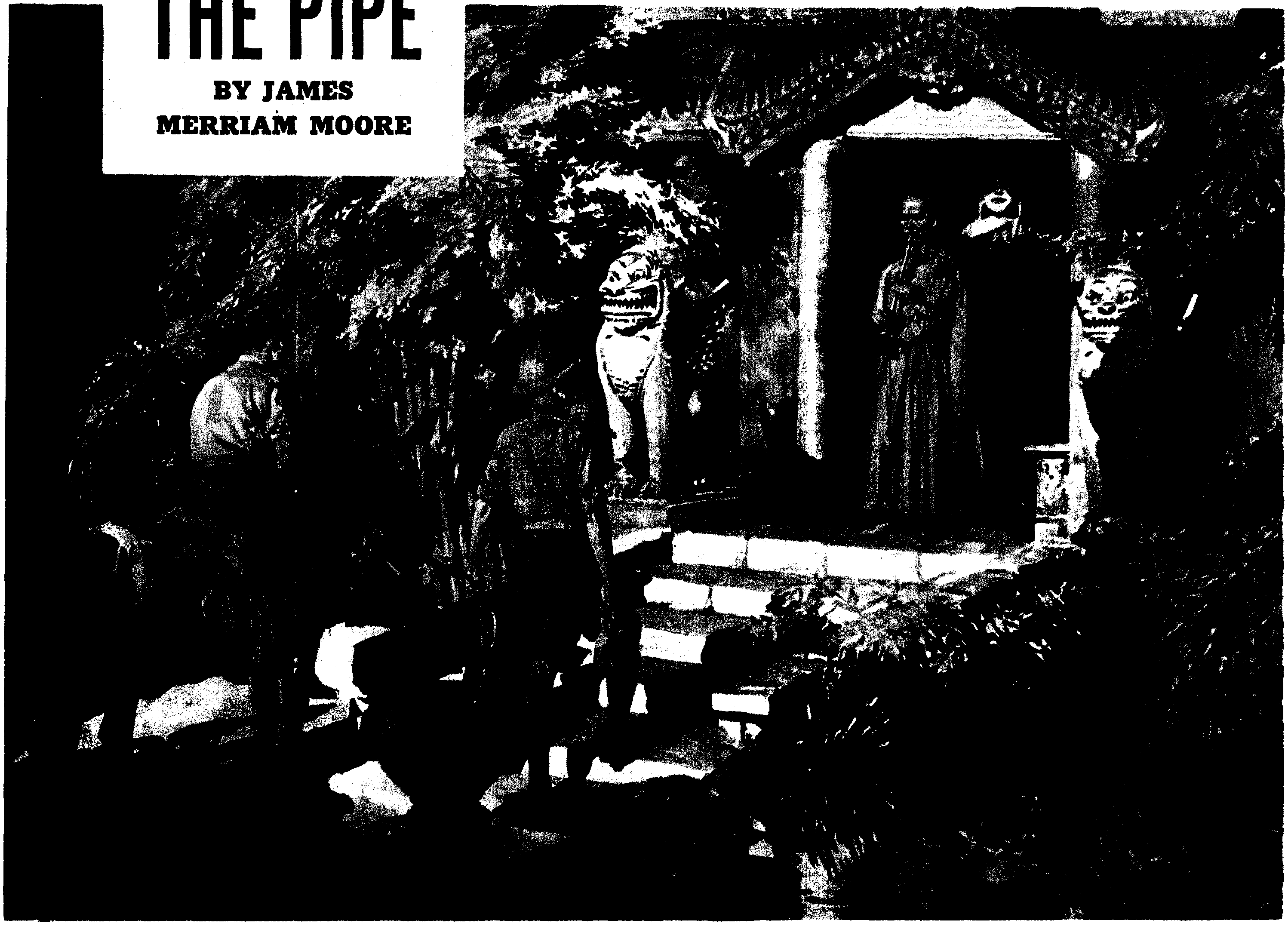
THE PIPE

BY JAMES MERRIAM MOORE

When we reached the temple we found a priest waiting at the door. He smoked a big-bowled pipe, drawing in the smoke as we might swallow a quick drink to hearten ourselves before some ordeal



Behind them lay the sacred treasure. Ahead, through the treacherous jungle, lay safety. And the shrewdly improvised map led only one way

I AWOKE painfully, made conscious of one part of my body after another by the successive ache of head, back and legs as I stirred in my wallow on the floor of the jungle. There was no sky; only a green ceiling supported by tall, silvery trees which rose through the roof of damp vines so that I could not see their tops. The watery light was such as one gets from the glint of rain. On the other side of the tree under which I lay I could hear Battle, my mule, champing heavily on some bamboo shoots, and with the permeating intensity of sheets of rain, the ringing shrilling of Burma locusts filled the upper levels of the wet air. Then I distinguished another sound: a rhythmic tapping of metal on metal. It must have been that which had awakened me.

Toward the sound, up the slope which I knew to be a hill only by the steepness of the ground, and dragging the reluctant Battle with the last of his breakfast hanging out of his mouth, I mounted by long strides, as though to drive my apprehensions ahead of me.

Presently, up the slope, I saw a patch of silver and thought it must be the rainy sky above the hill; but it turned out to be the wings and fuselage of a wrecked plane, half buried in a vine- and tree-torn clearing such as a dragon might have lashed and plowed in dying.

Propped against the metal side sat Gredinger, tapping on it with his jungle knife.

"You've been a hell of a time getting here," he complained, as I stopped to pant, and Battle jerked loose and began to browse again. "Where's the rest of the search party?"

"I don't know."

"Do you know where we are?"

"No. I've been lost for two days, myself. Where were you on the map when you crashed?"

"How could I tell after flying blind three hours? You certainly aren't the sort of help I counted on."

"Are you hurt?"

"Bad ankle; not serious, but I'll have to ride that mule."

"All right," I consented wearily. "Let's start before some Jap patrol sights your plane."

"Start where? My map's gone."

"Just find a watercourse and follow it till we come to a river I might recognize."

"What about Japs?"

"We'll have to chance meeting patrols. Mostly you can hear them coming, you know, and—but you Air Corps people don't know. You won't have fun, Gredinger, even on a mule."

I hoisted him on Battle and we went over the rest of the hill and down the other side. I didn't think it safe to go back on my own track.

We did find a watercourse. I filled my canteen and dropped a couple of halazone tablets into it. Gredinger wanted to drink right away instead of waiting the half-hour you must give the tablets to work, and if he hadn't had a bad ankle we would have had our first fight there. My watch was broken and I did not trust him to do the timing, so I counted my steps, which gave me something to think about besides how tired I was and how I ached; but it was confusing because I kept getting my footfalls mixed with those of the mule, as though in some sort of bad dream.

About sunset the rain stopped; the sun broke through, and we came out on a jade-green valley through which the topaz river ran, appearing at one end and disappearing at the other between hills that rose straight as blue-green flames around the open land. In the middle of the valley, on the river, was a thicket of dark teak and delicate bamboo, and out of the bamboo pricked the spires of a little Burman temple.

When we reached it a priest stood—waiting—between two winged lions of stone; *chindits* that guarded his temple door. He was fragile, not too clean, and his face was very smooth but very old. He smoked a big-bowled pipe, drawing in the smoke as we might swallow a quick drink to hearten ourselves before some ordeal. The smoke hung in the still, hot air, and his eyes glinted through it.

I had only a few words of Burman, confined to food, drink, shelter and questions as to whether there were any Japs about, so I could not learn why this temple was so strangely set apart, near no village.

He gave us some rice, fish from the river, and showed us a *bashi,* a thatched room on stilts, in which to sleep. When it was dark I felt my way out on the platform, cut the fiber lashing of the bamboo ladder and drew the ladder up after me. Later in the night I heard the priest prowling under the house, and looking out, I saw his figure in the starlight holding something which caught the light; not a knife though, not long like a *dah,* but round in his hand. Whatever he meant, I felt better to have him stay by his temple rather than be off to some Jap outpost.

Finally, toward dawn, I slept deeply, waking to a glare of sunlight in the doorway and the sound of Gredinger scrambling up the ladder, too excited to favor his ankle very much.

"I've been to the temple," he panted. "Come back and look—you know about those things. . . . I don't think the priest saw me."

We crept through a cool bamboo tunnel, up a little rise, and lay down quietly where we could look through an opening in the side of the temple not more than ten yards away. The priest was sitting, contemplative, before the altar. On the gray slab in front of him lay an intricate pattern, fiery and flashing in the one hot shaft of sunlight—a rich pattern of yellow, green, and red stones. Fire

(Continued on page 82)

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

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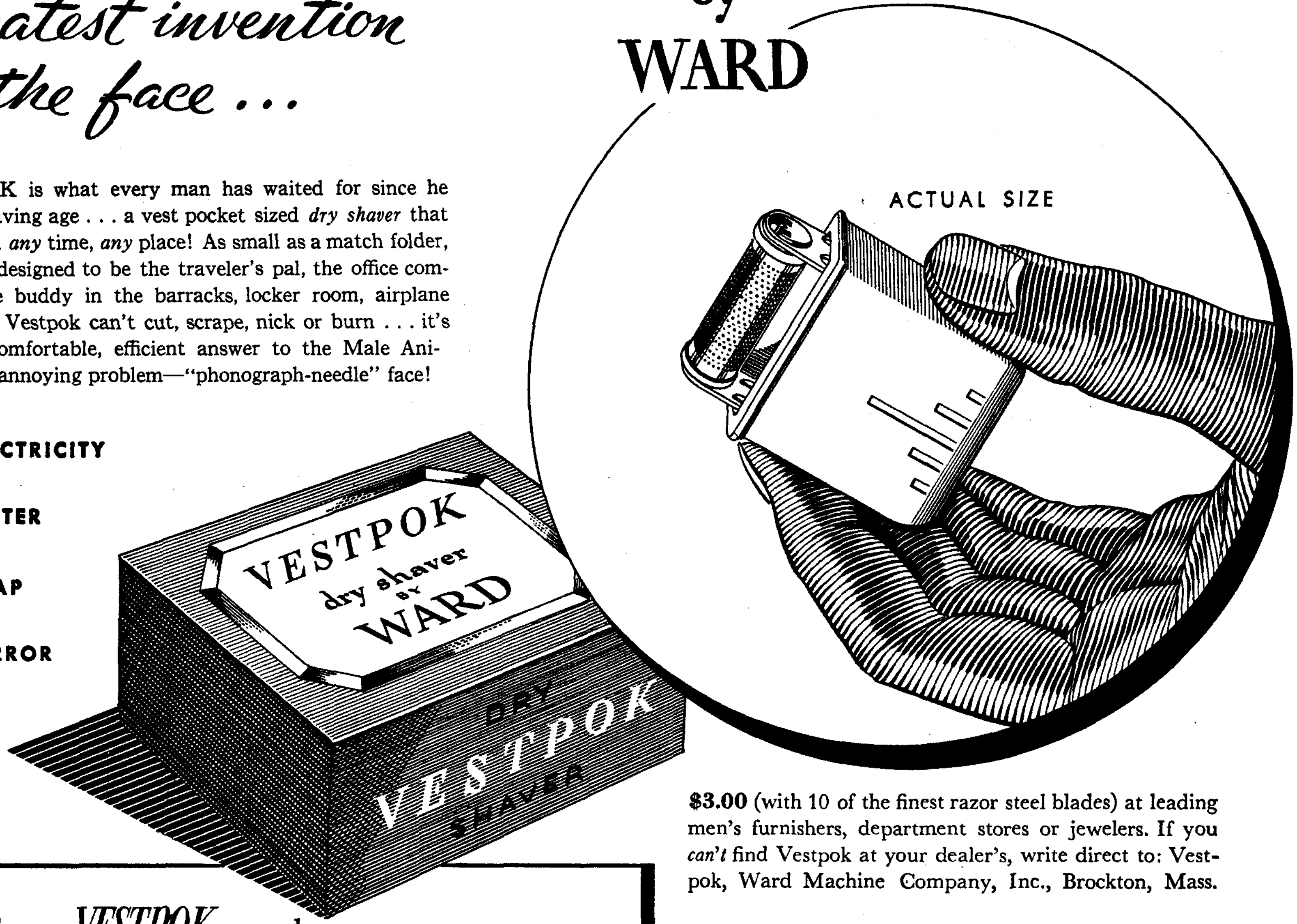

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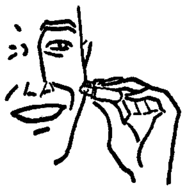
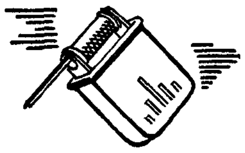
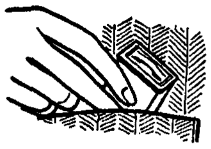


Used like an eraser, Vestpok's cylinder rolls the whiskers away in a hurry!



A twist of a coin in the slot, *presto*, the old blade drops out—it's that easy!



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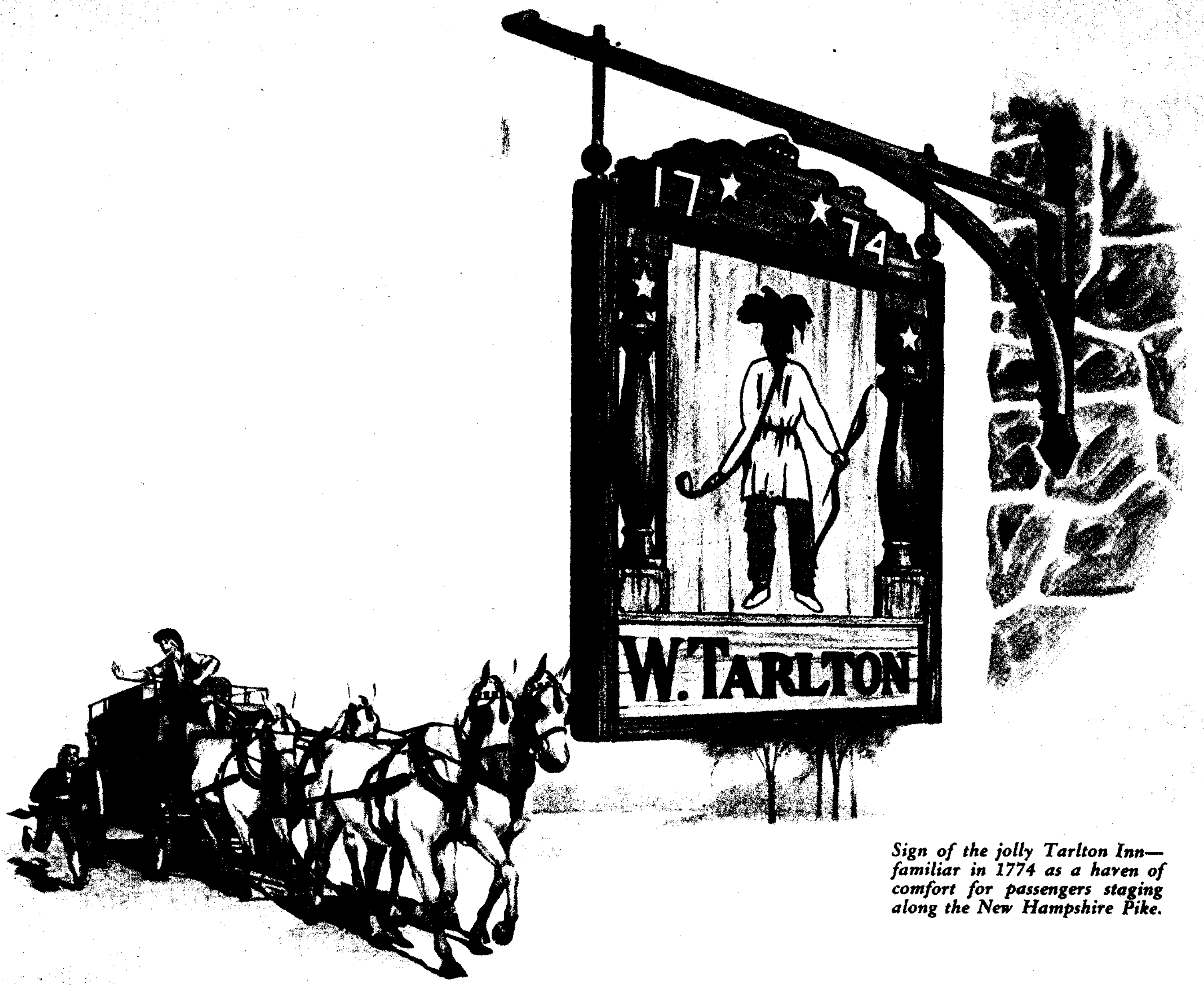
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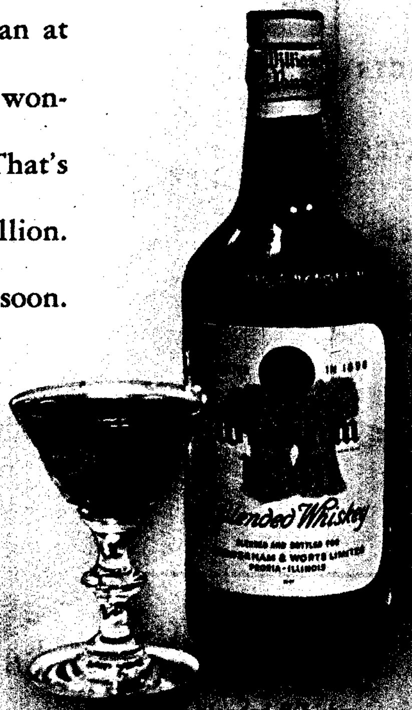
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JUST AS FINE AND MELLOW AS CAN BE

Jealousy

Continued from page 14

suddenly afraid with the dumb irrational fear of a child. All the rest of the time she forgot it, pushed it out of her mind savagely, with an imperative need to forget it, and to begin to remember only from the day the miracle had happened. Her father had come home that day when Sybil's life began. He had sold the mine and was putting the money in the oil fields just opening on the outskirts of the town. From then on everything was different, everything except her mother. Her mother kept on scolding. Sybil could hear her at night when she was in bed, supposed to be asleep. It was something about salt, and Sybil could never understand it, because she knew it was a gold mine, not a salt mine. But when her mother died there was no one left to take the fine luster off their brave new world. The mine was a means to a good end, and if an occasional lawyer tried to bring it up Sybil only heard of it when her father laughed his big booming laugh that made everything warm and right, and said they ought to give him a public service award.

She looked out the window again. The child was gone, and the desolate house. For a moment she thought they had been a nightmare product of her own imagination, but then she saw the train was moving slowly on into the station.

SHE sat there very still. She had not really forgotten her childhood. In spite of all her security and all her assurance, underneath she still remembered and was afraid. That was what had taken away the enchantment of Landover. Charlie was right. She *was* frightened. That was why she'd had the old dream again. It was about a time when she was eleven and the father of one of the girls in her Sunday-school class was a judge at a dog show. He had got tickets and she was invited with the others. They were to meet at the girl's house. She went, so happy she did not feel her feet touching the ground. The girl's mother came to the door and told her the others had gone, but there was the ticket and she could meet them at the show. As she closed the door Sybil heard one of the girls giggle, looked back at the house and saw them peeking out the window at her. In the dream it was always the door closing, leaving her outside.

The train jolted and came to a stop in the station. She leaned against the window, trying to see Charlie getting off at the end of the car. She wanted him; if she was with him she'd be all right. She started to put on her fur coat, and just then she saw him. He was already surrounded by a lot of people, shaking his hand, slapping him on the back, laughing, delighted to see him back. Her impulse to go to him receded slowly. "It's his moment—I won't go out and spoil it," she said to herself. "He's the one they're glad to see." But as she said it she was aware of an unhappy feeling that they had taken him away from her when she needed him.

She looked out at Charlie's friends. They were all men. One of them, taller than Charlie—blond and quite handsome—was looking along the train as if hunting for someone through the windows. Probably looking for her, Sybil thought. After all, Charlie's friends in Landover must be as curious about her as she was about them. Perhaps Charlie would bring some of them in to see her. She took out her compact, smoothed the glossy black roll of her hair, relaxed then and waited, a little tired the way one is on waking after a bad dream. When Charlie came she was sitting there with a book open on her lap.

"I ran into some of the old gang," he said. "They wanted to come and say hello, but I steered them off. If you've got a headache you don't want that crowd in here."

He was still with his old friends, Sybil thought. He wasn't really there with her.

"Why don't you go back to the day coach and talk to them, darling?"

She didn't want him to go, but she could make the gesture.

"Okay." He seemed a little surprised at his own eagerness. "If you don't mind, that is. I mean—"

"Of course not, darling. Don't be silly."

She said it too brightly, not wanting him to know how vulnerable she was then.

"All right, then. I'll only stay a minute."

She sat there alone, hurt and knowing it was foolish to be hurt. He wouldn't have gone if she hadn't suggested it. Still . . .

The train started again, and a voice spoke in the doorway: "Mrs. Hale?"

Sybil looked up quickly. It was the tall blond young man she had seen on the station platform. He looked vaguely familiar, but it might be that he looked like all handsome blond well-tailored young men in pinstripe blue flannel suits.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Hale," she said.

The young man smiled. "I don't suppose you remember me. I wouldn't expect you to, of course."

He had a boyish smile, open and pleasant.

"I do, sort of," Sybil said. She closed her book. "Won't you sit down? My husband's gone to smoke a pipe with his old friends."

"Thanks," the man said. "I'm Lyman Grimes. I had a shop on Fifty-fifth Street in New York, and you—"

"Oh, I remember—of course!" Sybil said. She remembered very well. It was a print and antique shop, and she used to go in there when she was in New York. It was a long time ago. She couldn't have been more than sixteen.

"You were just starting out," she said. "You used to show me all kinds of things. In fact I learned an awful lot."

Lyman Grimes laughed. "I was going to startle the world, and until the day you came in the only customers I'd ever had were my mother's friends."

Sybil smiled at him. "What happened?" she asked. "What are you doing here? I take it you know Charlie?"

"Very well," Lyman Grimes said. "What happened was simple. I was really going to town when the war came along. I had to close up and come home."

"Do you live in Landover?"

"For my sins. Or my parents'—I don't know which. They must have been bad sins, because there we are. Mother clings to the old homestead."

"You sound as if you didn't like Landover."

"I hate it," he said pleasantly.

Sybil laughed. He was very nice. Their meeting here on the train seemed to bridge the years and make her feel she had really known him a long time.

"We'll have to compare notes," Lyman Grimes said. "Just don't let them get you down. The Hales are wonderful people, but you'll have the town to buck, of course."

"Don't they like new people in Landover?"

"They don't like *anything* new. Especially a foreigner who's copped off their leading son."

Sybil laughed. She didn't mind being called a foreigner, and it was nice to hear that Charlie was admittedly Landover's leading son.

"I know they had a home-town girl picked out for him," she said lightly.

She'd wondered about that, of course. There must have been other girls in Charlie's life. He was nearly thirty, after all, and attractive. But he would never say, though she'd tried a dozen different tacks to get him to talk about it.

THE sudden flicker in Lyman Grimes' eyes told her she was right. "And how," he said. He laughed as if he hadn't meant to be so emphatic. "But I wouldn't let that worry me if I were you. I don't think it's worrying Lisa any."

"Lisa?"

He nodded. "Lisa Talbot. Awfully nice girl—darned attractive."

He seemed so matter-of-fact about it that Sybil thought it was safe to go on.

"Was Charlie supposed to be very much in love with her?"

He glanced at her quickly, as though suspecting he'd already said more than he should.

"You needn't be afraid to give me the local scuttle butt," she added, laughing. "Charlie's already told me about her. I'd just forgotten her name."

She shouldn't have said that, she thought quickly, because it wasn't true. But she had to know; it wasn't fair, letting her risk making a fool of herself not knowing what everybody else in town seemed to know very well.

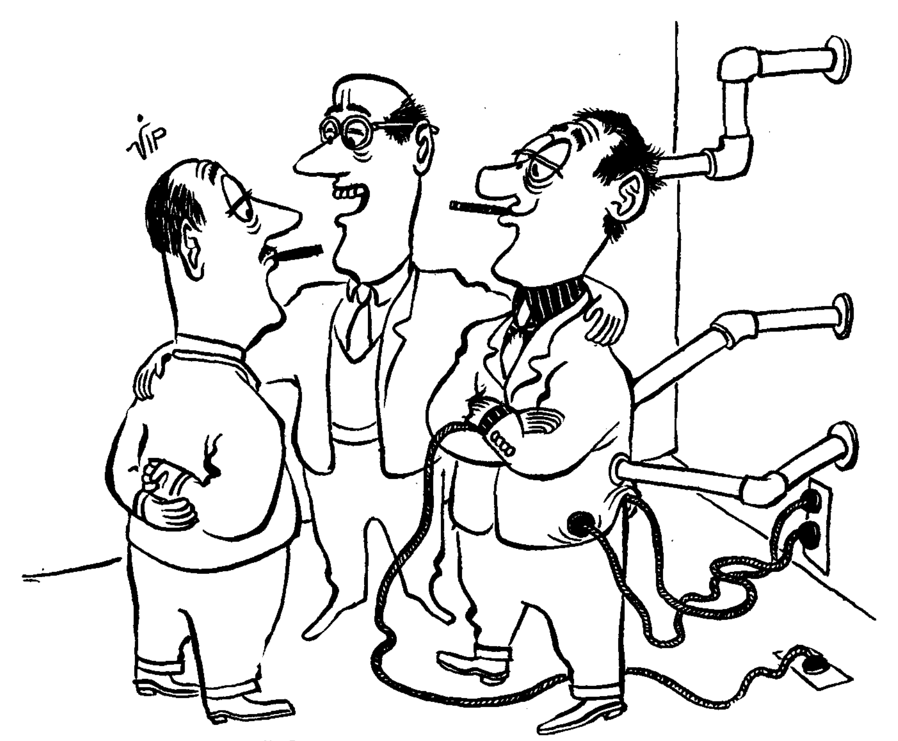
"I'm hardly the jealous type," she said.

Lyman Grimes laughed. "I can't imagine you having to be jealous of anybody," he said. "Least of all Lisa. But—that's Landover for you. All the old cats will be sitting around waiting for you two gals to be at each other's throat. It's a pity too. I don't believe for an instant that Lisa's just been waiting for Charlie to come back. They had plenty of time to make up their quarrel before he married you. I wouldn't give it a thought. You'll just be unhappy if you do, and that's what the old cats want. They can't bear for people to be different from themselves."

He really didn't like Landover, Sybil thought—there was genuine bitterness in his voice.

"Well, we'll be getting in before long," he said. "Good luck, and let's get together some time. If we tell them we're old friends, they'll keep their claws in like nice, well-bred pussy cats."

He smiled at her and got to his feet. "You



COLLIER'S "Clarence, here, has connections" VIRGIL PARTCH

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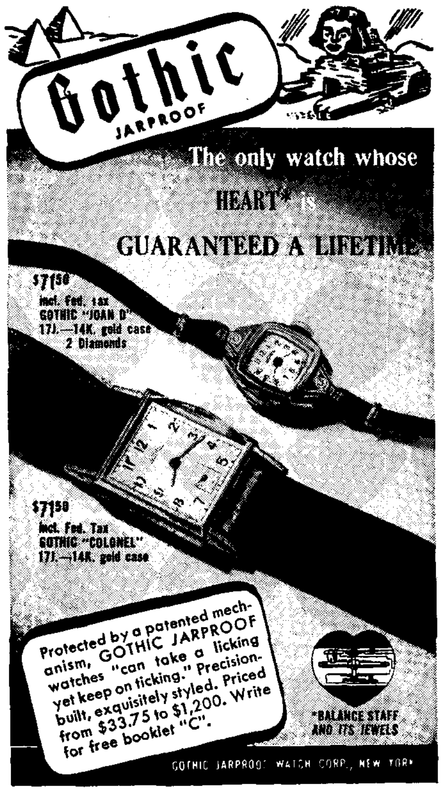
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may even call me Lyman . . . to make it sound better."

Sybil put out her hand. "And you may call me Sybil, then. After all, you are my oldest friend in Landover, since I don't know anybody else at all."

He wasn't very happy about getting to Landover either. For the moment it was a bond between them, and she felt a little sorry for him.

"Come and see me when we get in our house, Lyman," she said, smiling.

"Thanks, and goodby. It's nice seeing you again, Sybil. You're going to be a breath of fresh air here."

She sat down again when he was gone, not thinking of him but of Lisa Talbot, piecing together the things he'd let slip out. So they'd quarreled, she thought. That was why Charlie had never admitted there was a girl. And if he'd got completely over it he wouldn't have been so careful to hide it. Lisa Talbot . . . Sybil said it over to herself. He'd never even mentioned the name; she was sure of it.

She sat looking out without seeing the blur of dun-colored fields or the fields green with winter wheat that lay on the outskirts of the town that was to be her home. She'd forgotten about the enchantment it had had and the enchantment it had lost. She was thinking about Charlie and why he hadn't told her about Lisa Talbot. When she heard him speak to the porter she leaned down and tugged at her small blue leather dressing case under the seat so she wouldn't have to look at him when he came in.

"We're here, Sybil! We're home, honey child!"

"That's wonderful, Charlie," she said.

THE Talbot farm was out the North River road, eight miles from Landover's central Square . . . two hundred and fifteen acres of tobacco and general farm land on which Lisa Talbot and her father had lived since Lisa was fifteen. It had come to her that year from her grandfather, tied and securely retied in trust with the law firm of Hale, Collins & Smith until she was twenty-five. A weather-beaten sign at the entrance, where the double row of cedars led to the low brick house, said "Hollyrood," but no one called it anything but "the Talbots'," as if Hollyrood was too grand for its run-down barns and the fences Lisa never seemed to have money enough to more than patch.

She sat perched on one of the more solid fences outside the tobacco barn, her hair gold in the late autumn sun, and as the wind stirred it, she pushed it back from her face, keeping her balance with the heels of her square-toed work shoes braced behind the lower rail. Her eyes, the rich tawny brown of the ripe tobacco leaves, were turned away from the thickset man leaning against the fence beside her. They had been talking about the tobacco, both of them aware it wasn't tobacco that Joe Collins had come out to talk about.

Well, now's the time, Lisa Talbot thought. I ought to pull myself together and say, "How are the bride and groom?" . . . naturally and casually, as anybody else would. She knew that Joe didn't know how to begin and that she ought to help him, but the words were stuck in her throat.

It was foolish and absurd and all the rest of it. She'd gone through it once and finally, she thought, the day Charlie's mother called her up to prepare her for the announcement that would be in the paper that night. It had been in April and the place was lovely. She could see herself now, putting down the telephone and hurrying outside so that her father, reading in the living room, wouldn't stop her and ask who was calling. But he had called to her anyway, and she had had to say she was just going out to pick some dogwood. She was gone so long that he'd come after her and found her down by the creek sitting on a fallen chestnut log. He must have known already, perhaps all day, because he didn't say anything but just took her hand and led her back to the house, talking about all kinds of other things, just as she and Joe Collins had been talking about the tobacco today.

If I hadn't been such a fool! she thought now. If I'd only married him when he asked me to!

She tightened her grip on the fence rail, trying again to get the words voiced. Joe Collins fumbled in his pocket, took out a pack of cigarettes and looked up at her. "I . . . had dinner with the bride and groom, last night," he said.

It was out at last, Lisa thought gratefully. "Good. How are they?" she said.

He glanced up at her again for an instant. There was certainly nothing frustrated or unhappy in her clear brown eyes, grave and quiet until she laughed and then lighting up like sparkling wine. But he could never tell. She was warm and golden and lovely, but he was never sure about her.

"Why, they're fine," he said.

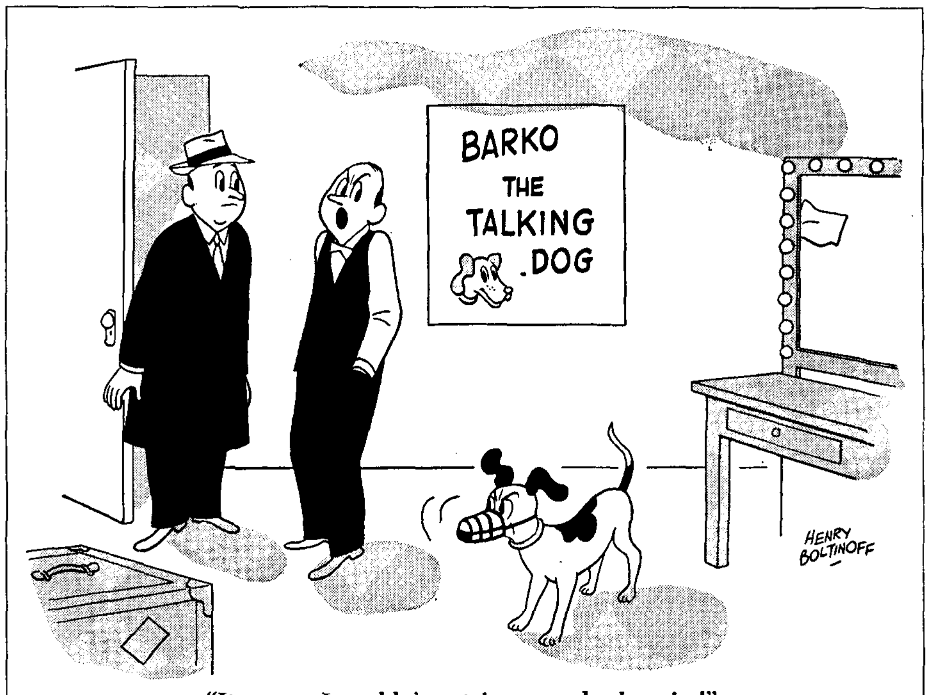
Lisa had hold of herself now. "What's she like, Joe? Is she pretty?" She had to ask it. If it killed her she had to ask it.

"She's a knockout," Joe Collins said laconically. He glanced at her again, quickly. But she was taking it all right.

"Very streamlined. What are all those words? *Soignée? Chic?* The bluest eyes you ever saw. Like that piece of sky over there. White skin, glossy black hair. She's neat. A little hoity-toity, but with her dough I guess she can afford to be."

"That's swell," Lisa said.

She was looking up at the house. Her father was out on the terrace under the oak tree, with Bertram Kennedy, calling his dog. The two men had guns under their arms, and when the dog came they all started off down the field toward the woods at the head of the creek.



COLLIER'S "It got so I couldn't get in a word edgewise!" HENRY BOLTINOFF

"They'll be moving out here soon," Joe Collins said. "How are you going to like having them for next-door neighbors, do you think?"

HOW am I going to like it? It's going to be ghastly, Lisa thought. That was one of the things that had kept it alive and fresh in her mind after she'd thought she was all over with it, hearing the hammers and the sanding machines across the creek, repairing and remodeling Halethorpe, the Hales' old farmhouse on the river next to them. She looked across the plowed field over the rim of dogwood and tulip tree and oak, brilliant in their autumn gold and scarlet, harlequin gay against the luxuriant green of the holly trees, on each side of the creek between. The old house glistened with fresh white paint.

"I think it's going to be wonderful," she said. "It's a sweet old place, and it's been awfully lonely-looking since the Judge and Mrs. Hale moved into town."

"I can't see our Sybil as the outdoor girl," Joe said. "Anyway, I thought they should have left it for her to fix up herself. Something to keep her busy, ladling out the red gold of Texas."

Lisa laughed, looking up at her own house. A lot of the red gold of Texas or of Timbuctoo could start at the roof there and go down to the termites in the walnut beams of the cellar without ever being seen, she thought.

The silence was there again between them. He broke it abruptly.

"It's none of my business, Lisa," he said. "And I don't know whether you're still nursing a broken heart or what have you. But I mean, is it going to upset you, having Charlie around?—I'm putting it badly."

"You don't have to go on, Joe," Lisa said. "I know what you mean. The answer is no. It's not going to bother me at all."

IT WASN'T true, and it took all the discipline that she had to say it, but it was one more thing she had to say. That was pride again just as it had been when she had refused to marry Charlie. It had been the spring the river rose and washed out her whole crop. It was Charlie's second year in his father's office, and he had the job under her grandfather's ironclad trust that Joe Collins had now.

The day he came out she was sitting up at the house, with three inches of mud on the living-room floor, helpless, in utter despair, watching the water go down taking the soil she'd been patiently building up for years. That was when he'd asked her to marry him. . . . Marry him, he'd said, and let the river have the damned farm. And instead of breaking into a flood of tears and saying, "Oh, thank you, thank you, darling!" the way she'd wanted to more than anything else in the world, she'd turned on him like a wildcat.

It made her sick now to remember. If he'd only taken hold of her and shaken her and made her stop saying the things she was saying, she would have collapsed in his arms and cried her heart out. But instead he had just got white and angry, and picked up his hat and left the house. He was proud too, and the things she said were unforgivable. It was a picture always there in her mind, under a very shallow surface that it took little to strip off and leave everything vividly exposed, her heart raw and aching with a sick agony. But no one must know it, least of all Joe, who had to be going over the books and accounts all the time. Too much of her life already had been made up of people feeling sorry for her and never saying any of the things she knew they were thinking.

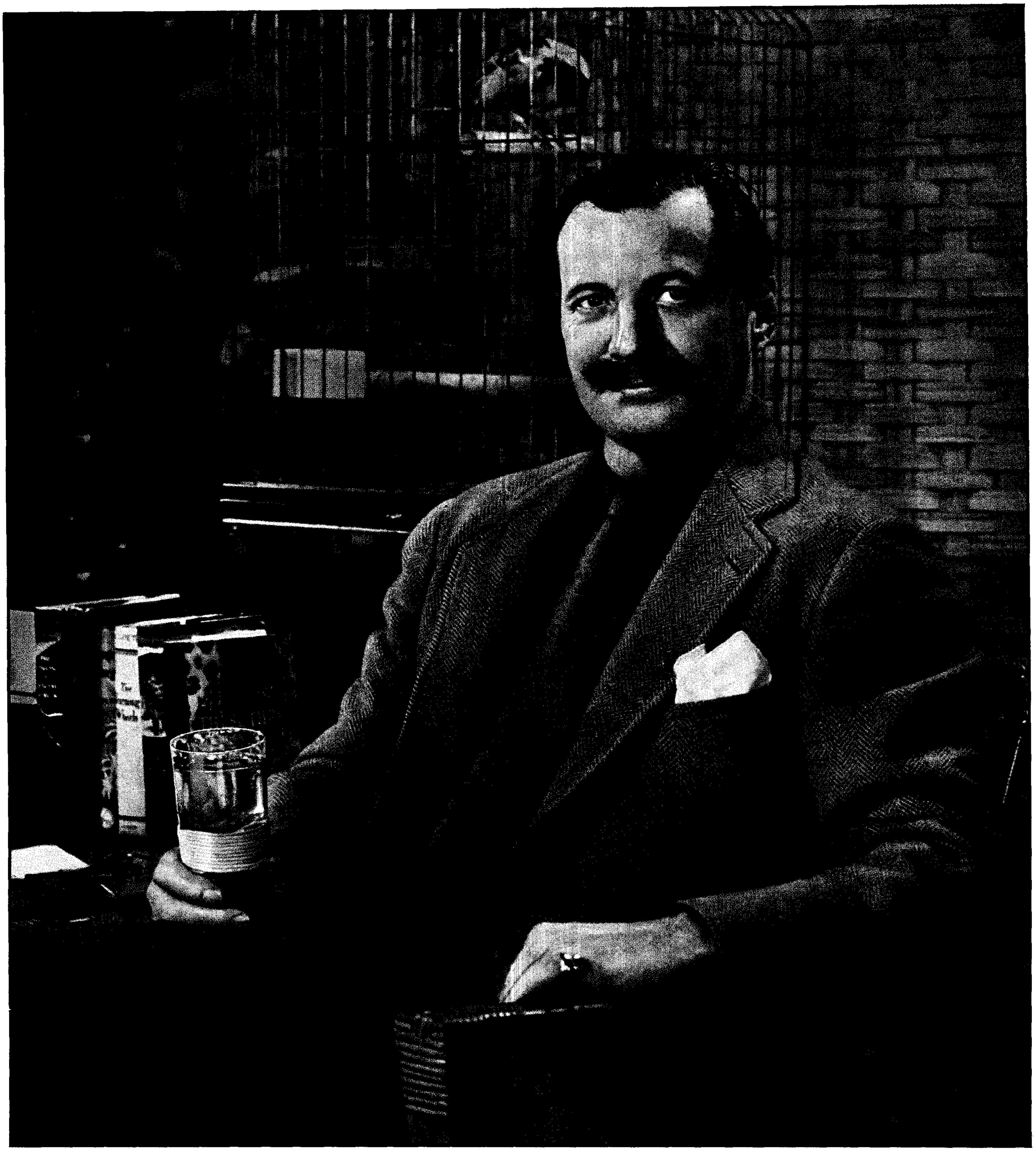
"You can take my word for it, Joe," she said, smiling at him. "It's all water under the bridge. Believe me, it is."

"That's swell, then." He hesitated an instant. "As a matter of fact, that's what that old fox Judge Hale sent me to sort of find out. He wants to take it a little easy, now Charlie's back to pull his part of the load."

Lisa looked at him quickly, a sudden hope springing up in her.

"You're going to let me run the place myself? Oh, Joe—"

"Wait a minute," Joe Collins said hastily;



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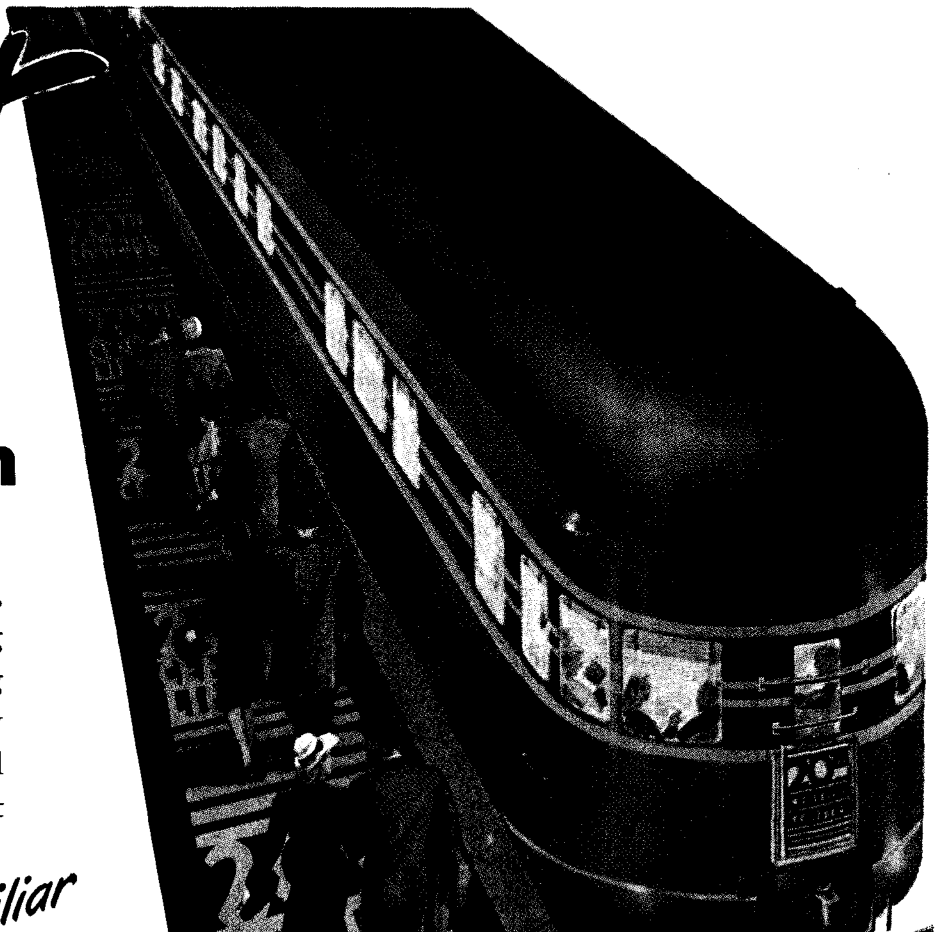

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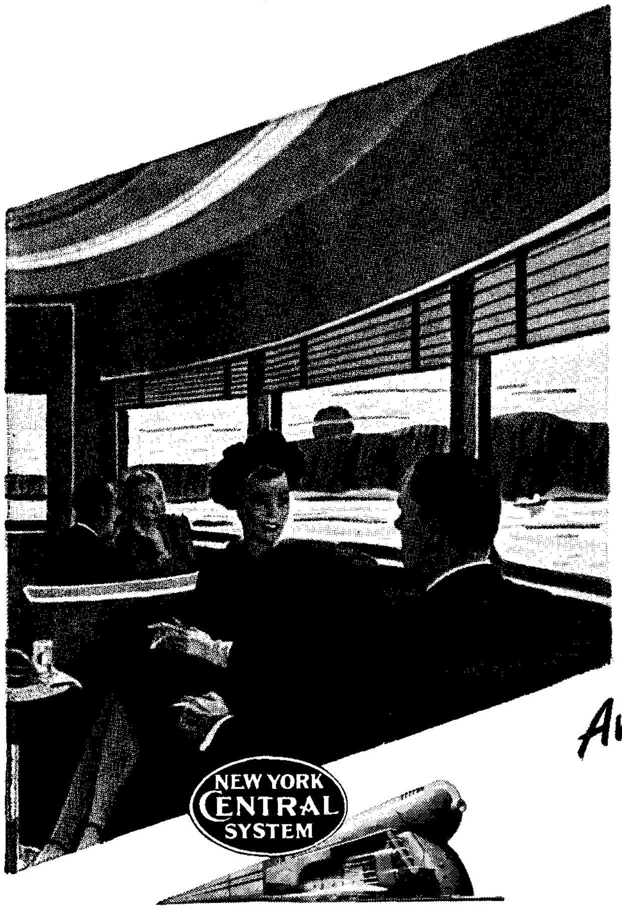

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"I don't mean that. We can't under the terms of the trust, for another eighteen months. But the old man figured if it's all right with you, now that Charlie's living across the creek, he could just stop by on the way home at night, or come over Sundays."

Lisa was holding tight onto the fence rail, her heart pounding in her ears, deafening her.

She couldn't say anything. For the amount of time and the picayune detail involved, the legal work they did was hardly more than a charity performance, given out of Judge Hale's respect for her grandfather and his friendship and sympathy for her father and herself. Lisa knew that. It was business, and her tangled emotions had nothing to do with it. Nevertheless . . . She was trying frantically to find some excuse she could offer that wasn't an obvious and flat-footed betrayal. Then she thought she had found it. Joe Collins was vain and easily flattered. It wasn't fair, but it was the only out she could see.

"I'd rather have you, Joe," she said. She realized as soon as she had said it that the effort it took and the charged emotional background that was the impelling force behind it made it sound warm and very personal.

He stood quite still for a moment. "I didn't . . . know you felt that way, Lisa," he said, quietly and with a good deal of dignity. He looked up at her, his eyes and his face so naked and revealing that it came as an acute physical shock. She slipped down off the fence and stepped back a little. "You don't know how much this means to me, Lisa," he said. "I'm crazy about you. I—"

"Oh, don't, please, Joe!" she said. "That isn't what I mean."

"Don't get me wrong. This is top level, Lisa. I'm asking you to marry me."

SHE shook her head. Even if it weren't for Charlie she couldn't marry Joe. He was a nice guy and he'd been amazingly kind and decent to her. But he made her furious . . . always and forever on the prowl. There wasn't a woman in Landover except herself that he hadn't propositioned at one time or another, a lot of them successfully, up and down and sideways along the social scale—it didn't make any difference to Joe Collins.

"I couldn't, Joe," she said. "I couldn't marry you."

"You'd never regret it, Lisa. I know I'm not good enough, and all that, but I'd be a different sort of guy."

"I can't," she said. "I've got Dad to think about."

"He could live with us, Lisa."

She shook her head. "You don't understand, Joe. I'm sorry. But it's . . ."

He stood there looking at her.

"I guess I understand, all right," he said then. The curtain fell back, covering up the look in his eyes. "It's still Charlie, isn't it?"

There was a kind of understanding and even compassion in the way he said it, and when she was silent he said, "Okay, then," turned and walked away toward his car.

Lisa stood there, her eyes closed, her heart aching. After a moment she straightened up and went across the field the way he had gone, and up to the house. She stumbled on the edge of the brick terrace, not seeing it, not seeing anything. . . . All that came to her eyes was the rigid sculptured stone face of her grandfather, sitting up in the big bed that she slept in now, death already beside him on the pillow, a face still very strong but not strong enough to weaken for one moment the relentless hatred he had for her father, or to slack the binding cords he was tying around the next ten years of her life. Judge Hale was in the room too, and her grandfather was dictating the terms of the trust that made her the ward of Hale, Collins & Smith. They were to examine every sale and receive the payment, countersign every check and every order, supervise every repair, all to the end that her father should never have one red cent of his daughter's inheritance.

LISA opened the door and went slowly upstairs to her room on the corner of the house toward the creek. She sat down in the slipper chair in front of the fireplace and stared blindly at the pine logs lying across the stubby andirons. "What *is* the use . . . what's the use of any of it?" she whispered. "What's the use of trying to go on even living from day to day?". . .

Her grandfather's voice was harsh and his face and heart were carved out of his native Vermont granite. She was standing there in the clothes she'd come from school in, frightened and yet passionately articulate, trying to defend her father.

"It wasn't his fault, Grandfather!" She remembered crying that, her face wet though she didn't know she was crying, and the angina he was dying of seizing him with a violent paroxysm. Judge Hale had put his arm around her and led her out of the room.

So the farm had come to her. Her father could never touch a penny of the money that came from it, and Lisa could never give him so much as a penny if he was starving, without forfeiting all her rights in it. The farm was all that was left; the old man had at least done that. He had impoverished himself paying back the money her father owed, but the farm was left, to give to the fifteen-year-old child, the daughter of the Puritan who had loved the Cavalier.

And then her father had come back there to live. . . .

Lisa looked out toward the creek, searching the rim of the woods, trying to find him or his dog, though why she worried she didn't know. As long as he was hunting or crabbing or sailing there was no need for her to worry. If he was in the tool shed or the barn, she had reason and more, because he had a genius for confusing things, a magnificent ineptitude for practical matters that would have been epic and admirable if it hadn't doubled the work for everyone else.

Lisa laughed in spite of herself, and then she saw him. He was standing there under the three-pronged tulip tree, and Sam, the Hales' colored caretaker and general handyman, was coming out of the woods with Bertie Kennedy and the two dogs to join him. Her eyes lighted as she looked at them. What she'd do without Sam she had no idea. Her father never left the place, although it had been a long time now, and if people hadn't forgotten, they were at least kind enough to act as if they had. Sam was the only person who ever mentioned it, and then only as a famous date, like the Great Fire or the Norman Conquest. The Trag'dy, he called it. It was a kind of mysterious and magic thing to him, beautiful in its way. It had given her father to him to worship, protect and take care of, as it had given him to Lisa to protect, take care of and love.

She watched them for a moment, smiling, and then she looked along the creek to the white house across it, where Charlie Hale and his wife would be coming to live. The smile in her eyes disappeared instantly. They were there now—out on the lawn in front of the house, someone was moving under the big oak tree.

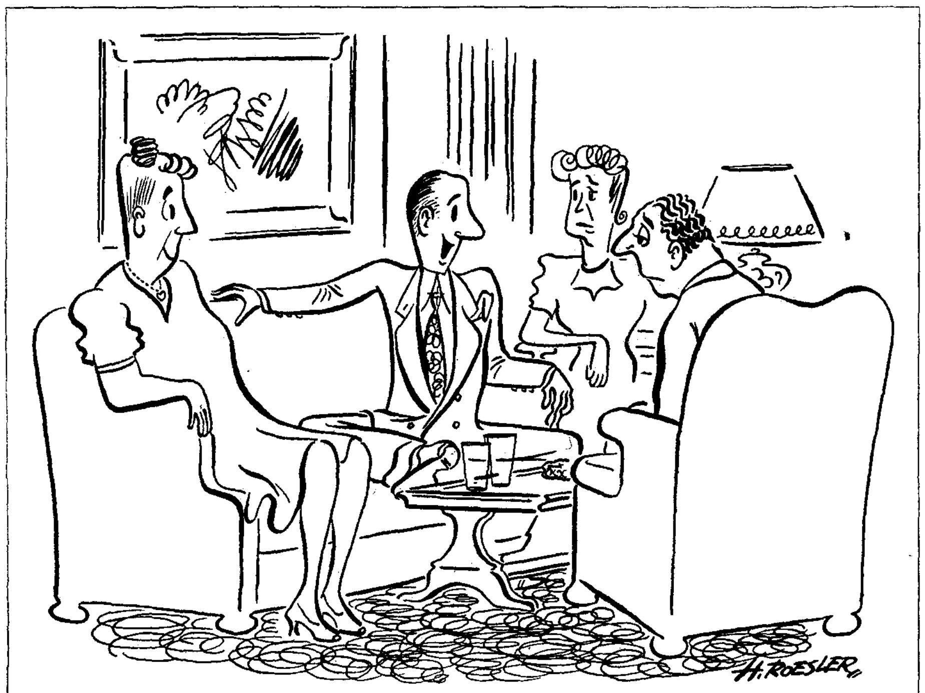
Lisa's throat tightened as she recognized the tall familiar figure. Charlie Hale was going under the oak, headed down to the pier. Halfway there he stopped and turned, beckoning to someone. Lisa saw a girl in a short dark skirt and bright red jacket with a red beret on her head run down the lawn into his outstretched arms. He picked her up, held her tight a moment. Then the two of them went on hand in hand, down to the pier, and stood there, their arms around each other, looking out across the river.

Lisa turned away quickly. She stood with her back to the picture a moment. It was only a fraction of time, and yet in it a whole new concept formed in her mind, shattering the dream she was hardly aware she had dreamed, and wiping out with a single gesture all the vague wishful thinking that had grown up unconsciously, clinging to her heart. In spite of everything—not hearing from him, his marriage, everything—she knew in an instant of appalling clarity that she had really gone on believing that Charlie Hale had not forgotten her, that he still loved her the way she loved him. The truth came as a shock, but it was the truth and it left her empty and ashamed.

IT WAS Sybil Hale's third day in Landover. Charlie was at the office, not starting the regular routine until they left his parents' apartment and got settled in their new home, but spending a little time every day catching up. They had been out to the house together the afternoon before, and today Sybil had taken Charlie's car and come out by herself to see it, absorb all by herself the ecstatic joy of complete possession. She moved around it in a golden fog. It was perfect. Everything was perfect . . . Charlie himself, his father and mother, Landover, the house. Especially the house.

She walked into the living room and stood looking around her. It was sweet, she thought, of the Judge and Mrs. Hale to let them have it and go to live in a dingy old apartment in town themselves. The apple-green walls and darker green curtains falling in thick soft swirls to the floor were beautiful. The windows on both sides of the room were half window and half door, so you could walk out of them either to the oak-shaded lawns which ran down to the river in front, or to the old-fashioned flower garden in back. And from there you could look down to the inlet that divided them from the farm on the other side, with its low rambling house that needed a coat of white paint to cover up the brick that showed through everywhere. She moved around, touching the dark polished wood of the tables, and the highboy that stood against the inside wall opposite the fireplace, flanked by two funny-looking old portraits of some long-dead Hales. Poker-faced and stiff, hands rigidly folded in their laps, they nevertheless seemed to smile back at her, and she smiled up at them.

She opened the Dutch door, walked out



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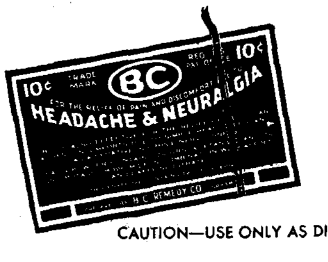

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onto the front lawn and looked across where the inlet opened between her place and the farm on the other side. A man of middle height, with a gun under his arm and a brown and white dog at his heels, was moving down toward the tall grass along the river's edge. He looked across, and Sybil, friendly and more than at peace with the world, waved her hand to him. He stopped, apparently surprised, and took off his hat to her with a kind of gallant courtesy. His hair was silver, the color of the smoke from his pipe, and he stood with his hat in his hand for a moment before he put it on and continued along the bank with his dog. In spite of the looks of the place, her neighbor was at least a gentleman, Sybil decided.

She turned and went back into the house. "I'm happy," she said to herself. "I'm so happy it scares me. I've got to stop it. I've got to relax and take things for granted now."

She was thinking suddenly of the afternoon they had arrived in Landover. She couldn't remember now how it was that what Lyman Grimes had said about Charlie and Lisa Talbot had suddenly blown up like a great balloon, but it had. Just between the time Charlie came back to the compartment and the time they were getting into the car to go to his parents' house, she'd worked herself into a state that terrified her now when she looked back on it. It had been all she could do to keep from turning on him and demanding why he hadn't told her about Lisa Talbot; it was all she could do to be civil when he introduced her to his parents. And what a fool she would have been!

I guess I was tired and hungry, she thought. And seeing that awful little girl upset me.

AFTER all, when she tried to recall exactly what it was Lyman Grimes had said, it wasn't anything she hadn't already suspected. Of course it was odd that Charlie hadn't ever mentioned Lisa Talbot. It wouldn't have been natural that there hadn't been some other girl in his life. Still, why not be frank about it? That was what she didn't like. But there couldn't have been much in the Lisa Talbot thing, because she'd listened very carefully and nobody had even mentioned her name.

She put it all out of her mind and went into the hall, and into the dining room. Out in the kitchen the colored cook that Mrs. Hale had got for them was singing as she was preserving quince jam, from the tree by the old stable that they'd made into a garage. Sybil went through the swinging doors and sniffed at the pungent jam.

"It smells wonderful, Althea," she said.

The colored girl smiled back at her. She was young, smart and efficient, and she neither looked nor spoke like Sybil's idea of the cook Charlie's mother would have picked out for them. But she was supposed to be good and she was friendly and obviously pleased with the job.

Sybil moved over to the window and looked out. She could see the inlet beyond the garden, and the plowed fields that ran up to the low rambling house that needed a coat of paint.

"Who lives over there, Althea?" she asked.

"Across the creek?"

Sybil nodded.

"The Talbots," Althea said.

Something inside Sybil tightened abruptly.

"Lisa Talbot?"

She said it quickly, before she stopped to think, and her voice was sharply edged. The colored girl did not seem to notice.

"Yes, ma'am," she said. "Miss Lisa and her father. He's Mr. Horace Talbot. They're very nice. My Sam was born over there when Miss Lisa's grandfather owned it. Sam's mother's still there, and Sam's generally over there too, instead of doing the yard work here like he's supposed to."

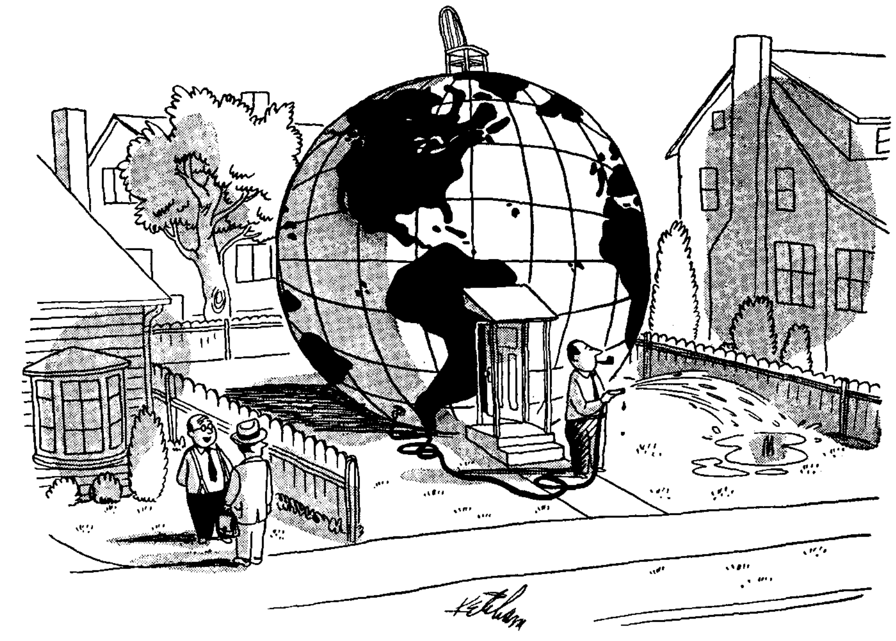
The girl laughed. "He's crazy about Mr. Talbot. Usually you can't shoo him out of bed at seven o'clock, but he'll get up at three-thirty to go duck shooting with Mr. Horace any time."

"There's a lot of work to be done around here, isn't there?" Sybil asked.

Again she spoke before she thought, and her voice was sharper than she meant it to be.

Althea looked at her quickly. "Yes, ma'am," she said. She went on stirring and skimming the jam. When Sybil left the kitchen and the pantry door swung back behind her, Althea put the spoon down and looked at the door silently.

Sybil Hale stood motionless in the middle of the dining room, upset and angry. It was an automatic reaction, perfectly instinctive, which gave it a validity in her mind because she had faith in her instinct. She went over to the window and looked out again. It must have been Lisa's father she saw down by the creek, and it was going to be pretty funny, living right under the nose of the girl Charlie had been in love with and quarreled with and that everybody in town had expected he'd marry.



COLLIER'S "It's all his" HANK KETCHAM

She pushed the heavy green silk curtains aside to get a better view of the house across the creek. Down at the inlet Sam was poling a skiff across to the opposite bank. Sybil felt a sharp twinge of annoyance that increased as she saw Mr. Horace Talbot with his pointer waiting on the other bank. She picked up her bag from the table and went out to her car, got in and slammed the door, and looked down across the inlet again, her blue eyes snapping, her lips tight. Mr. Talbot was standing on the bank watching Sam tie up the skiff. She turned the key in the ignition and raced the motor as if it were a part of a whole universe suddenly in league against her. Her foot hard on the gas, she burned down the narrow curving driveway. When she was through the pineapple-topped gate posts she turned to look up at the house, white and gleaming under the clear yellow gold of the great tulip tree at the corner.

The tears sprang up, hot and stinging, along her eyelids. It was lovely, and it was hers. . . . What right had Lisa Talbot or anybody else to spoil it all? She had been so divinely happy, and now . . .

Suddenly she stopped the car so abruptly that the motor stalled dead in the road. She dropped her hands in her lap and sat there, breathless and a little pale, genuinely appalled at herself.

"What *is* the matter with me?" she asked herself. "What *am* I doing?"

It wasn't Lisa Talbot who was spoiling anything for her. It was Sybil Hale. It was herself and no one else. Lisa Talbot hadn't moved into the shabby place across the creek just for spite. She'd probably always lived there. Probably that was how Charlie had known her, and how he'd fallen in love with her. If he had. . . . After all, she didn't know he had. He'd never said so. This was stupid of her; she was just torturing herself without any reason at all. It was more than stupid, it was wicked.

She looked back at the house, standing serene and lovely in the autumn sunlight, and her eyes blurred again with sudden tears.

It's mine, she thought. It's not something I bought—it's something that belongs to me because Charlie married me. And I've got to be worthy of it. I've got to quit being such a stupid, childish little fool.

She turned out onto the pavement. The road was empty except for one car coming in the opposite direction. She wondered curiously if it were some neighbor of theirs. The car turned off to the left, some distance away, and Sybil put on a little speed to see where it was going. To the Talbots', maybe, though she was not sure where their road went in. She hesitated an instant. Curiosity had both hands on the wheel along with hers, and before she was quite aware that she was really doing it, she had turned her car and followed along the dirt road.

She found herself at a dilapidated gate, and made out the weather-beaten letters—HOLLYROOD, PRIVATE PROPERTY. Through the gate she could see the car almost at the end of the long line of old cedars which led up to the house. She recognized it immediately, hesitated again and went calmly on.

I can always say I'm a stranger here and I lost my way to Halethorpe, she thought. She shifted gear to take the bumps made by the roots of the old trees on either side of the lane. The car ahead of her had reached the house and stopped. She heard the door slam and saw a man get out and run up the steps, and raise his hand to give the brass knocker a loud triple bang. She could hear it halfway down the lane. She stopped, so abruptly that the engine stalled again and the car gave a sickening added jerk and was still.

The man silhouetted against the white painted door was her own husband. There was no doubt of it. It was his old Army raincoat and his gray felt hat, but more than that it was something that made up Charlie so that she could recognize him as far as she could see.

The door opened then and he was gone, inside the house, and she was sitting blankfaced and numb, her mouth as dry as if it were filled with bitter ashes. Charlie was inside there with Lisa Talbot.

SYBIL sat motionless for a moment, seized with panic, so shaken that she wasn't sure she could back the car out of the narrow lane to the road. But she had to. . . . It seemed like hours before she cleared the gate and made the corduroy stretch to the paved road. She drove across to the asphalt shoulder and stopped the car, her knees shaking, a wave of nausea sweeping over her.

It was horrible. It was the most horrible moment of her life. She fished automatically in her pocket until she found her compact, took it out and powdered her nose, blind to the reflection of her own white face in the mirror.

All she could see was Charlie, slamming the car door, clearing the Talbots' steps two at a time, eager as a lover—then the triple knock that was like a private signal. And the door opening—no business of standing there a moment, saying who he was, could he come in, but going in at once. The eager intimacy of it was all that Sybil Hale was

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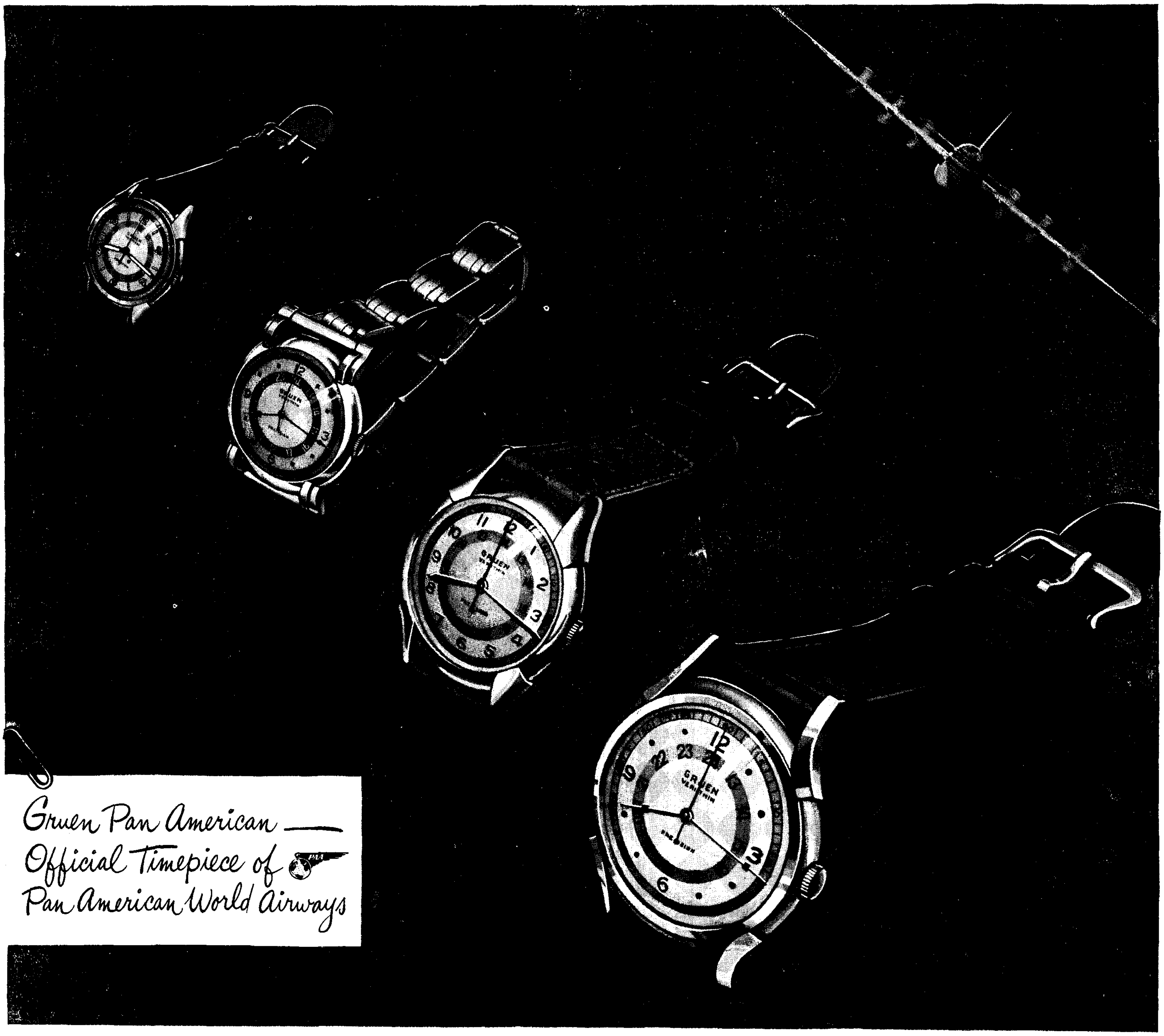

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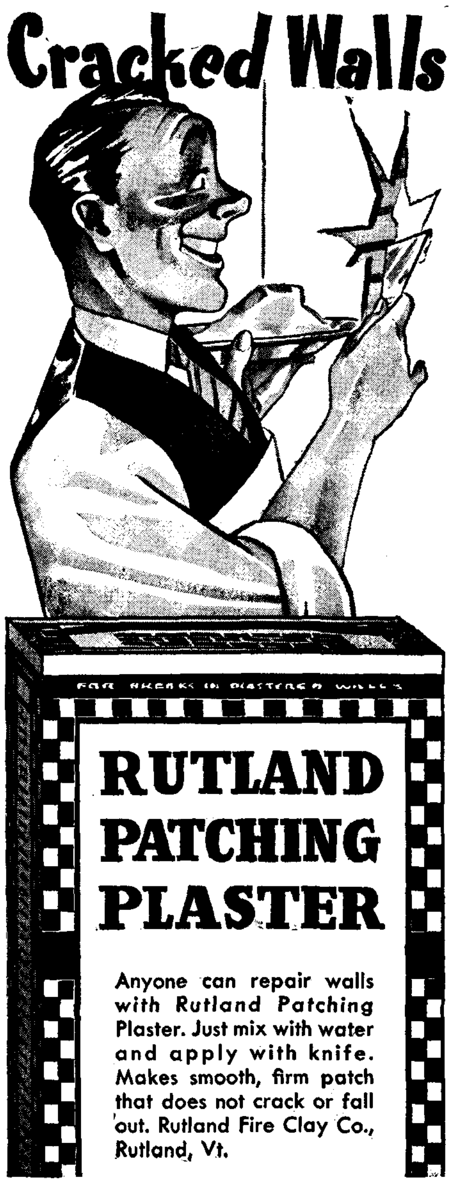
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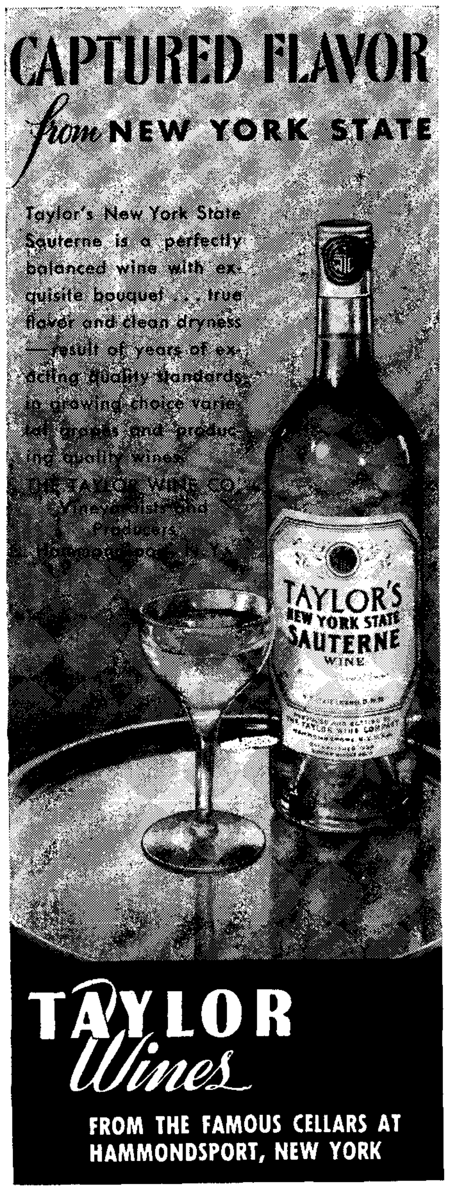
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able to see, and it made her so sick that she had to get out of the car and walk up and down the side of the road before she felt well enough to get back in and drive on back to Landover.

WHEN the triple bang of the knocker on the front door resounded through the house Lisa Talbot sat quite still, waiting. Not many people came to Hollyrood without calling up first to see if it were convenient or if she and her father were in. There wasn't any reason why she should be alarmed about unexpected visitors any longer, but the habit of alarm had been constant for a long time. She waited, listening for Caddy to come plodding slowly in from the kitchen to answer. Ordinarily it took the old woman everlastingly long to get to the door, but this time she was there almost before the echo of the triple knock died away. It must be someone she saw coming up the road, Lisa thought—someone she recognized and was in a hurry to greet.

"Lord bless my soul . . . thanks be to the Lord!"

She could hear the old woman, a sort of Hallelujah Chorus, with a man laughing, and the front door banging shut. She got up, her throat constricted and her knees like water.

"It's Charlie," she said to herself. She stood there, unable to move. She ought to go to the door, open it and say, "Hi, Charlie. Isn't this nice—you look *wonderful!*" Instead she was just standing there like a clod, and then Charlie was there.

"Hi, Lisa!"

Lisa moved then, smiling. She came toward him and held out her hand. "Hello, Charlie. It's nice to see you. You look wonderful."

She said it at last, naturally and cordially, meaning it, because he did look wonderful. He looked so wonderful, so happy and so perfectly adjusted to himself and to his life that it made her feel somehow old and frustrated and barren.

"You look pretty swell yourself, Miss Talbot," Charlie said. "In fact you look great. Lord bless my soul if you don't."

He grinned at her and looked around the room. "Gee, it's swell to be back," he said. "Nothing's changed. It's just the way it always was. How are you? You really look great."

Lisa was aware of her heavy work shoes, and her old wool ski pants with the three-cornered rip at the knee where she'd caught them on the wire in the turkey pen.

"I'm fine. And how are you?"

She ought to ask how his wife was, but she couldn't make herself do it, and he didn't give her time.

"Couldn't be better," he said, smiling. "Especially as Dad's given me back my old clients. I trust it's agreeable to you, Miss Talbot."

Lisa smiled. It wasn't possible to tell him: *No, it's not agreeable. It's not agreeable to me at all.*

"With us just across the creek it's a natural," Charlie said. "I can buzz in, and if there's anything you want at odd hours, you can hoist the Cowhide Creek Yacht Club flag and I'll be over like a flash." He laughed again. "Remember the Cowhide Creek Yacht Club?"

Cowhide Creek was the name of the inlet between Hollyrood and Halethorpe, and the Yacht Club had been hers and Charlie's, with an old skiff of her grandfather's, half sunk and tied to a hickory tree, for their flagship.

"Yes, I remember. I still have the flag."

"Good. Sybil can't sail but we'll teach her." He looked at her and smiled. "Her name's Sybil," he said. He was actually blushing a little. "You'll love her. She's swell."

"I know she must be."

Lisa smiled back at him. Even though she didn't mean anything to come into the atmosphere of the room that would take away one particle of the keenness and joy he had, something did come. She was grateful for Caddy's appearance in the doorway.

"'Scuse me, Miss Lisa. Is Mr. Charlie stayin' here for lunch?"

Charlie and Lisa both looked quickly at the clock on the mantel. It was twelve minutes past eleven.

"Sorry, Caddy," Charlie said. "Next time, maybe, if you'll let me."

"Then they's just you by yourself, Miss Lisa," Caddy said. "I give your father and Sam they lunch to take along with 'em."

"That's fine, Caddy. Just put mine on a tray."

"How is your father, Lisa?" Charlie asked as the old woman plodded back.

"Wonderful. He's simply wonderful."

She said it without thinking, automatically, her voice much too bright.

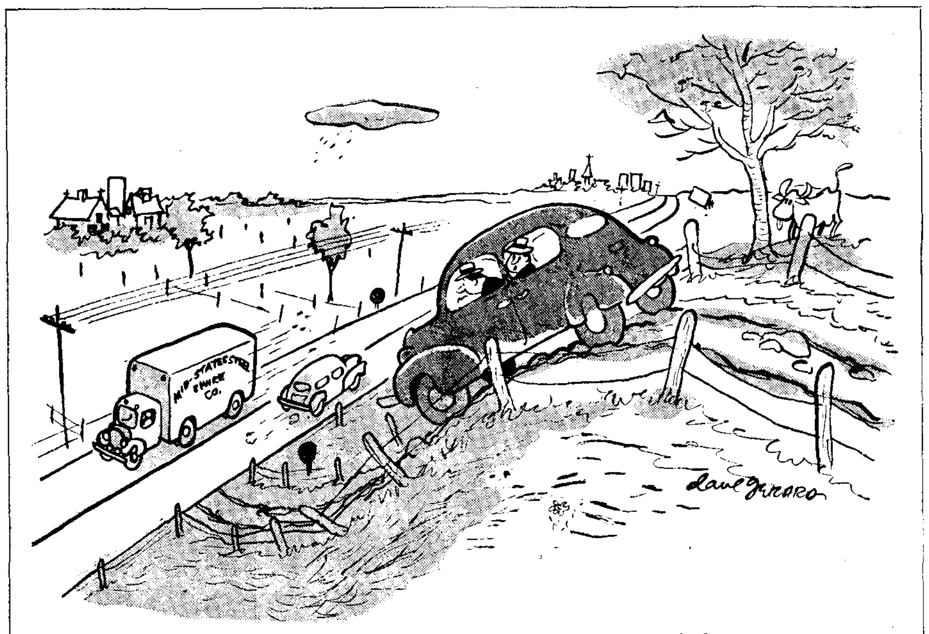
"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to . . ."

"Oh, it's all right, Charlie. I didn't mean to say it that way. As a matter of fact, he *is* wonderful. He still doesn't leave the place, but quite a few people come and go ducking and crabbing with him. It isn't as lonely for him as it used to be. And of course Sam is the angel of all time."

SHE laughed suddenly. "I don't know what you'd call their economic system. They have a lot of cash crops—soft crabs, partridges, muskrats. Sam does most of the work, and he's general sales manager and delivery boy. It's all fine, because that's the only way Dad has any money at all—you know. I don't dare try to give him part of what I get. He won't let me buy him shells or cigarettes, even. He only lives here and eats the food we raise because I couldn't go it alone. And one of Sam's chief jobs is to keep him from trying to help. You should have seen his Victory garden. Oh, golly!"

"I should think he could go into town, Lisa," Charlie said soberly. "It's been a long time now."

"I know." She nodded and looked away. "And you know, Charlie, it's a funny thing. You're always reading in books about people



COLLIER'S "That? Oh, that's the short cut I mentioned, but you said you didn't want to try any short cut" DAVE GERARD

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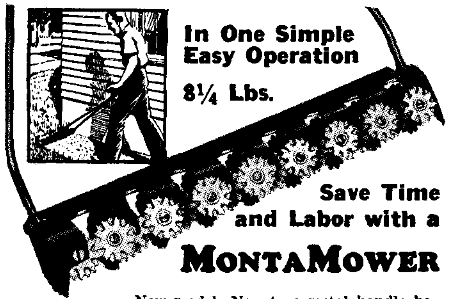
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in small towns and what malicious cruel gossips they are. Either it's not true or Landover's different. People have been so kind that sometimes it almost breaks my heart. You don't know how many new people have come—"

"Yes, I do. I don't know a tenth of the names in our files."

"That's what I mean, and you'd think somehow that somebody would have told them. But nobody ever has."

It was hard to keep him from hearing the catch in her throat.

"I know they must be curious when it dawns on them that he doesn't ever go off the place."

Why am I telling him this? Lisa thought. Am I telling him just because it's good to be able to talk about it to somebody who's an old friend? Or am I doing it to try to beg him not to tell his wife? He's probably already told her, not to be mean, just in the normal course of explaining Landover and her next-door neighbors to her. . . .

"I know," Charlie said. "Still, what's the use. Why keep harping on it? He's paid for it. Let's leave it lay. There's no use ever telling anybody who doesn't already know."

She didn't look at him, not wanting him to see the extent or the depth of the gratitude that was making everything a little blurred in front of her eyes.

"Do you remember, Charlie, when it happened? You and I used to sit down at the Yacht Club after school, trying to figure out what it was really all about. I was nine and you were fourteen. And do you remember the bell Grandfather used to ring when he wanted me? I used to come up to the house scared out of my wits. He must have known it was what we were talking about, but when he used to ask me, I didn't dare tell him because I wasn't supposed to know anything about it."

RACONTEUR

"Stop me if you've heard this!"
You jovially bellow.
I hate to have incurred this
But it takes a stouter fellow
Than I
To cry
"I have. What's more,
You've bored me with it
Twice before!"

—ETHEL JACOBSON

They sat there, talking on, looking out of the long French doors down the fields to the river, seeing themselves sitting in the half-sunk skiff, always waiting with a kind of dread in their hearts for the sound of the bell from Hollyrood, remembering the small and momentary death they each died when it came.

It was later when the boat paddled slowly up the river in front of them, and they became aware of it gradually, as if it were coming out of a deep fog into conscious view.

Charlie blinked his eyes. "Is that the ferry? It can't be! What time—"

They both looked around at the clock on the mantel. Charlie sprang to his feet. It *was* the ferry, and it was ten minutes after two, the time the ferry always passed. Lisa stared blankly at the hands of the clock. It wasn't possible.

"Will *I* catch it!" Charlie said. He dashed to the door. "Where's my hat? And Mother's having a party for Sybil this afternoon—she said she'd invited you . . . Caddy, where the hell's my hat and coat?"

Lisa, still blank with the sense that time had somehow ceased to exist and that this was all a mistake, sat where she was, hearing him bang open the door of the closet under the stairs and bang it shut again. The front door would bang open and shut the next moment, and he'd be gone. It opened then, but he came bolting back along the hall.

"You're coming, Lisa, aren't you? To the party, I mean? You've got to. Sybil's dying to meet you."

He was gone then. The front door banged shut.

Lisa looked at the clock. "I'll bet," she said, "I'll bet she's dying to meet me.". . .

At home, later, Charlie said to his mother and Sybil, "I'm not standing in any receiving line. Three years in a chow line finished me for life." Then, because he still felt like a dirty dog for barging into the apartment an hour and a half late for lunch, he added, "Unless you and Sybil really want me to, Mother."

The silent treatment they'd been giving him had reduced him to the status of an adolescent worm. It was a lousy thing for him to have done, of course, when he knew the place was in an uproar, with his mother trying to clear the decks so half the town could squeeze in that afternoon between five o'clock and seven. If he hadn't had a guilty conscience he wouldn't have raced in the front door making up alibis at a mile a minute. It was lucky he'd pulled himself to approximately man-size, because they knew where he'd been. How, he wasn't sure, but he could tell they knew, by the way his mother relaxed. Evidently she'd been holding her breath for fear he'd pull a phony to try to keep Sybil from giving him hell. She needn't have worried about that either, because Sybil was okay. She was sore, but she hadn't opened her mouth.

MAYBE, Charlie thought, she was just saving it—or maybe the whole thing was cockeyed. He still had half a notion that any minute now he'd take out his watch and find it was all a gigantic conspiracy of the mechanism of time. He couldn't possibly have been at Lisa's for three hours. Something had happened that he still couldn't entirely believe. He looked at his watch again. The hands stood at a quarter to five, and the clock in the hall that had been five minutes fast for as long as he could remember said ten minutes to. He looked around the apartment. It was all set for the party, and no doubt the atmosphere, which at present was calm but chilly, would warm up when people started to come.

His mother came in from her room, in her blue lace dress.

"You might see if Sybil's ready, dear," she said.

Charlie looked at her, smiling. Nothing had changed, he thought. It was just the same old place. In a minute his father would come out in the morning coat and striped pants he'd bought for his wedding thirty-two years ago and got out, under female duress, once or, at most, twice a year. They were wonderful, both of them.

"Do see if Sybil's about ready, Charlie, will you, dear?" his mother said.

Charlie laughed and shook his head. She was trying to get him to go in and have a private reconciliation scene with Sybil to clear the air before the guests arrived. But there'd be a better time for all that.

"She'll be out in a minute," he said. "She likes a lot of room to dress in. There's no wild rush, we've still got fifteen minutes.". . .

Sybil was sitting in front of the dressing table, looking at herself in the mirror. She had on a long black dress, severely simple, relieved by a single rose made of a large star sapphire with smaller ones, set in gold encrusted with diamonds. It was what she always wore with the dress, because it made her eyes look a bluer blue, just as the black dress and the high glossy black pompadour she'd brushed her hair up into made her skin a whiter white.

But her skin was already waxen-white with the rigid tension inside her. She looked at herself again, unpinned the sapphire rose and put it back in its velvet case. She was better without it. She would be a fool to give them a chance to say Lisa Talbot would be a knockout too if she had dough enough to drape herself in sapphires and diamonds . . . and her anger at Charlie, pent-up and tightly controlled, flowed into a rising stream of bitterness toward Lisa Talbot. She had no right to keep Charlie out there when she knew they were having people in at five o'clock, and that there must be a thousand things to do to get the apartment ready. It was a different sort of bitterness from what she'd felt after

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seeing Charlie go into the Talbot house that morning; it had congealed and solidified, become a part of her body and all of her mind.

She closed the case with the sapphire rose in it and picked up her lipstick, trying to remember what had happened to make her tell Mrs. Hale that Charlie was out at Lisa Talbot's. It was the one thing she was determined she wasn't going to do. But Mrs. Hale must have realized something was wrong the minute Sybil came into the room. She was sitting on the floor with a pile of big yellow chrysanthemums and a lot of huckleberry branches beside her, filling up the fireplace. Sybil could not remember how it came out, exactly, but the first thing she knew she was saying it—"Charlie's out at Lisa Talbot's."

Mrs. Hale did not even turn around. "Oh, how nice," she said. "I'm so glad."

SYBIL was holding her bag tight in her hands, trying to get through the living room to her own bedroom without bursting out into an angry scene right there. That stopped her cold. She stood, struck literally dumb, her mouth and eyes wide open. Mrs. Hale went on with the chrysanthemums.

"That's awfully nice," she said again, with Sybil standing speechless in the middle of the floor. "You're going to like Lisa very much, Sybil. She's a thoroughbred and so are you. I'm sure you'll never begrudge her your husband's friendship. Just hand me that small piece of huckleberry there, will you please, dear?"

Sybil had picked it up and handed it to her hardly realizing she was doing it.

"You know Lisa's life hasn't been very easy," Mrs. Hale said. "She's practically nothing but a field hand. The whole thing's perfectly ridiculous. I've never believed a woman was meant for that sort of work . . . farming, repairing the tractor, getting covered with black grease, going around in muddy boots and wearing pants all the time. I think it's nonsense."

She put more chrysanthemums in the jar and leaned back to look at it.

"You have a compassionate and understanding heart, Sybil dear. I believe you and Lisa are going to be friends. . . . Now give me that large branch there by your foot, dear, and go in the dining room and see if there's anything you can do with that wretched pile of leaves the Judge bought this morning. And when your husband comes in, get him a sandwich, Sybil, and please, darling, will you see that he gets through in the bathroom in time for Mamie to put out some guest towels. Now run along, dear. We have ever so many things still to do."

And Sybil, like a child who'd been unreasonable and was anxious to do something to help to make up for it, had said, "Yes, ma'am," obediently, and hurried into the dining room. The leaves were lovely, cool and soft to touch, crimson and gold and the soft pale brown of old polished leather. She put them in the fireplace, bracing them around the burnished andirons. She was suddenly aware that she was not angry any more. She'd been forgetting Charlie was her husband. It was to her he was married, not Lisa Talbot. Lisa couldn't hurry him out of the bathroom so the guest towels could be put up. The intimate things of his life belonged to her. Sybil shouldn't begrudge a little of him to other people; that would be silly of her. She worked the leaves into a glowing tapestry. It was foolish of her to be upset by nothing.

If Charlie had come then, it would all have worked out very well. But he didn't come. After one-thirty-five, Sybil had counted in minutes, and by two, every tick of the old clock in the hall was a drop of molten lead burning her up. By that time even Mrs. Hale made no effort to stop her when she turned abruptly and went into her room. She was standing there at the window looking blindly out at twenty minutes past two, when Mrs. Hale came in.

"Sybil dear, I want you to do something for me."

Sybil couldn't make herself say anything or even turn around as her mother-in-law came across the room to her. Her suitcase was on the bed, open with a few things flung into it as she'd started to pack, to leave the house. She'd flung her things into the suitcase, furious, blindly pulling dresses off the hangers and jamming them in. Then she'd stopped. This was being childish and undignified—it would look ridiculous for her to take her suitcase and flounce petulantly out of the house just at that point. She stood at the foot of the bed, her clothes in a heap in front of her, tears of impotence and frustration blinding her eyes and dissolving all her angry determination.

Mrs. Hale did not seem to see the suitcase or the litter on the bed.

"Listen, my dear," she said. "Please don't say anything to the Judge when he comes in. If he finds out how thoughtless and inconsiderate his son is being, he'll make a terrible scene the minute Charlie comes in. Scenes always make me look a thousand years old. Emotional strain ruins people's faces. So please don't say anything to him, dear. I think I'll go now and put an ice pack on my face and lie down a few minutes."

Sybil picked up the dresses and closed the suitcase, and took them over to the closet as if their being on the bed was totally without significance.

"You look really lovely, Sybil. We're very proud to show you off this afternoon. And remember about the Judge, won't you, dear."

Sybil hadn't thought it necessary to lie down, but she had put on cold cream and an ice pack, and now that the clock on the table said ten minutes to five, she knew it had been a good thing. She looked very well.

She got up and looked at herself in the pier glass. What if Lisa Talbot hadn't had an easy life? Sybil Hale hadn't had one either, not at first, and hers was probably a lot harder than Lisa's had ever been. The difference was, she had survived it. If Lisa Talbot had had any kind of real stuff she wouldn't have had to be a field hand and a mechanic. She could have picked up and left the rundown farm across the creek and made a decent life for herself somewhere else.

Anyway, it wasn't Sybil's problem. If she wanted to be a field hand it was her affair. Charlie belonged to Sybil, and Sybil was going to keep him. As she looked at herself in the pier glass, it seemed rather incredible to her, in any case, that she'd let herself get into such a state. A field hand was hardly an imposing threat to the slim willow-branch loveliness reflected back to her. She went forward with a confident smile. . . .

One of the colored waiters was in the pantry door. "You think it's time to put the champagne in the punch, Mrs. Hale?" he asked.

For a few brief moments, Mrs. Hale did not hear him, nor did the Judge, nor did Charlie. They were just looking at Sybil, each of them, and momentary as it was, it was long enough to make her still more confident in herself. She knew it was a sample poll of Landover opinion. Everything else receded into an insignificant background against which she stood out, sharply distinguished and exotic. Mrs. Hale's blue lace dress looked suddenly overelaborate, indelibly hallmarked by the local seamstress, and Judge Hale's morning coat took on a slightly green-and-rusty mold. And none of them was seeing that. A momentary shock had changed instantly into pride and pleasure. It was like a light in their faces as they looked at her, and there was more than that in Charlie's. She recognized it with a sharp physical thrill that did more to restore her confidence in the hold she had on him than any words he could have spoken would have done. She smiled at all of them.

"Everything looks lovely," she said.

"You think it's time now to put the champagne in the punch?" the waiter repeated.

Mrs. Hale turned and smiled at him. "I'm sorry, Adams. Yes, I think it is."

There was the sound of feet on the front steps as the hall clock struck five.

"Now be sure and keep an eye on everything, won't you, Adams," Mrs. Hale said. "We're expecting Judge and Mrs. Thomas. Be sure he gets the bourbon in the small cupboard—with water and no ice. Come along, Charles. Come, Sybil . . . you look very lovely, dear."

THE doorbell rang, and Sybil went into the living room and took her place with Judge and Mrs. Hale in front of the chrysanthemums and huckleberry, to receive the people who were going to be her friends here.

She saw instantly that her brief poll of Landover opinion had been completely accurate. She could tell by the way people stood beaming at her as Mrs. Hale said, "And *this* is our daughter." She could tell it by the way some of the men looked at her and moved on and slapped Charlie on the back again, a little too exuberantly, before they headed for the dining room and the punch bowl. She could tell by the way Joe Collins, one of the Judge and Charlie's law partners, eased himself in next to her, not budging an inch toward the dining room.

And Sybil smiled, smiled and said, "How do you do? . . . Thank you so much," over and over again. The vague tiny qualms she'd had at the last moment were gone entirely. There was nothing in the least perturbing about anything, and she was suddenly aware that the only thing she was interested in, and waiting for, now, was for Lisa Talbot and her father to come in. She was conscious of it abruptly, seeing a girl in a shoddy badly fitting tweed suit in the doorway. It was probably Lisa, Sybil thought, wondering where Mr. Horace Talbot was.

Then Judge Hale said, "How do you do, Gertrude, nice to see you," and Mrs. Hale said, "Hello, dear . . . Sybil, this is Gertrude Meers. . . ."

Sybil barely heard the last name, watching the door again, the picture of Lisa Talbot that Mrs. Hale had given her taking sharper form in her mind and becoming identified with something like the girl who'd just shaken hands with her and moved on. Still, the idea of pants and tractor grease was there too. . . .

She smiled automatically at the people shaking her hand and telling her how glad they were she'd come to Landover, her eyes wandering past them. Charlie was at the punch bowl in the dining room . . . probably waiting for *her* to come—as Sybil was waiting, differently—and keeping as far away from the front door as possible so it wouldn't be too obvious to everybody. But everybody they'd invited must be there by now, Sybil thought, which meant that Lisa Talbot wasn't coming. It wasn't surprising, of course. After deliberately keeping Charlie out there for three and a half hours, the surprising thing would have been for her to have the barefaced nerve to show at all. As she thought of that, Sybil was aware that that was what had taken the excitement out of the party. She'd been planning on Lisa's coming, looking forward to it. But it was getting late, and she hadn't come. The fine edge of Sybil's triumph was dulled a little.

It must be well after six now, she thought, conscious of Mrs. Hale and the Judge discussing whether they could break the receiving line and move around.

"I think, Sybil dear—" Mrs. Hale said, and stopped, looking across the room. The butler was opening the door again.

Oh, gosh! Sybil thought quickly.

SHE'D forgotten Lyman Grimes completely. The dumpy little woman holding his arm, with bright henna-red hair, in yellowed mink, must be his mother. She had a heavy stick in her free hand, and she was speaking to everybody around her. So was Lyman. They were obviously accepted members of Landover's elite and in perfectly good standing. Why it surprised Sybil that it should be so, she couldn't quite say. But it was all right to know him; she could see that now. She looked at him and his mother, appraising them critically. The old woman was not much to look at, but she had all the assurance in the world, and Lyman was by long odds the handsomest and best-dressed man in the room. He was also very attentive to his mother, and to the girl who'd come in with them. Sybil could not see the girl very well until Mrs. Grimes hobbled forward to relinquish her mink cape.

This is more like it, she thought then, brightening up at once.

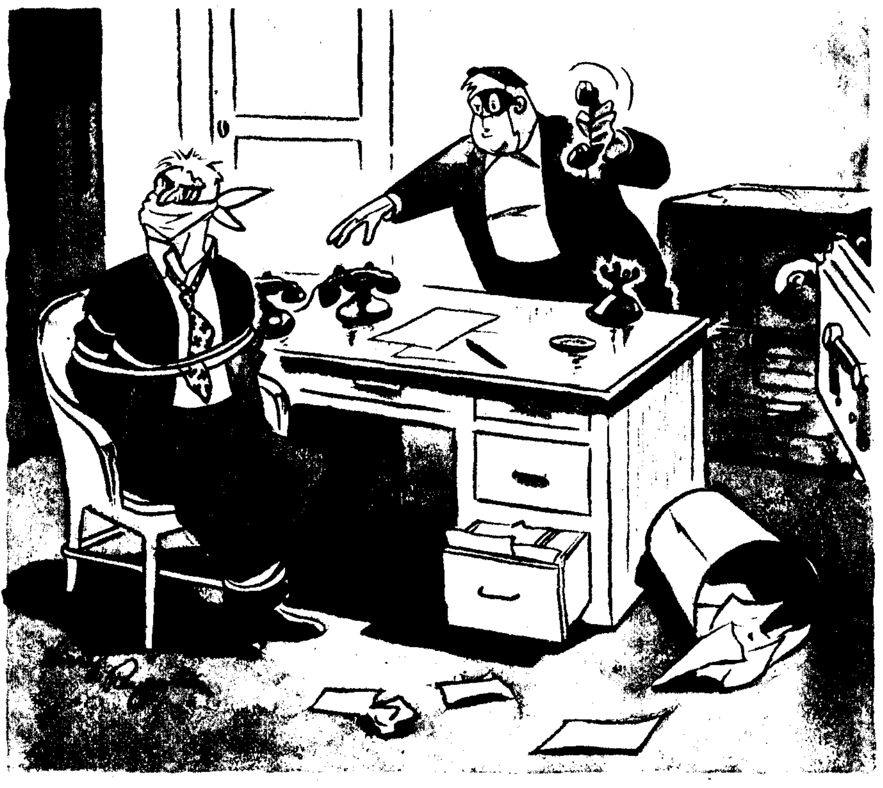
The girl was really nice, and with a lot of style. She was bareheaded, with a smooth long bob of naturally wavy honey-colored hair, dark, rather thick eyebrows, and lovely honey-colored skin. Her beige wool dress was as well cut and as simple as Sybil's black dress. The honey-colored hair and skin, the dress, the brown suède pumps and gloves, the brown suède bag tucked casually under her arm—they all indicated a common language. . . . Joe Collins was saying something in Sybil's ear, but she wasn't listening to what it was, nodding and smiling automatically, waiting for the girl. She apparently was not with the Grimeses, because she edged past them and came across the room by herself.

"Lisa, my dear!"

Sybil was aware of Judge Hale's long lean figure moving forward to meet the girl—aware of it through a kind of daze that made the uproar of the crowded room seem remote and curiously unreal.

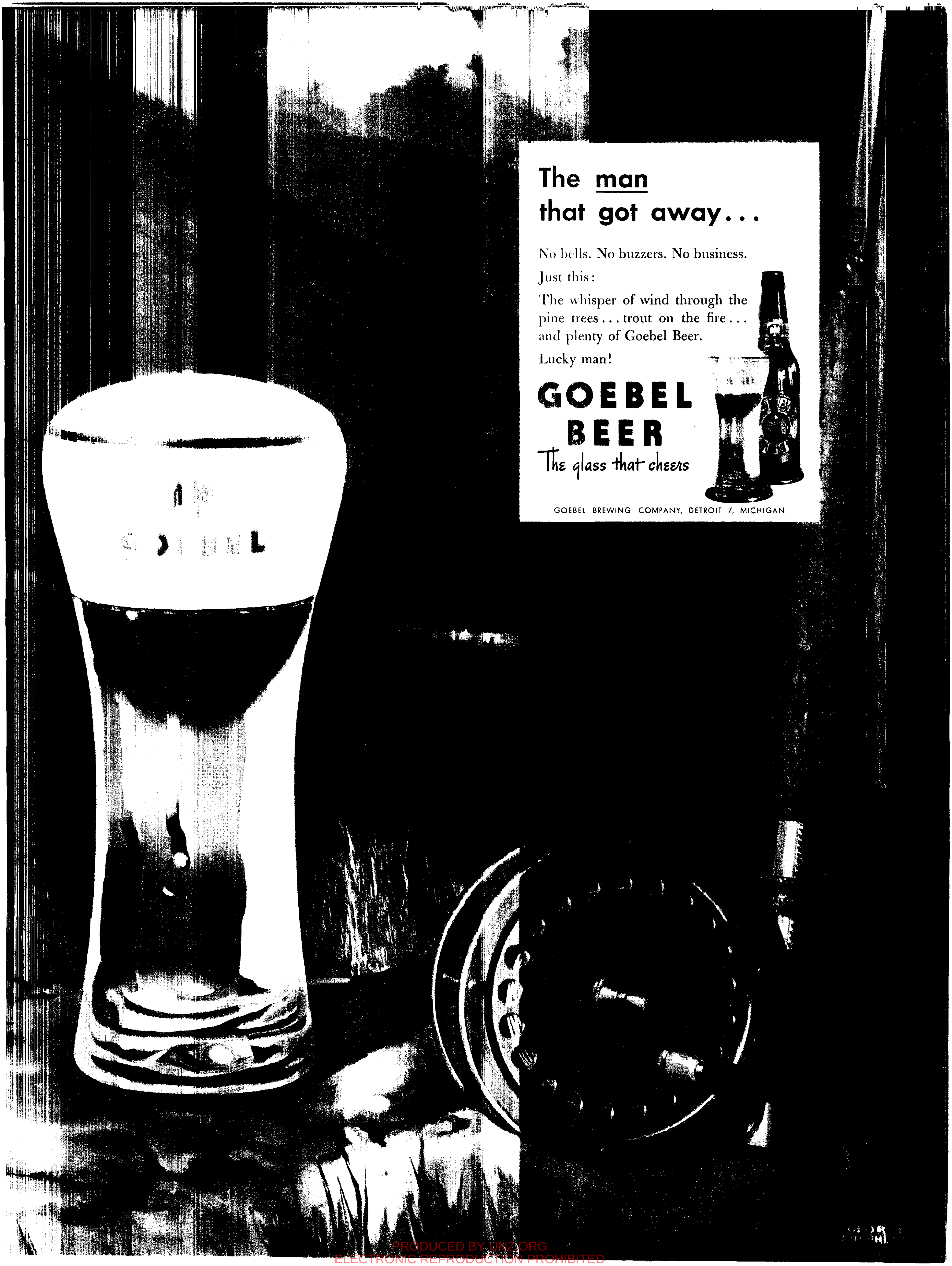
There was some mistake, she was sure of that, and also she was just imagining the flurry of excitement that seemed to be abruptly animating the room. "Lisa . . . there's Lisa!" "My dear, there's Lisa!" It couldn't be true;

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"You can see how busy I am! Whyn't ya nod at which one is ringin'?"

COLLIER'S



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something was wrong. "There's Lisa—how nice!" She kept hearing it, over and over again, like a bell sounding far off through a dense fog. She stood there with a strange and eerie sense of having lived it all before, and conscious, acutely, at the same time that it was Lisa Talbot who was the center of the room now, not herself any longer.

She had lived it all before, not as it was, exactly, but mixed up with two scenes that were in her mind simultaneously as all the warmth and all the cordiality that had been for her the moment before were turned away from her toward Lisa Talbot. It was only an instant, but in it Sybil was seeing a play she'd been to once. There had been a moment like this, in the last act, the culminating scene between the star and her leading man. The maid came in to bring the tea tray. It was not the maid who'd answered the phone as the curtain went up, it was another girl, and a sudden flurry went through the audience . . . somebody recognizing the girl as the star's understudy, pinch-hitting for the maid. It was through the audience in an instant; the maid had fallen and sprained her ankle, the understudy had taken over for her. Everybody began to applaud like mad. What Sybil remembered most clearly was the dreadful glitter of the leading lady's smile as she had to wait for her lines. The applause had gone on until the star had to do something. She'd gone over, taken the girl's hand and kissed her on the cheek, and the play went on. . . .

She ought to do that, or the symbolic equivalent of it—pretend to be eager and delighted, as the star had done. But she couldn't do it. The other picture was in her mind at the same time. It was herself this time, standing outside a closed door. It was happening to her again there now. All the friendliness and warmth were a pretense; they'd taken it away and closed the door in her face, and she was standing there, alone, with all of them around excluding her, for Lisa Talbot.

Mrs. Hale's voice was saying, "Sybil dear, I want you to meet Lisa Talbot."

The two pictures symbolized the moment, and she had to accept one or the other as the statement of reality now. She put out her hand.

"Oh, how do you do, Miss Talbot!"

The hand in hers was cool and very smooth.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hale?"

The brown eyes were direct and frank and friendly, but they were blurred in Sybil's mind by an immediate awareness that this was what everyone had stayed on and on waiting for, waiting just so they could be there when she and Lisa Talbot met. It was clear to her in a flash. They were all looking at the two of them there in front of the fireplace, not missing a word, or a gesture, or a look. And she was acting stupidly. She knew that. She had to say something, quickly, to show that she was still the leading lady.

"I hear we're neighbors," she said, trying to make her voice sound casual and cordial. "I was out there this morning. I saw your father across the creek. Didn't you bring him along?"

She was right in feeling everybody was watching the two of them. People had even stopped talking, and in the sudden silence, her voice sounded loud and high-pitched; she hardly recognized it as her own.

Lisa Talbot was smiling. "Not in hunting season," she said.

Her voice was warm and velvety, and pitched to the silence as Sybil's voice had been pitched to the din before it so abruptly stopped.

Sybil felt that the contrast cheapened her, and it wasn't fair . . . she had had no way of knowing that everyone was going to stop talking all at once. She felt the blood rising in her cheeks.

"I can't drag him off the place, this time of year," Lisa Talbot went on. "He loves to hunt, even rabbits."

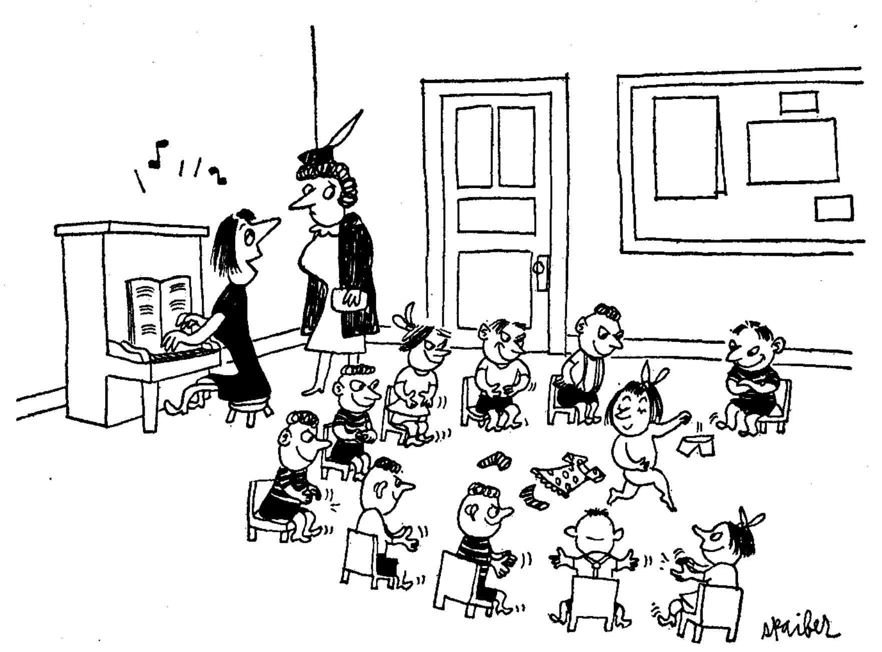
"Yes, I heard about that. Our nigger Sam was sneaking off to go with him this morning."

THE few people who had gone on talking stopped abruptly. Sybil realized that the silence had a startled quality; she was instantly aware that she had said something she should not have said. She was more sharply aware of it as it was underlined by the immediate chatter that filled the room, unnatural and false, as if everyone was trying to cover up some shocking gaucherie. Her cheeks burned crimson as she looked desperately out to the dining room, not knowing what it was she'd done, trying to find Charlie and some kind of reassurance. He was there in the door looking at her, and he was shocked, too; she could see it in the look in his eyes and around his mouth. It was gone in a flash and he was smiling at her, but his smile had the same forced note as the chatter around her. He was covering up, too. Her mouth was as dry as if it were filled with wood ashes that she had to swallow and couldn't.

"Sam's a dear." It was Lisa Talbot saying that. "We adore him." She was moving on then. "I'm so glad you're coming out to live at Halethorpe—I hope we'll see a lot of you."

Sybil stood there as she went on. She might have been standing on a coral atoll in an unlimited sea, awkwardly and completely alone. Everything had suddenly moved away from her—even Joe Collins was following Lisa. The Hales were greeting Lyman Grimes and his mother, and all the people in the room were crowding around Lisa, building the wall, bolting the door, excluding Sybil. It wasn't more than the fraction of a moment, she knew, but it seemed forever and forever.

Then Charlie was there beside her where Joe Collins had been. If he'd come sooner, before she was alone, or before she'd seen the



COLLIER'S "It's a little play they worked out" HOWARD SPARBER

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shocked look in his face, she would have turned to him happily. But she knew he was there now only to bolster her up, because she'd done something, and it really wasn't she whom he was bolstering up but the family, closing in to present a solid front as everybody else deserted her for Lisa Talbot.

She had been frightened before. She was frightened and angry now. She raised her chin and forced herself to smile. Mrs. Hale was shaking hands with Lyman's mother. Lyman was just behind her, holding her arm. He was looking at Sybil. Their eyes met over the weedy purple feathers of his mother's hat. There was a flickering smile of understanding in his, saying as plainly as if he were speaking aloud, "Don't be upset. That's Landover for you. That's what I was trying to tell you on the train. They hate us because we're different."

She smiled back at him, very faintly. It was a tacit signal between the two of them. They were saying to each other, over Mrs. Grimes' painted face and hennaed hair and purple plumage, "Okay. Come on . . . let's give Landover a swift kick in its stuffy breeches."

"Lyman!" she cried. Her face lighted up with quick pleasure. "How wonderful!"

"Why, Sybil!" He dropped his mother's arm and came toward her. "How absolutely divine!"

They shook both hands, old friends, old and long lost.

"Of all places to run into you again!" Sybil cried.

"This is really wonderful, Sybil!"

It was coming off perfectly. If they had rehearsed it a year they couldn't have done it better, Sybil thought as they chattered on. And the effect was instantaneous. Everyone in the room was looking at them, the men at Lyman, obviously envious.

"Charlie, why didn't you tell me Lyman lived here?"

"I didn't know you knew him," Charlie said. "Hello, Lyman."

He didn't like it. His manner was easy and courteous, but Sybil could tell.

Then Lyman was introducing her to his mother. "You remember my speaking of Sybil Marsh, darling?"

The old lady looked blank for only an instant before replying, "Of course, I do, dear, very well."

Mrs. Grimes was not very attractive, or even very clean for that matter, Sybil thought, looking at the puffy hand on the gold-headed stick. Her fingers were covered with diamonds, and there was one emerald that Sybil knew would have supported Lyman in New York for a year. Her memory, however, was certainly convenient.

Sybil spoke to her, turned back to Lyman, and they chatted on.

"If you'll excuse me now, dear," Mrs. Hale said, and Sybil suppressed a smile. Mrs. Hale didn't like it any better than Charlie did.

"I hope you'll come out to Halethorpe," Sybil said. She looked across the room as Lyman and his mother went on. Lisa Talbot was sitting with Judge Hale on the sofa, the center of everything again. It should have been all right, now that Sybil had taken back the spotlight, but it wasn't. Something was still wrong. Whatever it was that had happened had chilled the atmosphere, and it had never recovered.

Lisa did not come over to say goodby, but just nodded and smiled across the half-dozen men surrounding Sybil. She was stopped at the hall door. Sybil saw Judge Thomas hold out his hand and heard him say, "Lisa, come in and play bridge with us. Come Wednesday night."

"I'd love to, Judge. Thank you."

"Then put it down, Lisa—put it down in your book and don't forget. Wednesday night. Come for supper. And when you write to your father, give him my regards."

ADAMS must have taken care of the private matter of the bourbon in the small cupboard, Sybil thought, and apparently Lisa knew it, for she made no attempt to correct him. Sybil heard her say, "Thank you, sir, I shall," before she got her coat on and helped Judge Thomas on with his. Then she was gone, and the hall was crowded with other people, all going, too, as if her going was a signal for the party to break up.

And why not? Sybil thought. It was all they came for, anyway, to see her and Lisa meet. Now they were all going. She watched them go, and the rooms become suddenly empty, with a vague uneasiness that mounted sharply to a kind of dread as Lyman Grimes and his mother moved to the door, the last to go.

Charlie was closing the door behind them. Then he turned back, his face white.

"My God, Sybil! You don't call people like Sam *niggers!* You don't *call* colored people niggers. And Sam isn't sneaking off to go hunting with Mr. Talbot. He goes any time he damn' well wants to go. And don't be so insufferably superior!"

He turned and strode out of the room, leaving her blank and breathless and for a moment in some way horribly deflated. She stood there staring at where he'd been, completely bewildered. After an instant she moved abruptly. It was all the most utter and ridiculous nonsense. Charlie couldn't be that upset because of what she'd said. That wasn't what was the matter with everybody. People didn't get that upset over nothing. She smiled at herself in the dim-faced mirror on the wall by the clock, and shrugged lightly.

(To be continued next week)

Any Week

Continued from page 4

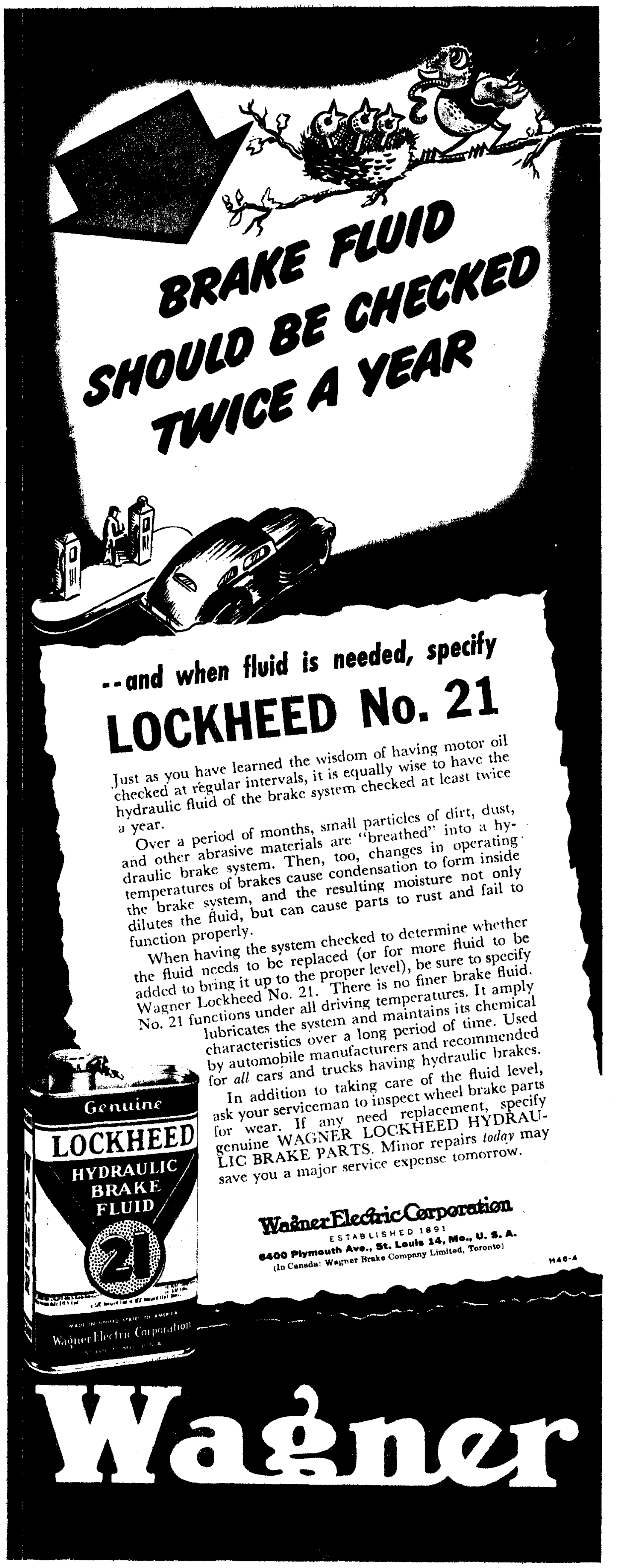
Hotel Willard. That's what we heard from Miss Laura V. Montgomery in Washington anyway. "Tell Cousin Barnaby," he dictated, "that I'm going to leave him the money I have in the bank, $4,583.93, as my sister doesn't need it. Tell him I'm enclosing my will and . . ." The point is that in a half hour the stenographer finished the job to the old gentleman's satisfaction. He then rummaged through his pockets, gave up, asked for three three-cent stamps, got them from the young lady, mailed the letter. Then he rummaged some more, dredged up twenty-five cents, gave it to the stenographer and said: "Take it all out of that, please, and never mind the change. I don't really need it."

"I WROTE to your editor on July 19, 1926, and his assistant wrote back to me saying they would think it over," writes Mr. Walter G. Hanggung of Bismarck, North Dakota. "Since then I have not heard. Please send back my letter so that I can send it to a more lively editor. It was something about a mortgage."

PROBABLY no man in the United States Army was more pleased than Captain Carlton H. Bentley of Baldwinsville, Massachusetts, when just before going downtown to buy himself a new spring outfit, he read, he reports to us, the following informative item in the Boston Herald: "OPA today relaxed its maximum average price regulation in a move designed to relieve the acute shortage of men's skirts."

WHICH reminds us that we got a letter from a small eight-year-old girl named Sandra Millican who in her large scrawl told us how much she loved us. Enclosed were two heart-shaped candies. Of course, we were touched and were about to answer her when we noticed that on one of the candies were the words Hatchet Face and on the other Nuts to You.

AND we've just got word from Mr. Brian Boru Dunne of Albuquerque, New Mexico, that both his state and Arizona are talking about an argument that recently took place between Mr. Quentin Reynolds, the author-broadcaster, and a horse. In Phoenix, Mr. Reynolds, a gentleman of impressive tonnage, mounted the animal, which immediately collapsed. "Listen," gasped the overwhelmed steed. "What the hell do you think I am, a horse?" . . . W. D.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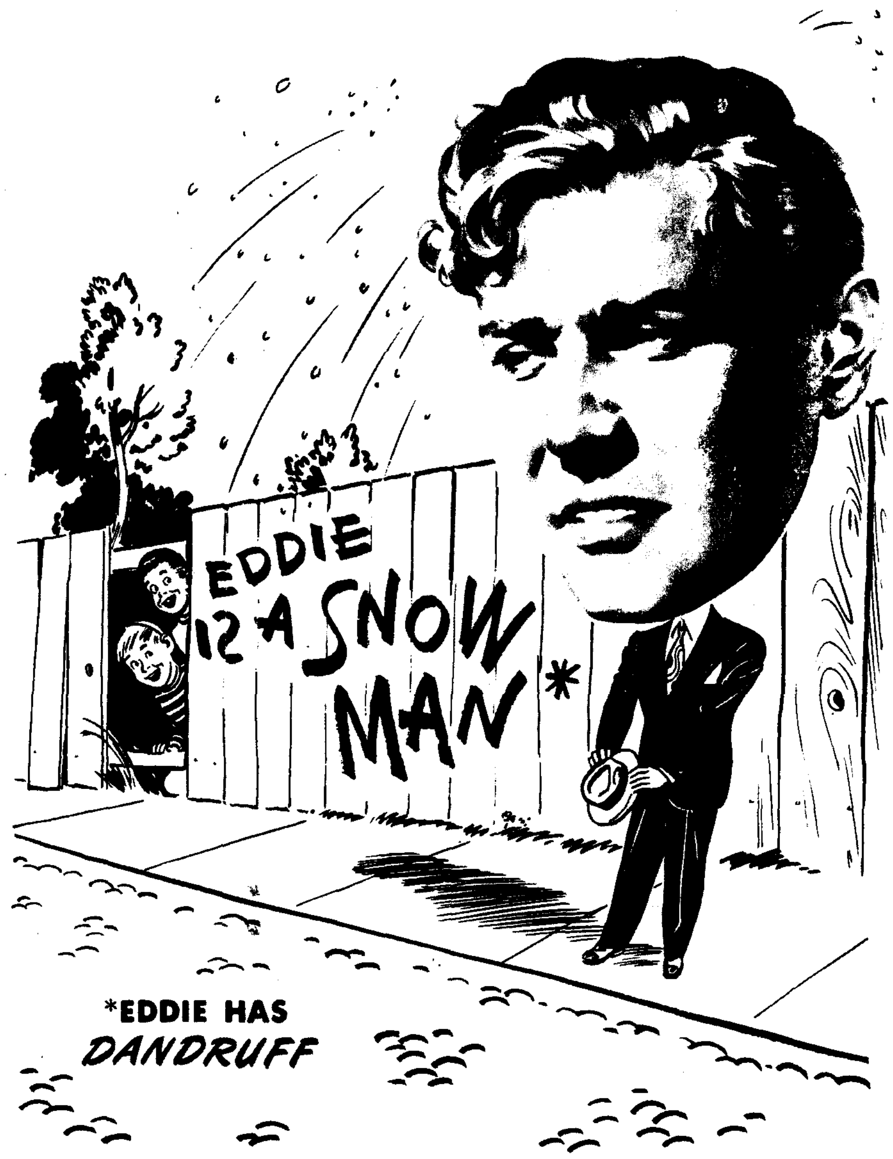

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The Music Stops

Continued from page 50

He nodded at the waiter and ordered chicken baked with ripe olives. As the waiter left, he took a piece of sour bread from the wicker basket between them and slowly broke the dough from the crust, rolled it into balls and piled them in the ash tray.

"Look," he said. "You can arrange your life any way you choose. I can do what I like with mine. But, even if I wanted to, neither of us would have the right to cut into *hers*."

In the rose glow of the lantern, her face tensed. "I don't deserve a speech like that," she said. "And even you should know it."

The blue-gray eyes looked up to meet hers. "Even I?"

She returned the gaze levelly. "The weather's hot, isn't it?" she asked.

"It'll be cooler in San Diego."

She reached calmly for the tequila and poured another drink. This time she did not bother to bite into the lime.

"She'll be up at Pine Valley the rest of the summer, won't she?" she asked.

"The Valley heat is hard on some women."

"It would be easy for you to come to San Diego over week ends, wouldn't it? No one would ever know. Thanks for not offering."

"And I don't deserve that," he said.

"I'm sorry."

"Forget it."

The hot breeze strengthened slightly. The lantern swayed above their heads. The chicken and olives came.

IN THE middle of dinner, she suddenly felt the tequila. She put down her fork, its end still spearing an olive, and ran her slender, spatulate fingers through her auburn hair.

"Darling," she said.

He glanced up at her.

"I've been a good girl, haven't I? Right from the beginning. I've been a nice, tough good girl."

He nodded, waiting.

"When you know what you ought to do is go away fast and instead you stick around, it's the same thing as wanting a ride on a merry-go-round. It goes fast, so fast you can't see the crowds or hear them over the music. It's swell. And you can have it—but you have to pay for it."

"Yes."

"So I've been a nice tough girl. And when the ride's over, I'll walk off without looking back. But, in the meantime—"

His eyes shaded over. "What do you want?"

"Darling, I want—just for the next half hour, just till the end of dinner—I want to forget what comes tomorrow and the day after tomorrow. I want to forget your practice and my career. I want to laugh like we did at first. I want it to be just two people together, without any time—" She stopped.

She looked away from him. Then she picked up her fork again and began to eat slowly.

"No good, child," he said. "Is it?" He reached into his pocket and took out a cigarette. He lighted it and threw the smoking match into the plate of half-finished chicken.

"Tell me about her." Her voice was very quiet.

It was the first time they had spoken of his wife.

"She's a fine woman," he said. "We've been married ten years—right after I started practice in the Valley here."

"You had a tough time starting and she helped you."

"Yes."

She put out her hand and he gave her a cigarette. As he lighted it for her, she put her elbow on the table. Then she let her hand down, holding the cigarette between her fingers.

"She's a fine woman," she repeated.

"Yes."

"I knew she was. That's life. And life is very lousy. . . . No children?"

"No."

She pushed her plate away. "You'll stay here, in the Valley, the rest of your life, won't you?"

"General practitioner. El Centro. It's pretty permanent."

"And this—little adventure—" She paused.

"Won't ever happen again," he finished. "It never happened before."

"I see."

The waiter returned.

"No dessert," she said. "I want to go."

"Drink?"

"No."

"Check," he told the waiter.

After he had paid and the waiter had left them, she got up to go but he caught her arm.

"Child—" he said.

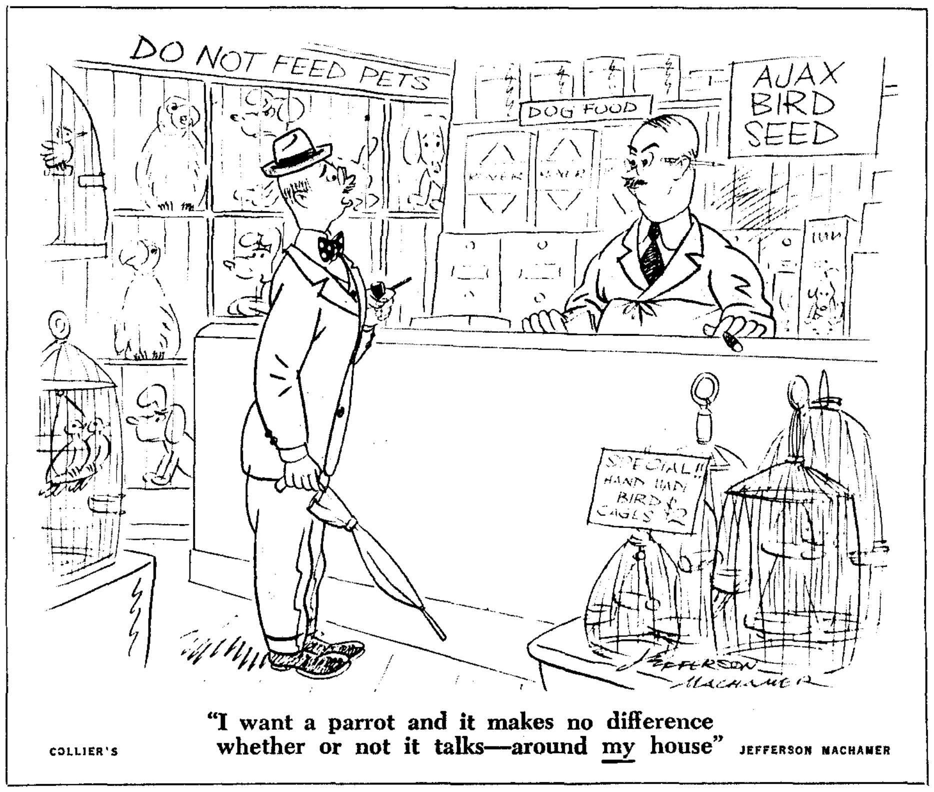
She looked down at him.

It was there. He had never said he loved her. He had been silent and she had been brittle, but in spite of him, it was all there in the blue-gray eyes: the time of the rest of their lives when they would not be together; the heat in summer, the rain in winter, the G.P.'s car going over the lonely roads to the shacks of beet workers and laborers in the bone factory; the stretching, slowly winding hours and days and years when he would be missing her.

And now she knew that what had happened to him was even worse than what had happened to her.

She did not speak. She simply turned and walked over the colored garden gravel to the gate. That much of the lesson she had learned from him. It would be a start.

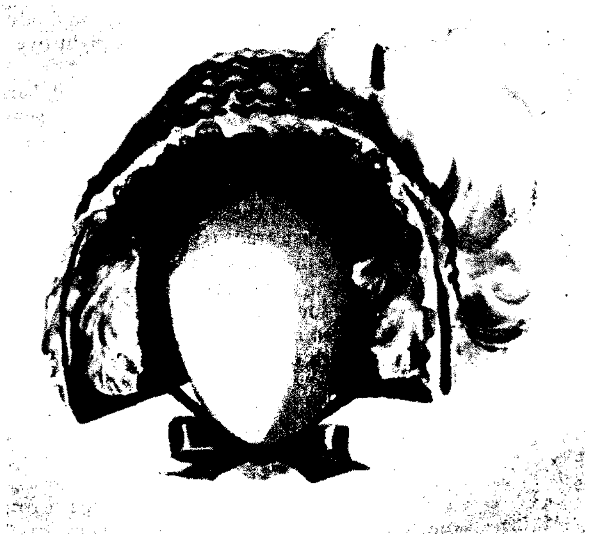
THE END



COLLIER'S

"I want a parrot and it makes no difference whether or not it talks—around *my* house" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Trick hats – (for men only)



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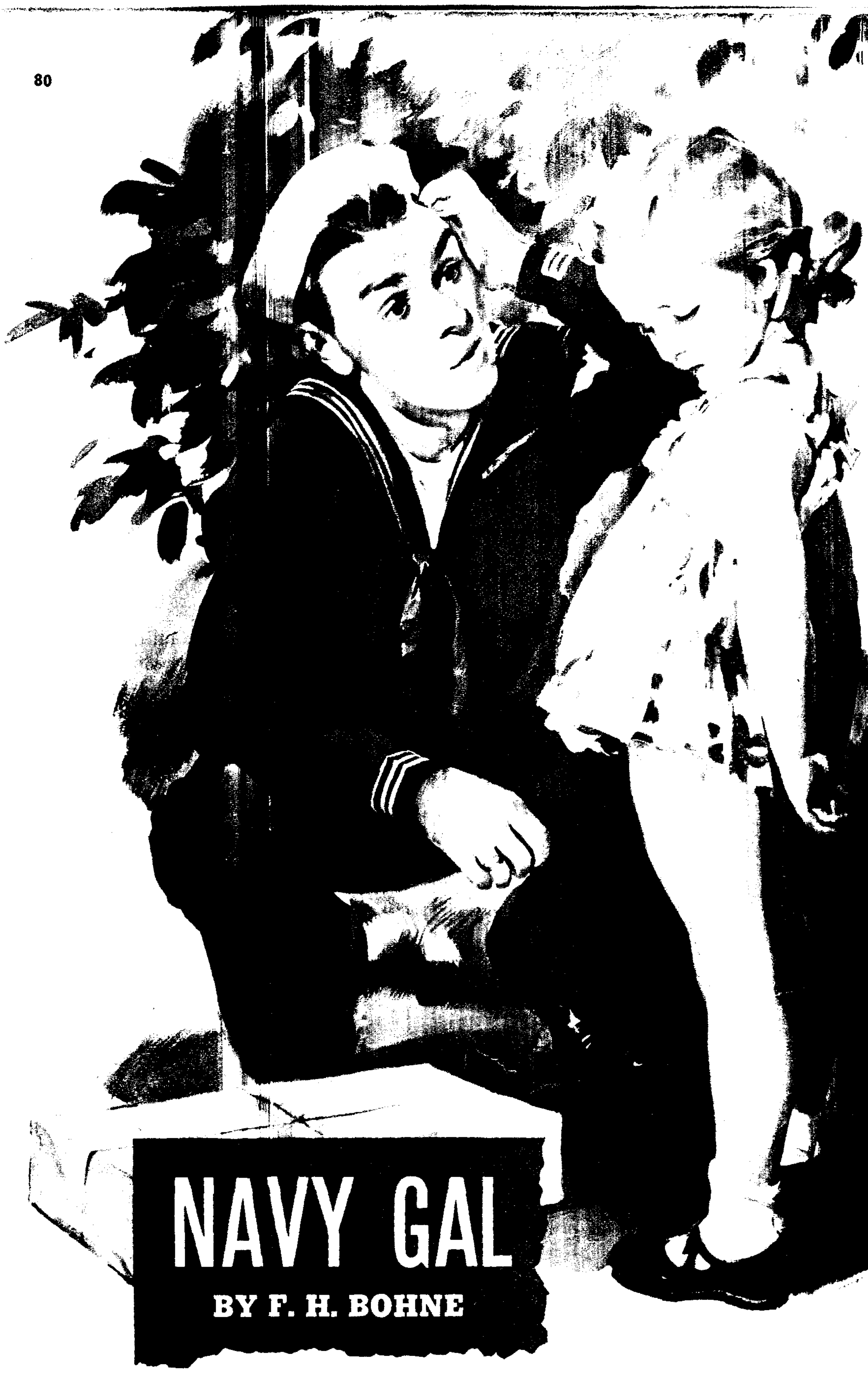
NAVY GAL

BY F. H. BOHNE



"Has your little girl got one of these too?" the little peewee said. The sailor gave a low whistle of admiration. "Whew, a Navy Cross! Say, you really have got yourself a daddy, punkin, haven't you?"

a short short story complete on this page

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

THE sailor came down the sun-dappled, elm-lined street at an easy rolling gait that carried him right along. He put one long leg in front of the other as if each step were sheer pleasure; as if for a long time he had been confined in narrow and restricted places.

His white hat bobbed through the splashing sunshine like the staysail of a trim, eager schooner, homeward bound with a fair and following wind. He carried an oblong, paper-wrapped package under his arm, and his pursed lips whistled a jaunty little tune that sounded, to the little peewee, suspiciously like Three Blind Mice. She could tell he was different, almost at once.

She was swinging on the garden gate when he first hove into sight, her misdemeanor effectively screened from the house by the friendly old lilac bush behind her. It was a big lilac bush, even the path having to swing around it to reach the front door. The sailor, so big and so happy, reminded her of somebody; she couldn't remember whom, but definitely somebody.

Normally, she was a very good little girl, and remembered all the things Mummy told her. Like not swinging on the gate; and like not blurting out things to strangers. But this sailor looked so familiar, as if she ought to know him even if she didn't . . . and the lilac bush could hide one teeny offense as well as another. "H'lo, sailor," she said in a very formal little voice as he came abreast of her.

The sailor, thus abruptly aroused from his own pleasant thoughts, almost snapped his rigging on a sudden starboard tack, came about close-reefed and hauled to. "Hi, little peanut," he called in a voice like the surf. "What's buzzin?"

It was an unfortunate opening remark. She stepped down off the gate, stood in the opening and drew herself up to her full three feet. Her straight yellow hair looked as starched as her fresh blue and white pinafore, and both looked as dignifiedly insulted as her sky-blue eyes. "I'm not," she announced in a voice that left little doubt in the matter, "a little peanut! I am a little *peewee;* that's what my daddy calls me."

"Oh," said the sailor, and he snapped his fingers as if he'd never forgive himself, "that's it, of course! The little peewee. And I bet your daddy's awful proud that he has such a cute little peewee for a little girl."

Women of all ages, even five, are tragically susceptible to flattery, and the little peewee favored him with a tentative smile. She also lowered her voice to a slightly more friendly level. "I guess so," she confessed modestly. "He always sends me a big hug 'n' a kiss. My daddy's a sailor, too." There was nothing modest about this part of her confession, in fact her tone brought the sailor's already bulging chest out another full inch.

"Say," he said, stepping closer, "how do you like that; a Navy gal, eh?"

He squatted down so that their eyes were level, and carefully laid his package beside him on the sidewalk. He clasped his hands loosely, and rocked to and fro on his toes in a most friendly fashion. "Say, do you know what? I've got a little girl too. Not as big as you are, but I've never seen her, and she's sure gonna look cute to me." Sailors are a notoriously clannish bunch; they will stop and fan the breeze with a shipmate on the slightest excuse.

The little peewee was duly impressed. "Has your little girl got one of these, too?" she asked. She tried to show him by pushing her chest forward, but succeeded mainly in protruding her tummy in a very undignified and funny manner. But he didn't laugh.

He hadn't seen it before because the blue of it was so nearly the blue in her pinafore. It was really the tiny white stripe in the center of it that now attracted his eye. His low whistle was laden with genuine admiration: "Whew—the Navy Cross! Say, you really have got yourself a daddy, punkin, haven't you?"

He sprang up and grinned warmly as he threw her a snappy salute, and she beamed all over as she proudly returned it. Then the grin faded slowly from his face, and his arm came down inch by inch, as though it had been suddenly chilled. Gosh, thought the little peewee, staring up at his dizzy height, gosh he's big. I guess he's bigger'n anybody I ever saw. I bet he can even look right over the lilac bush.

And then, suddenly, he was down at her level again and looking at her in the strangest way . . . deep into her eyes, as if he wanted to look right through them. "Your daddy," he said finally in a voice so low she could hardly hear him, "where is he . . . now?"

"Oh," she answered, trying hard to sound pleased, "he's in a very important place. It's pretty far away, and Mummy says he can't come home for a long while yet. . . ." Her voice quavered ever so slightly at that. "But," she added with quick assurance, "I'll be waiting for him."

"Sure you will," said the sailor. "Sure you will." Then he looked all around, almost as if he'd lost something. Finally his eyes lit on the package beside him on the sidewalk, and he stared at it as if he were seeing it for the first time. And all of a sudden his arm was around her, and her shoulder was pressed against his chest. Their faces were very close.

"Now, isn't it lucky," he said gaily, "that I first made sure you were the right little girl? Your daddy would never forgive me if I had given it to the wrong little girl."

"What!" she cried. "Do you know my daddy?"

"Do I know—" he looked at her askance. "I should say so! 'Now you take this present and give it to my little peewee,' he said to me. 'And mind, you big dope,' he said, 'don't go giving it to the wrong little girl; remember, I said *peewee,* not peanut.'"

"Ooooh!" she squealed with delight, turning full toward him so that he could feel the jumping of her heart. "Did my daddy say that? And is . . . is that the present?"

"Yep." He picked it up and handed it to her. "With a big hug 'n' a kiss, honey . . . from your daddy. . . ." And he suited his actions to his words. She hugged her present with one arm, and threw the other around his neck. No one had ever kissed him like that before.

WHEN the sailor and the little peewee finally broke their clinch, and while each was pretending not to notice that the other was acting like a sissy, he meaningly tapped her present. "Aren't you going to open it?" But she made no move to undo the wrapping. Instead she asked, breathlessly, "When's my daddy coming home?"

"Well," he began slowly, speaking in a low, thoughtful voice, and looking deep into her wide attentive eyes, "you see, it's just like your mummy said: not for a long, long time yet." He patted her shoulder encouragingly, and added hastily: "Your daddy's got an awfully important job where he is, you know. You see, little peewee, us ordinary guys, well, they could afford to let us go home; they don't need us any more. But the important ones, the big guys, like your daddy, who won the war . . . well, you can see that they couldn't possibly get along without them."

The little peewee hung on every word, her face puckered up with the effort to understand. "They had to keep your daddy there, honey," he finished softly, "so they wouldn't forget something very, very important. . . ."

For a little while she leaned against him silently, thinking it all over carefully. "I knew my daddy must have a very important job," she said at last, in a voice that was, after all, quite well under control. "All the other flags in our street have a blue star in them, but Mummy put a gold star in my daddy's flag!"

"I know," he said in a voice like a sigh. "I saw it just now when I looked over the lilac bush. Go ahead, sweetheart, open your present. Just wait till you see what your daddy sent you!"

It was the most beautiful doll the little peewee had ever seen. She hugged it ecstatically, and, her eyes brimming with joy, stood in front of the gate and waved and waved to him till he turned a corner and was gone.

Last word in rainy-day fashions are, left to right, Columbia
stars and starlets: Lynn Merrick in cravenetted coat of a ray
nylon mixture; Jeff Donnell whose cape coat is of light, water
Fortisan; Adele Jergens wearing an evening raincoat of

gabardine;
pard print;
water-repel-
of Koroseal

New rainwear brings a bright outlook for stormy weather

Something for A Rainy Day

BY RUTH CARSON

RAINWEAR has always been practical. Until recently it looked it. It was drab tan in color, cut like a man's overcoat and shunned by style-conscious women from coast to coast. Or it was a collegiate yellow oilskin, and similarly shunned. Or a policeman's ton-weight rubber job—ditto.

So the doctor could preach: Don't get wet. And the girls would go splashing and sneezing through the rain just the same, letting the water dampen their clothes and slosh in and out of open-toed shoes. They did, until fashion came along.

A few years ago, raincoats started to be made in different, becoming colors: pale blue, red, creamy beige. They started to be cut with style, to flatter a woman's figure. Now, with the end of the war, more materials and more colors are possible.

In fact, raincoats don't look like raincoats any more. They are pretty coats, rain or shine, and every style-conscious woman wants one. Sales have gone up, in the past two years, a thousand per cent. There are even raincoats cut full length, for evening wear. It has become such an attractive idea to keep dry in the rain that boots are a fashion, too, and waterproof headgear.

Most women's raincoats are water-repellent rather than waterproof. This means that they are made of tightly woven material that has been chemically treated to repel water. The treatment impregnates each fiber, so that the minute air spaces between remain, allowing the fabric to breathe and keep you comfortable. Such coats shed the average shower like a duck, which is all most of us require.

But, of course, if you have to buck driving storms head-on, the water will eventually beat its way through the air spaces of a water-repellent coat. Completely waterproof garments are made out of coated fabrics, and out of plastic materials.

The green cape coat above is made of a zephyr-weight synthetic fabric, so strong it was used for parachutes during the war. For rainwear, the fabric has been coated with a synthetic resin, making it waterproof.

There are new plastic materials, like the one used to insulate airplane cables, and like the one used during the war to protect guns from the weather and to wrap food packages dropped by parachute to men adrift at sea. The latter is even seamed together by a heat welding process, so that there's not a needle-sized hole through which a drop of water might squeeze.

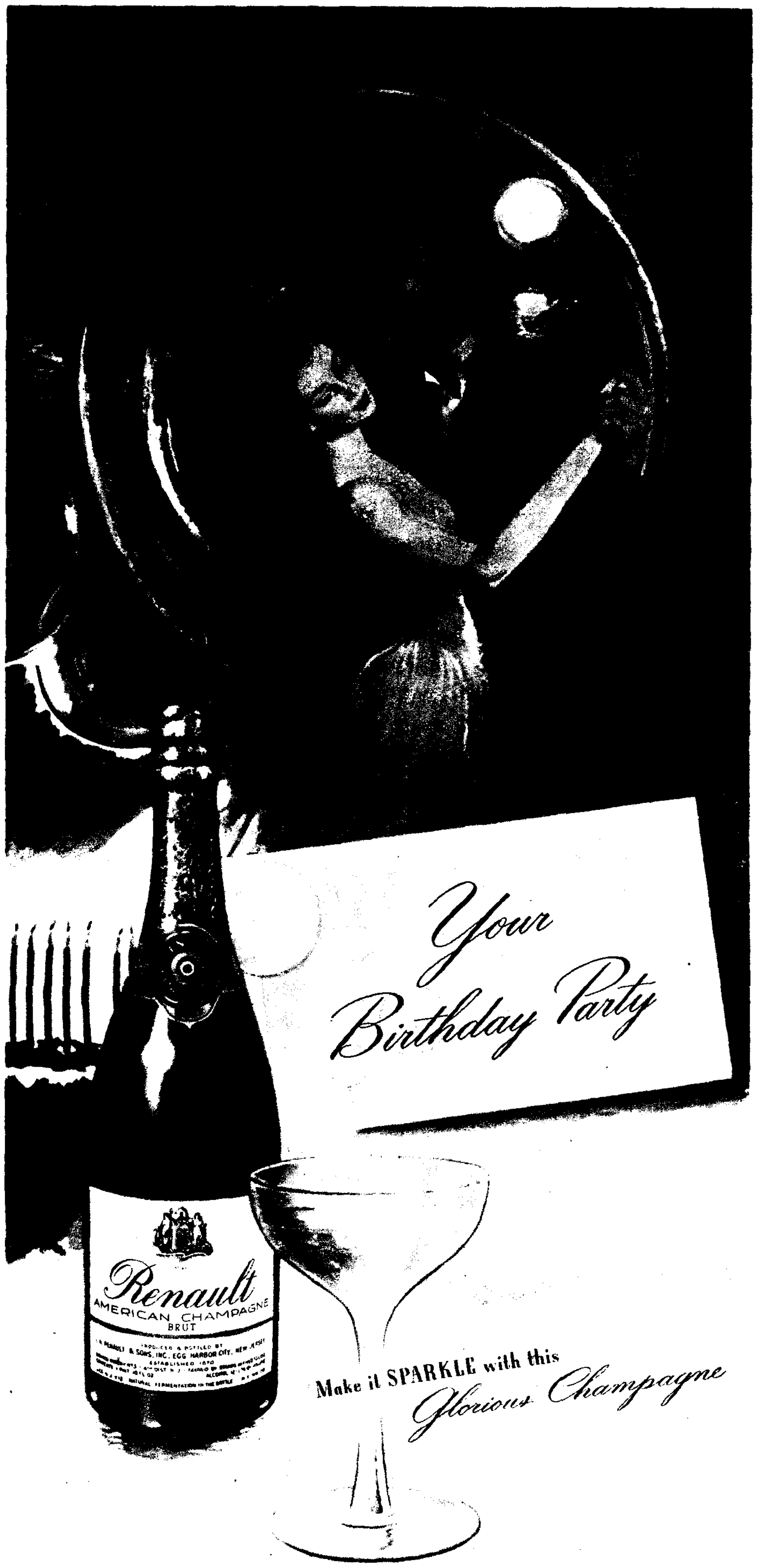
These plastic fabrics have the waterproof quality of rubber, yet they're soft, featherlight and pliable. They come in clear, jewel colors. And they have the further advantage of being cleanable with a damp cloth.

Water-repellent coats have their advantages, too. They can be made of any material, so long as it is smooth and tightly woven. Satin, poplin, gabardine, twill and taffeta are popular. They also come in rayon, cotton, nylon or a mixture. They can be cut in any style, since these materials are soft enough to be gathered and crisp enough to be pleated. The treatment the fabric receives to make it repel water doesn't alter its appearance, so that if you pick it carefully, you can manage with one coat for all weathers. You will be comfortable even in the sun, because the material doesn't completely shut out the air.

Though black and navy blue are popular raincoat colors, pastels and bright colors are popular and easy to keep clean, too, because the water-repelling treatment helps to shed dirt. When they do go to the dry cleaner's, some of these raincoats retain their ability to shed water. Others need to have it renewed. The label on your coat will tell you.

Rainproof or shower-shedding, however, all raincoats have one trouble in common today. Like almost everything else, they're hard to get. But, sure as rain, they'll soon be coming your way. If you want to know the source of supply of any of the rainwear above, write Collier's Distaff Editor. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD



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The Pipe

Continued from page 62

of wood pales in sunlight, but these fires only burned more sumptuously.

"I saw him lay them out; some sort of rite," Gredinger whispered. "Are they the real thing?"

"I think so. I'd have to look closer."

"My God, what a take."

"Come away," I growled, "if you ever want to get out. He's got to tell us how to get out and he won't if he knows we've seen this."

We got back to our *bashi*, silently, I thought, and later the priest brought us food. When we had eaten we went to his *bashi* to dicker with him.

"We wish to reach the Irrawaddy where it bends near Myitkyina," I begged. "Be so good as to tell us the way."

The priest replied he did not well know the country to the north.

At once Gredinger began to storm and threaten. Because he knew no Burman, the words had to come through me, but although I could choose and change them, his intent to violence was clear. Through the stained amber of the priest's small eyes I could see his mind receding from us and seeking a way to withdraw his body as well and safely.

In the detachment that comes with perpetual blanketing heat and great inward weariness, I found myself laboring to compose a scene from a play upon which all my fortune hung; a trialogue in which two of my actors must always speak in character. The scene must end with our learning the route to the Irrawaddy. This knowledge was the sole interest of one actor: myself. Gredinger, my second actor, wanted both the route and the jewels, but he realized now that he could not get both at once; he must take the route and come back for the jewels, while the priest must not recognize these aims—a very stupid character to be foisted on a playwright, I thought idly. As the playwright, I now understood perfectly that my third actor, the priest, knew we had spied out his temple gems. His purpose was to get us away without robbing and perhaps killing him. For this he must give us a plausible route; preferably a correct one, for we could always backtrack and take revenge if we found ourselves early at fault. But somehow, once we had rejoined our own forces, we must not be able to find our way back again. Certainly the priest's problem was by far the most difficult.

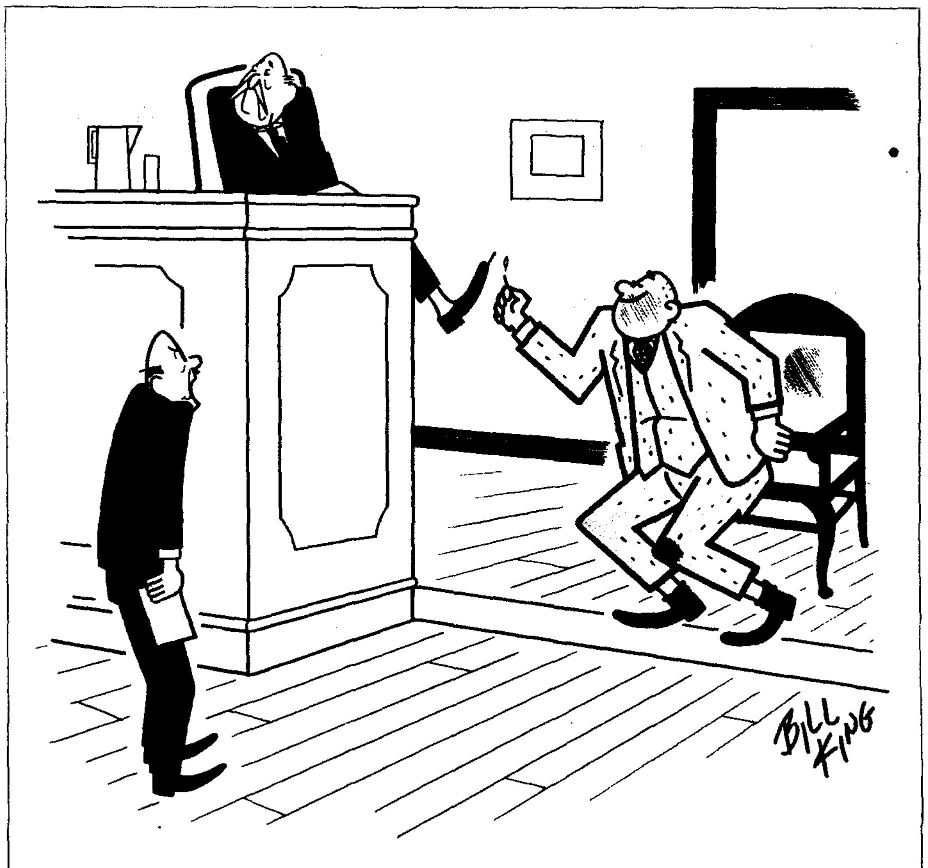
To give him time to consider it, I went through a long, halting, truthful explanation of our presence: how I belonged to a Chinese-American force which lay before Jap-held Myitkyina; how, I stressed freely, we were as much besieged on the airfield outside the town as we were besiegers of the town itself, for Jap columns were all around us while our only source of supply was from the air and this during the evil weather of the monsoon (a hint at our desperate case even when we rejoined our forces, and that we might never be able to return to the temple); how we depended on planes from far away for all our food and ammunition and even for fire power, since our guns were fewer and smaller than those of the Japs about us; how one of our valuable planes flying from Tingkawk-Sekan had crashed and I had gone out with a search party, had got separated from it, had found the pilot—here with me—but we were now lost ourselves.

DURING my long, diffuse tale, Gredinger dozed against the matting wall, tired of a scene where action had lapsed into something like a diplomatic palaver, although I could see that the priest liked it that way. He had looked speculatively at the sleeping Gredinger, and now, as I finished, turned his attention more closely to me as he reached for his pipe which hung on a black, gummy cord from a peg in the doorframe.

I had noticed this pipe when we first saw the priest. It had a round bowl the size of a small fist, smoothed out of some dark wood from which the thin bamboo stem stuck out at an angle like a golden arrow. On the bottom of the bowl a piece of the wood had been left projecting like the hilt of a key in a lock, and to this flat knob the gummy cord had been tied.

To make a friendly gesture, I offered the priest my tobacco pouch. He did not understand it at first for it closed with a zipper. When I showed him how to open it, he was fascinated, running the zipper back and forth several times before filling his pipe. I filled mine, a broken and mended briar and we smoked together for some moments. Although we both were using the same tobacco I noticed in the heavy fumes he let roll from his mouth a bitter and spicy tang, and again I thought his eyes gleamed through the smoke.

For all its big bowl, his pipe held only a few puffs. When he had refilled from my pouch, it seemed a good time for a gift—the only gift I could make—so when he returned the pouch, I handed it back to him with a sign that it was his. He nodded, and I felt



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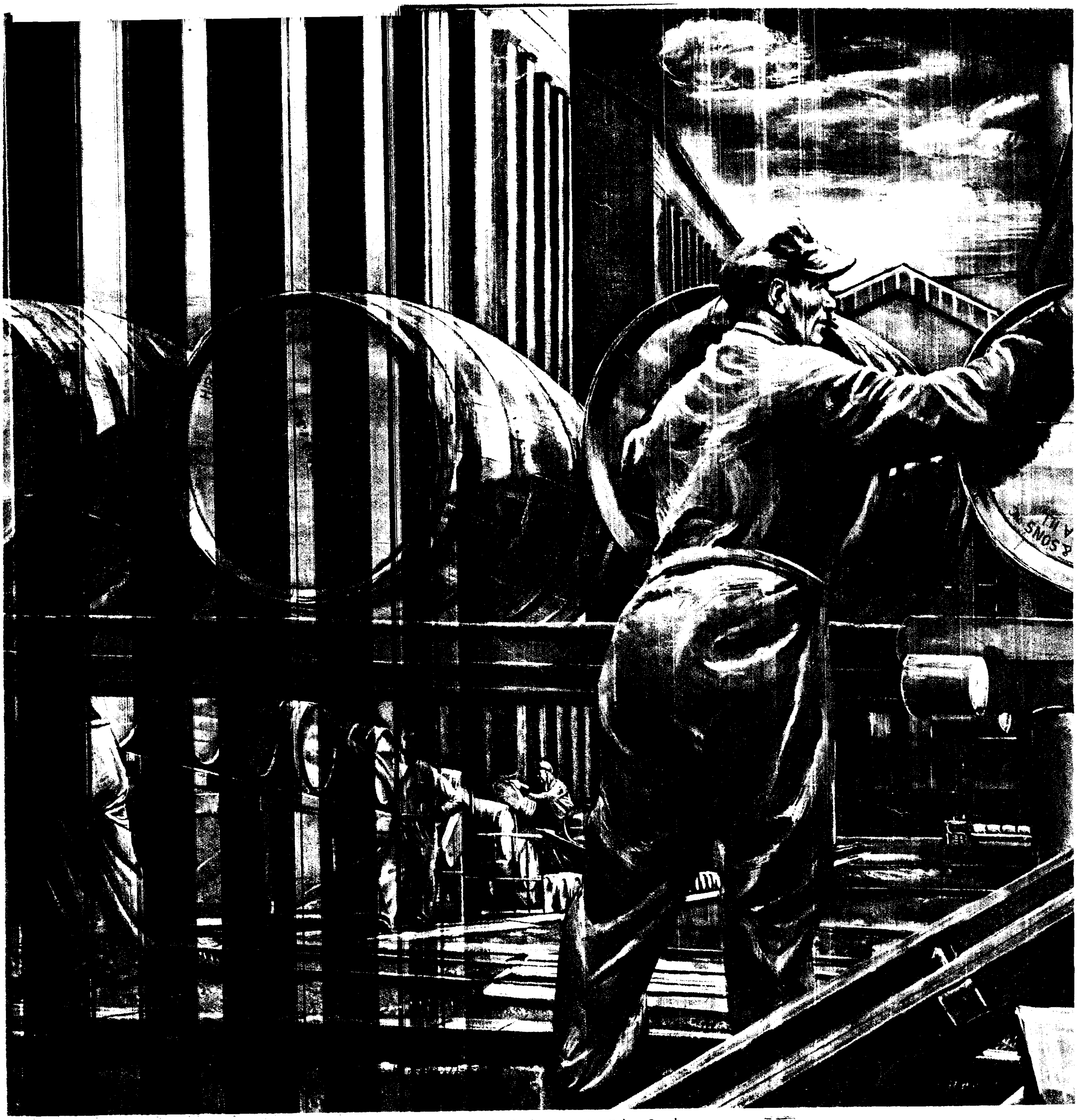

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his thoughts moving more keenly as his eyes brightened. At last, decisively drawing his thin shoulders together, he knocked out his second ash, took a tiny knife from his waistcloth and began to scratch on the bowl of his pipe.

In a few deft, tiny cuts he made the salient outlines of his temple. Then a waving line curled out in the curves of the river. A half inch farther he cut the peculiar profile of the double peaks which were landmarks of the northern end of the valley. The line lost itself in a jungle of upright scratches. Then more peaks, another river, and so on around the bowl until at last—he must have carved for an hour while I watched silently—there was a bold loop which I knew for the Myitkyina bend of the Irrawaddy.

The priest divided the tobacco in the pouch which I had given him; wrapped half in a cloth and handed it to me; then he tendered me his map-etched pipe. I gave him mine in return and began to thank him, but he held up his hand very solemnly and began to speak. Up to now I had been able to follow him comfortably enough, but this was too complicated for me—all I could understand was that he was trying to tell me something about the pipe. Seeing my bewilderment he stopped and began over again, using sign language. First he pointed to Gredinger, still asleep, and shook his head slowly and impressively, then stabbed his finger toward me several times. I nodded: "I will keep it myself."

Next he took down the gummy cord and tied one end again to the pipe, knotting it strongly. He laid the pipe on the ground and shook his head violently. Then he put it in his waistband, got up, took a few steps, stopped, hung the pipe again from the peg in the doorframe, lay down and pretended to sleep. Then he took down the pipe, laid it on the ground and again shook his head.

"Not ever on the ground?" I asked and he patted his waistcloth and motioned back and forth from it to the peg.

"Carry when I walk, hang up when I sit or lie?"

He nodded.

WITH some rice the priest gave us, Gredinger and I started north that afternoon. I knew the priest wanted to be rid of us, and I had my own doubts about being able to keep Gredinger from making trouble, although his ankle was still so bad that he rode the mule while I led.

I did not tell Gredinger about the pipe and its map until we were well started, and for a long time after we had made camp that evening he kept me awake asking questions about the route. I had hung the pipe to a branch by its gummy cord and would not let him touch it. He could see its map in the morning as we traveled. The etched map was right so far, for we had passed the two strange peaks at the end of the valley and were still moving north.

In this early part of the monsoon, before the ground becomes saturated, there is a sequence in the weather. We had a day or so of sun, when the clear heat of the sparse open tracts—which we crossed hurriedly in fear of Jap patrols—was a relief from the steaming gloom of the high jungle. Then followed four, five, or six days in which the rain came in over those open grounds like a tide over sand bars, turning them into marsh-bottomed lakes.

In the midst of the rains, the fatigue that pursues one like a black hound always through the jungle came very near to overtaking us. On the sixth day, we made the noon halt long. I lay against a tree, trying to picture and fix in my mind the next landmarks from the map.

Involuntarily I filled the pipe from the modicum of tobacco the priest had returned to me. The first few draughts of smoke were relaxing and I tasted the same sharpness I had smelled when the priest smoked my tobacco in this pipe of his. I almost dozed, like Gredinger who slept at every halt although he still rode Battle because of his ankle. We were on frankly poor terms now because I had caught him asleep the night before when I woke to take my part of the night watch.

NOW my half doze, induced by the pipe, was not like the feverish dreaming of other halts and former nights. Instead it was refreshing. I seemed to be wading and then swimming through a cool river toward a farther shore which was not jungle but orderly park land with trimmed trees and hedges and landscaped plantations. Then, as though I were emerging from the river, the sleepiness receded, and my mind became as well ordered as the landscape which I had dreamed. And my body was again strong and obedient and rested. I put the pipe away carefully inside my shirt.

The sense of well-being lasted long after we were on the trail again, and I credit it with giving me the sharpness to hear a patrol coming in our direction later in the afternoon.

Whispering to Gredinger to hold tight, I turned Battle's head toward the jungle and pricked the mule suddenly in the flank with my knife. Battle made a big bound into the bush, as I had intended, and I jumped after him so that we should leave no tracks diverging from the trail.

After pushing on for twenty yards or so, we had fairly good cover; Gredinger and I flat on the oozy ground, and Battle behind a clump of bamboo.

The patrol was opposite us now. Cautiously I raised myself to look, and almost laughed out with relief at what I saw: little men in dust-colored British khaki, wearing the dish-shaped British helmet, and the British pack—a patrol of our own Chinese.

"Keep down," I told Gredinger, and then called out: *"Hao boo hao. Maygwan, maygwan."*

The expected reaction came: a fusillade from rifles and tommy guns. The shots went well over our heads but got poor Battle, who plunged, fell, thrashed about and gave his last kick.

"Maygwan, damn you. *Maygwan,"* I shouted, and an officer came trotting, blowing his whistle for cease-fire, so I stood up.

"Maygwan ding hao," he grinned. There was no use rowing him over Battle. That was just their way of doing things—this was enemy country and they had rifles and ammunition, and what was a mule if it did not belong to them?

Chinese are utterly brave, but they fight in their own fashion, which we may learn to recognize but never quite understand. They have no team play in their fighting. Yet they like to make it a collective affair, not to be indulged in by individuals or even small groups unless the fight is forced on them. Patrolling in the intervals between pitched battle is a nuisance demanded by Americans as part of the price for Western weapons.

So our appearance was no doubt a welcome and sufficient reason for this particular patrol to turn around and take us back to their camp. They cut some bamboo poles and, with a ground sheet, made a litter and cheerfully carried Gredinger. Walking with their officer, I learned that his division lay only a short distance away, occupying the western sector of the besieging semicircle around Myitkyina north of the Irrawaddy.

The patrol had crossed the river at some shallows near where the south flank of the division rested. Why they had not been hit by Japanese patrols I could not understand, for the enemy still controlled the south bank of the river, with Myitkyina as a sort of bridgehead, and had been especially active downstream in this bend.

BUT safely, in a blue rain-washed dusk, we came out on the river. After much challenging and the few wild shots by which sentries demonstrated their alertness to their officers, we were allowed to cross and were brought by the patrol leader, with considerable flourish, to his division's command post.

After tea and rice and cigarettes they brought us to General Wang Chien-Tsu, who sat in the blue dark under crisp stars before his shelter—a tarpaulin stretched over a pit in the slight rise of ground on the edge of a teak forest. Through the steady shrilling of locusts a shot popped now and then to the eastward toward the town.

There were introductions by the interpreters, risings and bowings. I asked that we be given a guide to American headquarters, *Chih Hui Pu,* near the airstrip. General Wang inquired through his interpreter whether we wished to go there at once or would wait until morning, and I said we would like to go now, as soon as convenient. Wang assented, and we rose to leave.

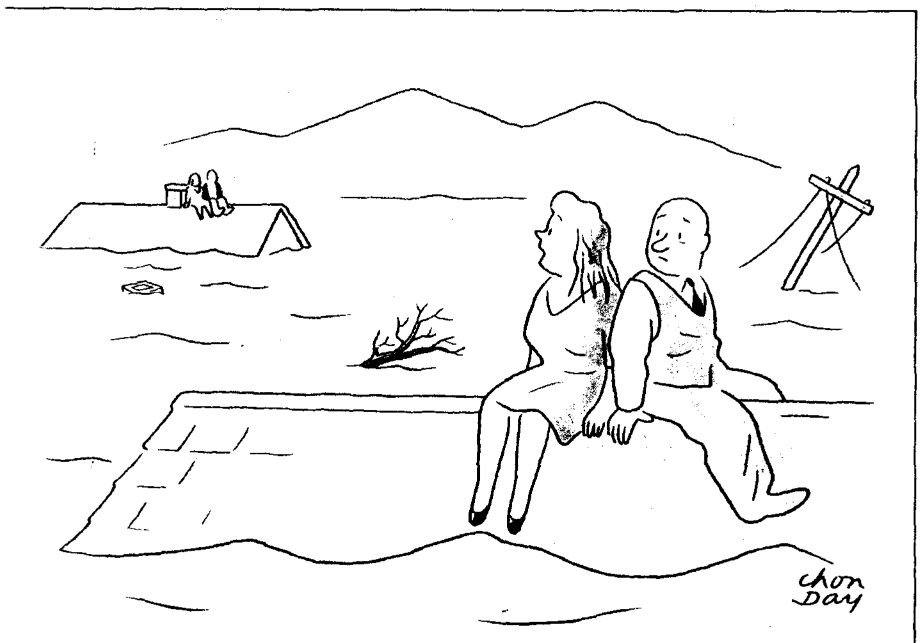
Then Gredinger asked to talk to the general privately. Perhaps I should have intervened at once, but I knew how unfortunate any appearance of dispute between us would be in such company. After some whispering Wang Chien-Tsu rose. A candle light appeared in his shelter, and he motioned us in ahead of him. It was close and hot in there, but now I could see his face and that of his senior aide and interpreter, greatly in contrast: the general's predatory and hollow-cheeked as though shaped from pale oak with a few heavy, deft strokes of an adz; the aide's round, brown, and crinkled like a walnut shell.

Gredinger, the fool, told them all our story: the temple, the gems, and, worse, the pipe-bowl map. But I could see his idea. Our own headquarters was preoccupied with a campaign that was not going too well. The American commander had too much else on his mind to abet—would probably forbid—any looting expedition. But a Chinese commander, reasonably viewing war not only as national business but also as his sole means of making his present and future living, would have both the will for a treasure hunt and the means to carry it out.

When Gredinger's last sentence had been translated, Wang said something briefly to his aide, and I caught the expected words, *"yen-do."*

"General Wang say," the aide told us, "he will like to see the pipe."

Gredinger motioned toward me, quite



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pleased with himself. Among our own people he would have had no way of forcing me to give it up. Now the pipe could easily be taken from me.

The whole thing made me sick and stubborn. After all, the priest had played fair with us, and I was not going to be bullied into crossing him up. So I worked for time.

"Tell General Wang Chien-Tsu," I asked the aide, "that I cannot go further into this matter until I have reported to my superiors and have rested. We now would like to go to American headquarters as we were about to go when this conversation began. We wish to go to *Chih Hui Pu* now."

The answer was that we were doubtless too fatigued to walk any more tonight, and that General Wang would like us to be his guests until we had rested.

They took us into another canvas-roofed trench where a brief flashlight beam showed beds of matting and blankets. I tried to get into talk with the three sentries silhouetted against the starlight at the trench steps. They only gave surly grunts. That told me what I wanted to know—they usually love to talk. We finally lay wearily on the mats and, in the darkness, when Gredinger had become quiet, I took the pipe from my shirt and hung it over my head by its cord from one of the cross-sticks supporting the canvas ceiling. Then I dozed. Some time later I was conscious of a flashlight playing around and over me from the entrance, but as no one came down into our shelter I scarcely woke.

Of the many penalties of a siege, the most disastrous is that one becomes accustomed to punctuated rifle fire, often sleeping on while the intervals lessen and the sound swells, like a fire on the hearth which gains headway and changes from crackling to steady roar. So now it was not the steady undertone of battle that awoke us, but the new one-two, one-two smacking of lighter-toned Jap machine guns and the crash of their mortar shells in our bivouac. Over to the north the American artillery, aroused, was landing rhythmic quatrains of thunder and lightning along our sector's front.

LOOKING out into the starlight at the open end of our trench, which, of course, faced away from the lines, I saw a stream of red tracer bullets streaking across the patch of luminous blue from north to south; some jittery Chinese machine gunner in a reserve-line strong point was loosing off, finger on trigger, a belt at a burst. His fire must have sprayed another Chinese position near the river, for a counterstream of tracers now curved across my field of view from the opposite direction. To the Chinese soldier every bullet comes from some devil of an enemy and the exorcism for devils is noise; firecrackers and gongs in the old days, but now American ammunition does as well. The climax came when the division headquarters guard, evidently ringed around our little hill on the edge of the teak forest, began to cast their grenades nervously and aimlessly out into the darkness beleaguering them. Our sentries had vanished.

Gredinger crawled to my side. "Damn it, what is it?" he rasped in my ear.

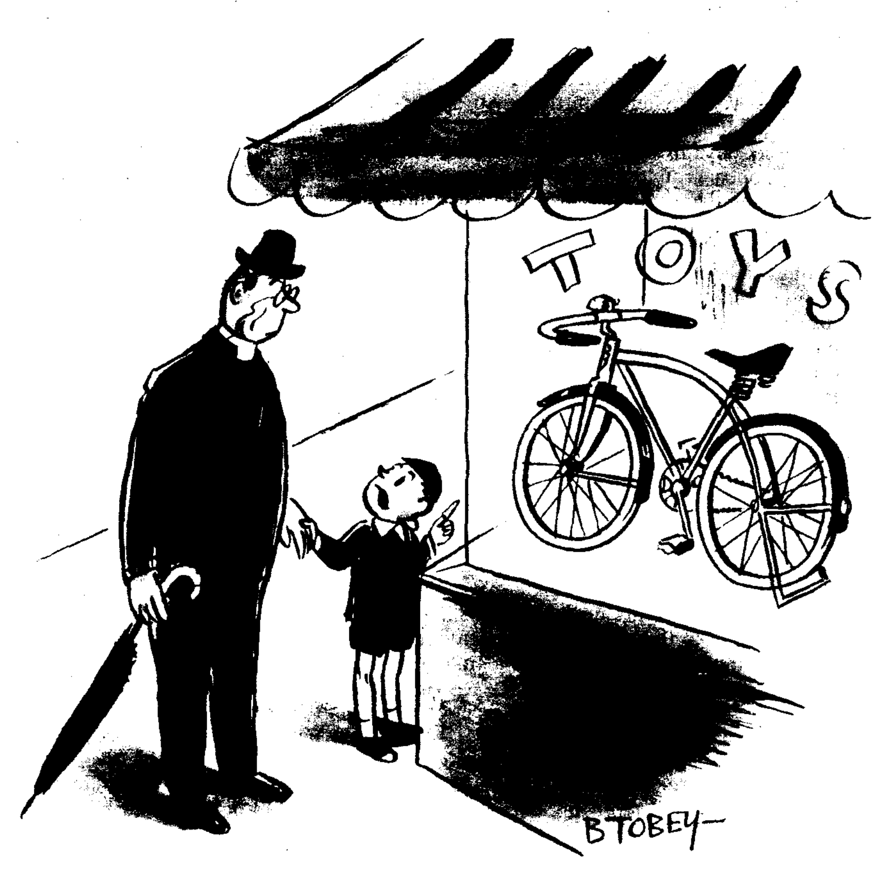
"They've gone trigger-happy again. Maybe a few Jap mortar and machine gunners wormed in between the strong points to make the Chinos shoot up one another. Or maybe it's a real attack. Can't tell yet."

"What do *we* do? Damn it, damn my ankle, I can't move fast."

"That's lucky—it'll make you remember to crawl. We're getting out. Can't risk being overrun. When the next mortar burst lands, scrabble fast and keep close. Ready?"

But we didn't get away. When we were about ten yards from the shelter two figures came scuttling up like crabs, the nearest condescension toward taking cover that most Chinese officers' dignity usually seems to allow. When they spotted us, one hurried toward our shelter at some command from the other, and the latter joined us, walking stooped over behind us until we ended our first crawl in some high grass—I wanted to get out of the mortared area anyway—and then he dropped down beside us.

"I am the aide to General Wang again with you," he whispered. "The general wish that I take you to a place of more safety."



"There's something I must tell you, Dad—I covet that bike"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

"We'll show you the way then," I swore back at him.

"You are very kind, thank you."

We made another crawl with the aide strolling after us; a perfect giveaway, I thought, but anyway he would be the first one shot.

Then, as we three lay in the grass again, listening, I realized what I had left behind, and was no less ashamed of running off in excitement, because one seldom keeps and carries anything of value in the jungle except weapons and water.

There must have been telepathy. Gredinger rolled toward me and whispered, "You brought it along okay, didn't you?"

"Gredinger, I forgot it—left it hanging in the shelter."

Gredinger raged at me under his breath. "I'm going back to get it."

"No, you're not," I argued with him as patiently as I could. "Chances are the shelter is smashed or will be, or the Japs will be coming in, so our Chino friends won't find it. You'd get yourself killed for nothing, Gredinger."

"Damn you, that's not the point. If I don't have the map I can't get back to the temple. You were so holy about your deal with the priest I was going to let the Chinos take it from you, but now you've lost it. I'll take it myself."

He began to crawl (in the wrong direction) but I held him.

"You're headed wrong, Gredinger," I said. "This isn't your sort of fighting. Listen to me. It's not worth it. Even if you aren't hit—probably by Chinese fire—even if you get the map, I've a hunch you'll lose."

"You mean the priest will have skipped out?"

"Not a chance; he won't wander about in Jap territory with those stones on him. I mean—"

A mortar shell burst in the limbs of some trees behind us and we hugged the ground while the air drenched our ears with whines and whistles, and clods of mud flew about.

"Well, what do you mean?" Gredinger resumed tensely.

"I mean that the priest intended us to get out but he didn't intend that we should come back. Somehow I think he was smarter over his own business than you and I and our Chinese friends combined."

"Nuts," growled Gredinger, and, as the aide crept close to us again, "Oh, are you still alive?"

"Luckily unhurt, thank you. If your minds are distressed about the pipe with the map on it, please dispense with all concern. My junior aide secured it from your shelter as I joined you." . . .

We made two more crawls, a couple of hundred yards in all, and then lay quiet, the three of us, in another patch of tall grass to wait for daylight. The firing died down and our American artillery stopped shooting. Evidently the Japs did not push home their attack—if it was an attack—but they could probably be content with the losses the Chinese must have taken from their own fire alone.

AS DAYLIGHT came, the aide got talkative, questioning suavely, but I shut him up with my own questions in the irritation that comes when the first relief from danger and fear wears off.

"What about the string?" I asked to keep him answering. "Did your junior aide take that too?"

"String?"

"Yes; the black cord from which the pipe hung?"

"I do not know. Broken probably in haste."

"Then he cannot hang it up again tonight," I said.

"Oh, no. He will keep it very safe. He will no doubt keep it with care under his stomach as he lie on the ground tonight."

"And throw the cord away?"

"Oh, no, he will keep all. But"—insolently—"if the cord remains and you still wish for it I will be glad to arrange with General Wang to give you the cord." . . .

We returned to what was left of the Division Headquarters bivouac about an hour after sunrise. We were turned over to guards again and we did not see General Wang until the usual late breakfast had been cooked and eaten. When we were brought to him, he was in a new, low-pitched tent, already well sandbagged and dug down. One or two boxes were along the walls, but we sat on mats. Wang and his senior aide were alone with us, as on the previous evening when Gredinger had insisted on telling all.

After the standard inquiries as to how we did, and whether we had eaten, the aide translated another: "General Wang hope that the unfortunate loss of your pipe-map in the battle last night will not prevent you from finding your trail back to the Temple of the Jewels."

Gredinger went red, but this time I did the talking:

"Tell General Wang that he might as well send us to American Headquarters. We cannot find our way back to the temple without the pipe, as he would understand if he had examined the map and seen how intricate it is."

Again translation. Then, "General Wang say that before he send you to American *Chih Hui Pu* as you ask, he will first like you to point out to him any parts of this map not easy to read," and the aide, at a sign from Wang, went to one of the chests and brought out a small parcel wrapped in very muddy cloth.

"Sit tight," I whispered to Gredinger, just in time. "I'm still betting on the priest; his directions weren't followed at all well last night."

Standing before Wang, the aide fastidiously unwound the dirty cloth from the pipe making a quick remark to the general.

"What does he say?" whispered Gredinger

"He says it feels very light."

The cloth fell away and the dark bowl of the pipe showed. Suddenly the aide began to pass it from one hand to the other as thought it were hot, and he swore hissingly

The yellow stem dropped off. Out of the hole where it had been, and out of the bowl itself seethed thick streams of small gray ants flowing and spreading onto the aide's hands and wrists. He dropped the pipe. And as the bowl struck the hard earth floor it shattered into tiny useless fragments. A paper-thin shell was all the ants had left of it once it had lost the protection of being hung on a gummy cord that served to trap them.

Wang rose up and struck his aide.

But he sent us over to American headquarters. The Chinese have a certain sporting sense. You cannot help liking them.

THE END

"I'd love to go, Esther, but Phil and I are entertaining tonight"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Washington

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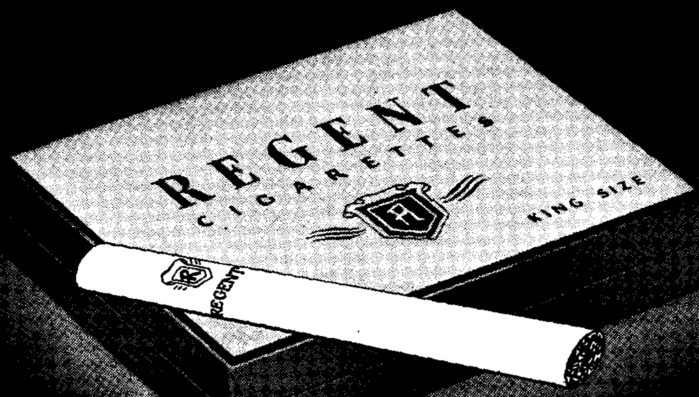

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LEMON and WATER
—first thing on arising

Reynolds (left) enjoys his work with Lt. Gordon Manuel, war hero HUST

The Week's Work

AT LEAST six people check the accuracy of every line of copy that goes into Collier's, and at least three check illustrations. Yet, as you the readers know, mistakes do get through.

At the moment we have two alleged errors on our conscience. One concerns the February 23d cover, by Artist Bill Gillies, showing a girl in fragile evening clothes carefully picking her way through deep snow. In The Week's Work of that issue we said that Gillies credited his wife, a girl who hates to wear galoshes, with inspiring the picture. We reproduce the cover here. Can you tell what's wrong with it? Well, Reader Bob Dulaney can and does.

"I am much put out," Dulaney writes us. "First, Bill says his wife won't wear galoshes when she ought to. Well, when she went out evidently it wasn't snowing for there are no snow marks leaving the house.

"So it snowed while she was out and she came home in a taxi. Now here's where Bill was at fault in not going out to get her instead of allowing her to come home at this time of night in a taxi.

"Further, if he was home minding the kids, then he should have shoveled a path for her. He could be sued for not doing that.

"Also, if the feller ahead of her is the taxi driver, and is just preceding her in order to make a path for her he was a sucker, for he could have carried her in to the front door. That's what I would have done. If the feller preceding isn't a taxi driver, and is perhaps Bill himself, where's the taxi driver?

"Please clear up these minor faults. Otherwise, I think this pitcher of Bill's wife is a swell pitcher. She's very pretty. . . ."

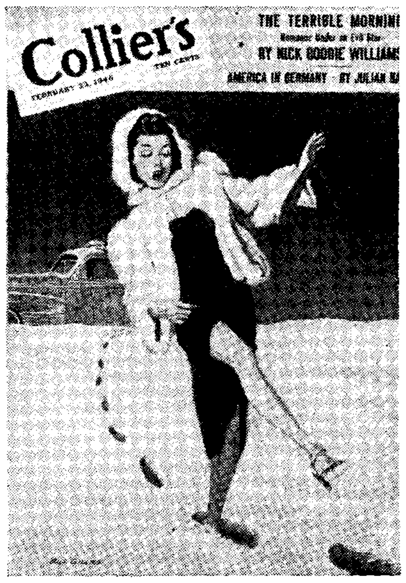
A MORE serious complainant is one Stanley S. Howe. Howe points out that in an article entitled Sara Has a Birthday, published some months ago, Author Quentin Reynolds quoted Vice-Admiral Towers as saying that the dirigible Los Angeles had first been successfully moored at sea to the Saratoga. This, Howe says, is not so. In fact, he says, he personally saw the Los Angeles moored for the first time to some other vessel off Bermuda in 1926.

Howe professes such perturbation over this alleged error that he warns us if a correction is not forthcoming, "it is my intention to submit to your magazine a paid advertisement giving this record. . . . (In the event that you refuse to publish it) I shall submit it tc other national magazines . . ."

Well. Mr. Howe, you are going abou thing in a rather expensive way, and mu we like advertising we wouldn't want y be out of pocket.

So let us relieve your mind as follows Navy tells us that the Los Angeles origi had a mother ship, the Patoka, with a n ing mast to which she was wont to tie u servicing. This operation must have what you saw off Bermuda. The Los An did not, however, actually touch the de the Patoka, but remained in the air. first actual on-deck landing at sea wa the Saratoga. The maneuver was in th ture of a test, to see whether such lan would be feasible for military use. were not feasible. Is everybody satisfie

THE article, 70,000 to One!, p. 19, excerpt from a book of the same tit Quentin Reynolds. It is a "now it can be story of the fantastic adventures Lieut Gordon Manuel had after he paracl down onto Jap-held New Britain. The is due to be published in July. Manu Hogdon, Maine, boy, is married now, an father of a baby girl. He still suffers r rent attacks of the malaria he contracte his enemy island. . .



"I smell smoke, Mommy, honest"

A small fire loss will never put much of a pinch on your pocketbook, or on your fire insurance. But . . .

If you should suffer a *serious* fire loss on either your house or its contents, you might also suffer a serious *financial* loss—unless you have brought your fire insurance up to date to meet increased cash values.

For remember, the values of what you own today are nearly *half again as much more* as they were 12 years ago.

Phone your own Agent or Broker. He will show you that *adequate* fire insurance will cost you only a little more than "half protection."

Good News. Now, at no extra cost, a substantial part of your fire insurance on household contents covers losses *outside* your home in nearly all States; for example, on your luggage while traveling; on furnishings at your summer cottage; on your clothing at cleaners and laundries.

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1792
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INSURANCE COMPANY OF
NORTH AMERICA
COMPANIES, *Philadelphia*

1 We thought Susie had been dreaming. But just to be safe, I made Paul go downstairs and look around.

2 Nothing wrong—until he opened the cellar door. Then Paul yelled, "Phone the fire department, quick!"

3 An old extension cord, we learned later, had started a blaze in our laundry, but the firemen were able to put it out fast.

4 Happy Ending (this time). Our insurance Agent had a check in our hands soon afterward, and the place is all fixed up again.

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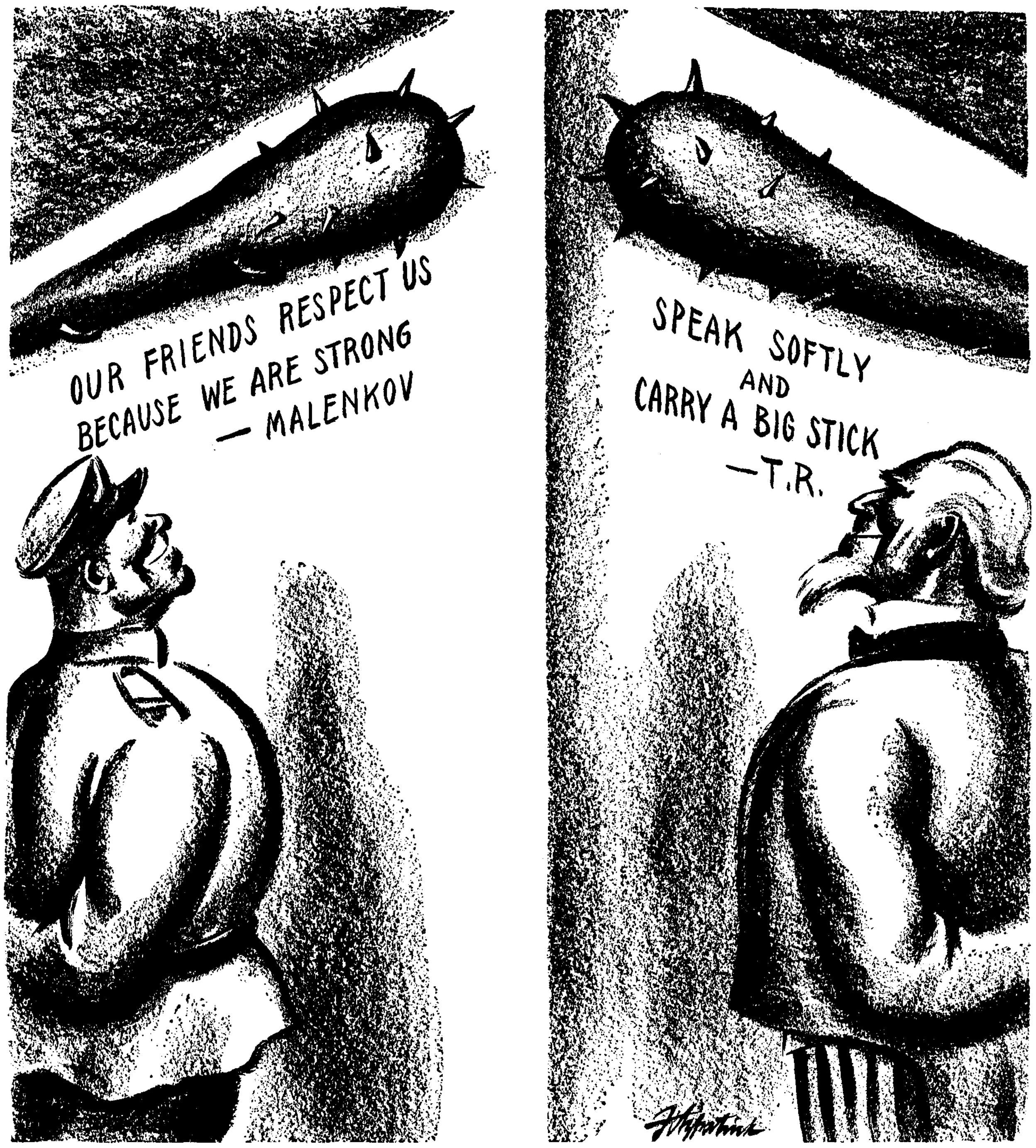
OUR FRIENDS RESPECT US BECAUSE WE ARE STRONG — MALENKOV
SPEAK SOFTLY AND CARRY A BIG STICK —T.R.

CONCERNING RUSSIA

WHAT are Americans to think and do about the latest shift in Russian foreign policy? We mean the shift signalized by Stalin's "election" speech in which he said that the recent war was "the inevitable result of the development of world economic and political forces on the basis of monopoly capitalism," and added:

> Perhaps the catastrophe of war could have been avoided if the possibility of periodic redistribution of raw materials and markets between the countries existed in accordance with their economic needs, in the way of co-ordinated and peaceful decisions. But this is impossible under the present capitalistic development of world economy. Thus, as a result of the first crisis in the development of the capitalistic world economy, the first World War arose. The second World War arose as a result of the second crisis.

Stalin went on to call for an increase in Russia's military strength, and to outline a series of five-year plans aimed at bringing Russian industrial production at least abreast of U.S. production.

His remarks were sharpened by a statement, in that same Russian election "campaign," from G. M. Malenkov, secretary of the Communist Party central committee:

> It is no secret that our friends respect us because we are strong. We must always remember our friends will respect us so long as we remain powerful. . . . That's why, in order to consolidate victory, we must first of all strengthen our Socialistic state, and strengthen the glorious Red Army.

And all these Russian speeches were dramatically pointed up when the Canadian Mounted Police a few days later dug out a nest of Russian spies operating in Canada, and Russia countered with the amazing and audacious radio broadcast that accused the Canadians of unfriendliness to the Soviet Union.

What does it all signify, to Americans and to the world outside Russia?

We'd say it signified plenty, but nothing that need alarm us unduly if we keep our heads.

Stalinist Russia is following the age-old foreign policy of Czarist Russia, as, indeed, Leninist Russia followed it. Peter the Great (1672-1725) wanted a Russian window on the Baltic, and built St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) to be such a window. He also tried to beat Turkey, and did take some Black Sea territory from the Turks.

The Crimean War of 1854-56 was waged by England, France and Turkey to keep Russia from realizing its old dream of grabbing Constantinople and thus getting a warm-water outlet to the Mediterranean.

Russia's leaders are dreaming old dreams quite obviously and materializing those dreams skillfully and effectively. Everything they do and say fits into this pattern. They have taken more Baltic coast line than they had before the war. They are wrangling with the British in Iran, the ultimate Russian objective plainly being the Persian Gulf. They are putting the squeeze on Turkey for a Russian share in control of the Dardanelles. And they are crooning to us—though softly, up to this writing—an old Czarist song when they tell us they can't feel comfortable with a strong naval power on their Far East flank, and hint that therefore we should share with Russia the control of the Pacific bases our men took from Japan.

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
HENRY LA COSSITT Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

In this situation, it looks to us as if the prime thought for Americans to keep in mind is that another World War would be a calamity which might throw humanity into a new Dark Age—if indeed, now that the atom bomb has come among us, it didn't put an end to the human race.

For another thing, it should be remembered that Russia, for the time being at least, is not so dangerous as its leaders' speeches paint it. It was badly hit by the war, and cannot recover for a considerable period.

Its soldiers, too, are bringing back to Russia reports of far higher living standards than Russia's in non-Communist countries west of Russia—even in countries ravaged by the war.

Russia's Communist leaders are reported to be hard put to it to explain why, in almost 30 years' trying, and despite their obvious achievements, their allegedly superior Communist system hasn't been able to furnish the Russian people a lot more food, clothes, wrist watches, automobiles and inside plumbing than it has furnished them.

These belligerent Russian speeches about the capitalist threat to Russia, then, would seem to be largely for home consumption. If so, their chief purpose is to keep the Russians contented with their lot under the present regime.

Russia, therefore, does not look like a threat to the peace of the world. It could, of course, become such a threat some day.

It seems to us, then, that the United States can play a most valuable role in world affairs in the next few years. We can do our utmost to mediate in the disputes which seem bound to keep coming up between Britain and Russia.

That looks like our chief duty in the great task of averting World War III if possible.

We can also keep ourselves a strong nation—by land, sea and air, but especially by sea and air.

As the above-mentioned Mr. Malenkov so well said, "Our friends respect us because we are strong," and although Theodore Roosevelt put it differently—"Speak softly and carry a big stick"—the principle applies to us as well as to Russia.

Remaining a strong nation includes not only retention of a powerful, always up-to-date Air Force and a powerful, always up-to-date Navy (assuming the coming atom-bomb tests in the Pacific show that any nation will ever need a navy any more). It also includes retention of our F.B.I. and secret service at full strength and efficiency, for the unearthing of foreign spies in this country.

It is hard to see how we can avoid setting up a far-reaching intelligence service of our own, and keeping it always provided with plenty of money and the best talent obtainable.

All these things will be highly disagreeable and expensive. But with Russia following the old foreign policy of the Czars, and with the world a pretty jittery and bellicose place on that and other accounts, there seems to be no other way of insuring our national safety and independence.

Let us not, then, be diverted from the fundamentals in the case of Soviet Russia any more than we would have been in the case of Czarist Russia. By understanding the facts of life of foreign policy and acting with intelligent and friendly firmness—at the same time keeping strong and fit—we can, while looking out for ourselves, work within the framework of UNO for that permanent peace the wide world so sorely needs and wants.

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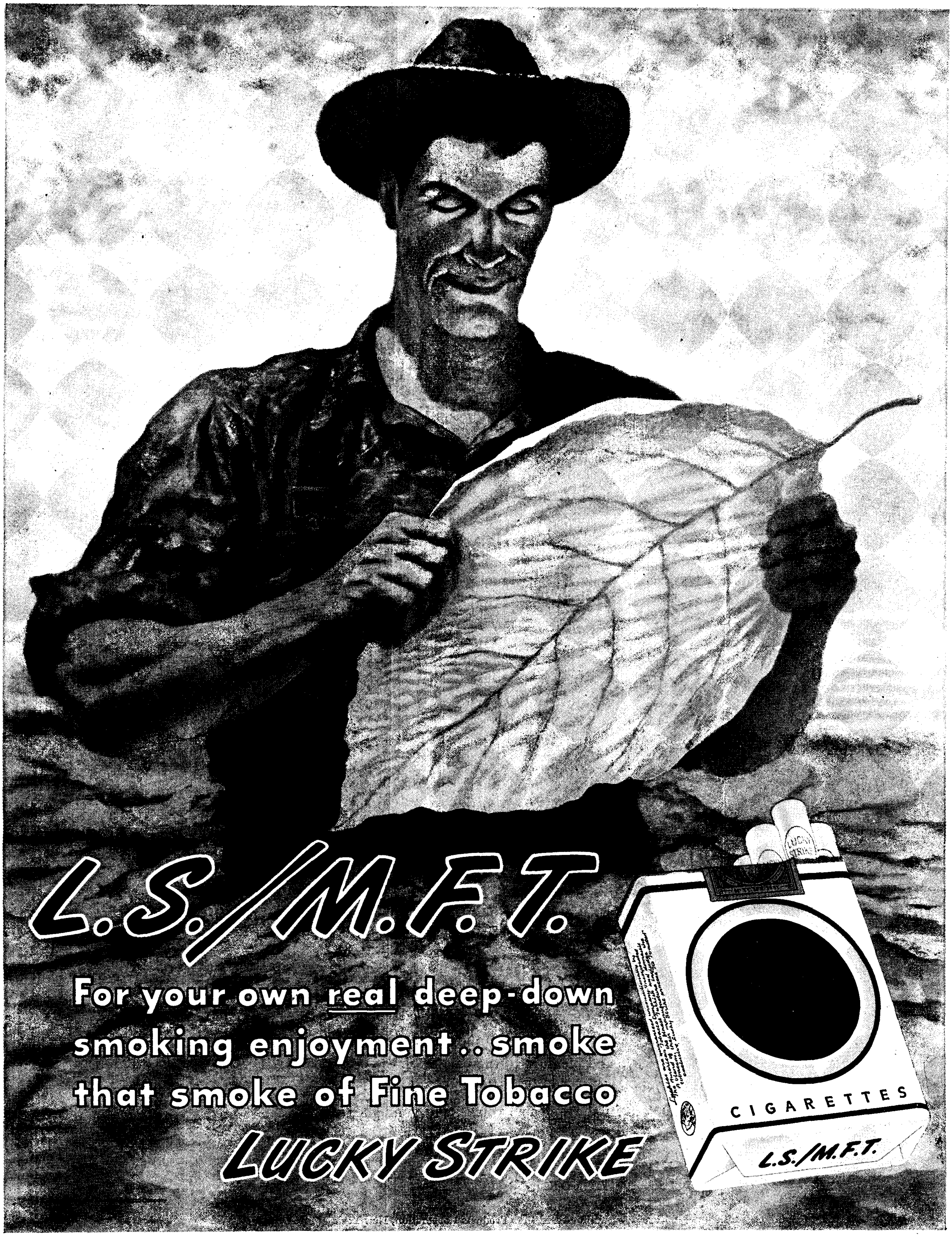
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